



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08244269 4

45

Charles E. Haynes.

1894

Harvard

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".



Merewether

1844

11/2/2

DIARY

OF

A WORKING CLERGYMAN.

129

11/11/11

DIARY

OF

A WORKING CLERGYMAN.

1. Tasmania. - Description and travel.
2. New South Wales. - Description and travel.
3. Far East. - Description and travel.

3. O D.

LONDON

Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

DIARY
OF
A WORKING CLERGYMAN
IN

AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA,

KEPT DURING THE YEARS 1850-1853;

INCLUDING

**HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND BY WAY OF JAVA,
SINGAPORE, CEYLON, AND EGYPT.**

BY THE

REV. JOHN DAVIES MEREWETHER, B.A.

Author of "Life on Board an Emigrant-Ship."

LONDON:

HATCHARD AND CO. 187 PICCADILLY.

MDCCCLIX.

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
140587A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1884 L

PREFATORY REMARKS.

IN the year 1852 I published a little work, entitled "Life on Board an Emigrant Ship, being a Diary of a Voyage to Australia." This small volume was so well received by the public, and so favourably criticised by the press, that I am emboldened, although conscious of having been already treated better than I deserved, to give to those of my countrymen, who have at heart the spiritual and temporal welfare of their compatriots at the Antipodes, a continuation of the aforesaid Diary. This continuation will comprise my doings as a working Clergyman during the four

continued

years set forth in the title-page, in Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania; in the vast tract of country lying north of the Murray, New South Wales, called the Edward River District; and also in the city of Sydney. As on my return to England by way of Java, Singapore, and the Overland Route, I repeatedly did duty in Batavia, Ceylon, and on board the Indian steam-vessels, it will not be irrelevant to my present purpose to include in this publication the Diary which I kept during that period. Thus the present publication will contain notices of my proceedings from the time I reached Adelaide, in South Australia, which took place about the middle of the year 1850, until I arrived in Southampton in the early part of 1854. During this comparatively long period there will be necessarily numerous gaps in the Diary. The occupant of a quiet country chaplaincy in Tasmania does not encounter very exciting adventures. The Clergyman of the Australian Bush, riding from station to station on his arduous mission—now fevered with the glare of the summer sun, and now half-drowned with the winter's rains and floods, is

not always, after a long day's journey, capable of committing to writing all that he has seen, or done, or thought during the previous four-and-twenty hours. But all that can prove of general interest to the reader will be introduced into this work. I allude more particularly to the discovery of gold which took place during my residence in the Australian colonies; and its effects, as I saw myself, on the moral and religious principles of the population. Nor is it possible to omit some information on the convict population of Tasmania and New South Wales. The aboriginal population, too, will be also touched upon. This Diary pretends not to give valuable statistical or geographical information; it contains no essay on Church Government in the Colonies: as for Colonial Politics, it is a blank: nor does it contain sufficiently exciting episodes to satisfy the mere novel reader. It is a plainly written account of what befell an English Clergyman who went to serve his Master at the Antipodes; and it is hoped that, however it may want in elegance, not an assertion will be found in it inconsistent with the strictest unvarnished truth. In Colonial

statements there is an exaggerated tone, which renders it very difficult for a stranger to get at the exact truth on any subject: thus, that I, though misled myself, may not mislead others in my narrations, I will, in all my assertions of which I am not positively certain, avail myself of the ὡς λέγουσι of the veracious old historian of Halicarnassus.

DIARY,

&c.

THE last entry which appears in my published diary is dated Sunday, the 16th June, 1850, and recounts how the passengers of the emigrant ship and myself all went to the little church at Port Adelaide, to return thanks to Almighty God for having extended His fostering protection over us during a long and perilous voyage. For 138 days we had been exposed to the chances of "lightning and tempest; to plague, pestilence, and famine;" but He who sits above, in grandeur inaccessible, had of His tender mercy delivered us from them all. From that date I commence my present narration.

June 17, 1850.—To-day, though in mid-winter, we have a glowing sun, modified by a balmy breeze. All the deck is in confusion, for the emigrants, who go no further than Adelaide,

are getting out their baggage. I, at the request of the passengers, drew out a testimonial for the doctor, which was unanimously signed; and he deserves this mark of attention, for, professionally, he has been most assiduous, and socially, he has behaved as a gentleman should. Many of the surgeons on board of emigrant ships are disreputable characters in every way. In the course of the day I went with two passengers to Adelaide. We travelled in a public conveyance, which was a Whitechapel cart, drawn by two horses, tandem fashion. The drivers of these vehicles carry as many passengers as they can get. We were said to be lucky, for there were only six besides us three. The road, which passed through a desolate tract of country, was full of large holes, which by recent rains had been converted into round ponds; these ponds we had to coast round, making a great half-circle, so that instead of travelling seven miles, the distance between Port Adelaide and Adelaide, we travelled at least ten miles. On our way we met and passed innumerable bullock-drays, drawn by eight, or ten, or twelve, patient, hard-tugging bullocks. We also saw several of the aborigines, clothed in dirty blankets and kangaroo and opossum-skins; they looked half-starved, like the dogs that followed them, and were hideously dirty and ugly. Adelaide strikes me as a very

miserable, squalid place. Wide streets are laid out, but there are few houses in them, and those few are mean and wretched: the roads are full of holes, receptacles of dust in summer and mud in winter; public-houses abound, and drunkenness seems everywhere prevalent. There is a substantial Change for the merchants to congregate in, but all the business of Adelaide seems done at a noted public-house, kept by a man called Coppin, or Choppin. Here is to be seen a strange mixture of merchants, newly-arrived immigrants, squatters, bullock-drivers, shopkeepers, loose characters, trafficking, blaspheming, laughing, singing, yelling, and drinking innumerable nobblers. Everybody goes there, for every business rendezvous is made at Choppin's. As I could get no conveyance to the port in the evening, I slept at an inn there. Each bed-room has three very plain sofa-couches; and I was told that if I didn't wish companions, I must pay for all three. The guests here live table-d'hôte fashion, and their breakfasts, dinners, and teas, are served with a monotonous prodigality. At every meal there are beef sausages, mutton chops, beef steaks, roast mutton and boiled beef, good potatoes, and most delicious bread; and of these three substantial meals the guests partake with the most persevering elasticity. The table-talk is of bullocks, highly-

flavoured with oaths, and each person seems bent on making his fortune as quickly as possible. I can imagine the early Puritan settlers in North America to have been a very different set of persons. A young woman at table, speaking contemptuously of some newly-arrived immigrants ("Jimmy Grants," I think, was the slang term she applied to them), I asked her how long she had been out herself? "Oh," she said, "I have been out six weeks, and I feel quite colonial already." I told her I could well believe her. But the affectation and pretension of these people is to me very extraordinary. To hear them talk, you would suppose they had held important social positions in their fatherland, instead of which, three parts out of four have been driven out of it by hunger, or by crime.

June 18.—I returned to the port almost blind with the dust. Walking out with the doctor in the evening, I saw ever so many of our passengers drunk, some of whom had during the voyage made many promises of amendment of life. Now I am quite sure that these men were sincere when they made those promises, and if they were to renew them to-morrow I should believe them sincere, although perfectly conscious that they would relapse at the first temptation. St. Paul explains all this when he says, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man ;

but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. . . . So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God ; but with the flesh the law of sin." After all, perhaps, evil may not be without its uses : the moral world would become flat, stagnant, and inactive, if the acid of sin were not introduced into its composition to cause fermentation, and subsequently purification. As in the political world, so in the moral world, fermentation is more wholesome than stupid stagnation.

June 20.—To-morrow is mid-winter, and it is very hot. What must the summer be here ! Went to Adelaide in a Whitechapel cart as before. Saw a monument erected in memory of Col. Light : it is ugly enough. Walked over to Kensington to call upon the Bishop of Adelaide, who lives in a charming cottage nestling in a flower-garden. I had a cordial reception from this excellent prelate, who combines the dignity of a high ecclesiastic with the simplicity and goodnature of an English country gentleman.

June 22.—A very beautiful day again, cloudless and warm as an English August day. In geniality the climate here far exceeds that of Italy in winter. There is no wind approaching to the piercing Tramontana. But I understand that

the heat here during the summer months is frightful. At that period, during a hot wind, the thermometer will range from 100° to 120° in the house. Visited the school of the aborigines, where I found thirty-three boys and seventeen girls. I examined them before the inspector and master, and they answered me correctly some simple scriptural questions. I was shown their writing, and one of their copy books was presented to me, which I have now. The penmanship is capital. They sang one or two hymns very nicely, and if I had not had before me their swarthy faces and restless, flashing eyes, I could have fancied myself in an English parish school. But these Australian aborigines are a very unsatisfactory race of people. They slip away from the grasp of civilisation in the most extraordinary manner; and as to permanent religious impressions they are, as far as I can judge, incapable of them. With very acute perceptive faculties, they are absolutely without reflective faculties, and it is next to impossible to create the simplest religious impressions in the breast of a being who can't think. These people, too, are pure Atheists; they do not even worship idols: but they have a childish fear of some harming spirit, equivalent to what our children call Old Bogie, and of the influence which the spirits of the dead may have over them. They believe, too, in magical powers. They cling

to their boundless plains and their forests with a tenacious animal instinct which nothing can quench, neither good masters, good clothes, good food, nor the most excellent religious instruction. I can give two or three examples of this. A squatter in the province of Victoria took a black from the bush and made him his servant, clothing him well and teaching him to be generally useful. At the end of a year or two the master wished to pay a visit to England, and the black implored him to take him, too. He consented. The man accompanied him to England, and during a two-years' sojourn behaved most admirably, performing all the duties of a first-class man-servant. He, if I mistake not, learned to read and write, and cast up little accounts, and was always delighted at the idea of going to church. By and by he returned to the colony, and went up into the bush with his master. Not very long after he came one day to his master, and, looking very confused, said he wished to leave him. "Why?" said the gentleman, very surprised. Well, he wanted to see the other black fellows in the bush. "But," said the squatter, "you are in the bush as it is; the other black fellows are always camping round the station: however, if you want a run, go by all means, and then come back." The man looked very serious at the concluding order, and went

out of the room without saying more. In the morning he got out of his bed before the dawn, and leaving all his clothes behind him, went off entirely naked. He never came back, and his master subsequently learned that he was roaming about the wilds with a couple of wretched women, living on the precarious product of the chase, an unclothed, half-starved, untameable savage.

Another case in point is still more to be regretted. A lady took a girl of eight or nine years old out of the Aborigines School at Adelaide, and brought her up as a companion to her little daughter. The child, under the auspices of her kind mistress, read well, wrote well, ciphered well, dressed well, was cleanly in her ways, went to church regularly twice every Sunday, sang hymns nicely, and said her Catechism perfectly. This lasted about three years, at which period the girl must have attained the age of twelve. One day she came running in to her mistress, looking very pale (for black people can look pale enough, sometimes), saying that she had seen in the street the young man destined by her family to be her husband, and that he wished her to go back with him immediately. Her mistress endeavoured to quiet her by telling her, that if she were so annoyed again the offender should be given into custody. She also ordered the girl not again to go out alone. For two or three months

all went well, and the girl had almost forgotten her fright; when, one unlucky evening, the lady having need of some little thing, sent her to a neighbouring shop to purchase it. In about ten minutes the poor girl rushed in wildly, and weeping, told her mistress that she must now indeed leave her, for her lover had met her, and told her that, having given his sister as wife to her brother, her brother had in return given her to him (this exchange seems to be a universal custom among the Australian aborigines) that the old men of the tribe had sent to say, that if she would not obey their law and return immediately they would solemnly curse all that she should eat or drink; and that she knew their power so well that she dared not resist it. After this second interview, not all that the lady did or said could tranquillise the mind of the scared and distracted girl. She neglected her duties; she sat moodily sighing all day; she sobbed all night; she refused nourishment, even that on her mistress's table, saying that it was accursed to her. The doctor was called in, and both his rhetoric and physic were unsuccessfully employed. They began to have serious apprehensions about her health; when, one morning, her bed-room was found untenanted—the occupant had flown; yes, had jumped out of the window before the dawn of day and had fled away naked into her

native woods, unpossessed of a single article of clothing or anything else, to propitiate the anger of the old men of her tribe, and to obey the mysterious impulses of a savage nature. In about a year afterwards there came up to the door of the lady's house a group of blacks begging. First came an ill-looking savage, with features scarcely human, with a murderous-looking spear in his hand and a filthy opossum rug thrown over his shoulders. Behind walked an ugly, worn, dirty woman, seemingly of forty, with features scarcely visible from the clots of matted hair which hung about her face. The rags that straggled about her served rather to exaggerate than conceal her nakedness, and from her long breast, thrown over her shoulder, she fed an unclothed baby which she was carrying on her back. Five or six lean dogs, of indescribable breed, accompanied and followed this miserable couple, carrying their noses to the ground, and every now and then silently swallowing any filthy offal lying about. The woman was the once neat Sunday-school child, who used to love going to church and saying her Catechism, and she had come to see her former kind mistress and to beg some cold meat. She was sufficiently content with her lot, she said, and would not wish to come back to her former servitude.

June 23 (Sunday).—Read the Litany and

preached on board the ship. Went ashore after lunch to see one of our passengers, who is lying very ill at the Commercial Hotel. He was the father of the poor little child who died on the passage out. A party of our people strolled upon the sea-beach and brought back pieces of coral, beautiful shells, bits of sponge, and pretty pebbles. Hear that the Port Church was well attended to day.

June 24.—Mid-winter, and yet it is a lovely day, with a hot sun, as in August with us. Transferred my effects on board the “Sea Queen,” Captain W——; a very fine barque, originally intended for the opium trade. The London ship goes no further than Adelaide, and has contracted with the “Sea Queen” to take on to Port Phillip the Melbourne passengers. Before starting I took tea with my good friend, the surgeon of the ship which brought me from London. We were put into a very nice room, with a good carpet, mahogany table, wax lights, a fire-hearth, three couches or sofa-beds, and a wash-stand. At night one of our passengers, who was very drunk, passing from one ship to the other, fell between the two, and was drowned. His brother, who was, if possible, more intoxicated, abused the captain in unmeasured terms for his want of proper precautions. All was confusion on board the two ships. Lights were waving to and fro amidst the

baggage and down in the holds; boats were lowering to endeavour to find the drowning man, women were screaming and crying, men were shouting and swearing, whilst in the midst was the brother, sobering by degrees, mingling strong hysterical sobs with his imprecations. The body was never found.

June 25.—We were towed down to the light-ship at daybreak, and anchored there. The poor people were huddled together below without comfort, and almost without decency. Provisions for a fortnight are put on board.

June 26.—Still at anchor, waiting for the captain. One of the emigrants caught a strange fish, as big as a large sole, prickly all over, with two lateral and two dorsal fins, which has the power of swelling itself out like a toad. It was a very unkind specimen of the finny tribe. Some called it a sea-porcupine, others a devil-fish, others a sea-toad. All the three names are applicable.

June 28.—Weighed anchor at day-break, and stood down the Gulf at eight knots. When we got to the entrance of the Backstairs Passage, the wind became so foul that we were obliged to let go anchor for the night. Continue giving religious instruction to some of the passengers. My two boys said by heart the Catechism and all the more important Articles. Where we anchored was in Kingscote Bay, Kangaroo Island.

June 29.—Fine weather, but the wind foul as it can blow. Were beating through Backstairs Passage all day, and at night got no further than Antechamber Bay in Kangaroo Island, where we found good shelter and good anchorage. We have already consumed five out of our fourteen days' provisions. An old woman, of at least seventy-five, assured me that she was just turned fifty-eight.

June 30 (Sunday).—A very fine, calm day, and inexpressibly warm, considering it is midwinter. Left Antechamber Bay at daybreak, and got well out to sea before nightfall. Could have no service in consequence of the confusion which predominated down below.

July 3.—A wonderfully bright day, of uncommon brilliancy, but no wind. The emigrants are looking serious, and speculating as to whether the water and provisions will hold out; for we are only victualled for fourteen days, and already, the ship not having made half her passage, we have entered upon the ninth day. We were told that the voyage would probably last no longer than a week.

July 5.—A fair wind sprung up during the night, which took us abreast of Cape Otway, which lies about eighty miles from the entrance of Port Phillip. In the afternoon the captain caught a shark, six feet long, with my hook. After he was

hooked he was partially lifted out of the water ; a running noose was then run down the line, over his head and under his fins. He was then hoisted by this on to the deck.

July 6.—A calm day and a foul wind. The land seems to be flying from us as we advance. Our water and provisions will be entirely out tomorrow or next day. We caught two barracootas, long fish, lean, and hungry-looking, and full of bones. They are, however, very eatable. The sea here is full of them. A captain of a trading-vessel between Port Phillip and Van Diemen's Land had so great a renown for catching these fish, and giving his passengers nothing else to eat, that he was called "Barracoota Jack."

July 7 (Sunday).—A fair wind having sprung up during the night, we found ourselves off Port Phillip Head at early morning. At the entrance of the magnificent sheet of water called Port Phillip stand two points, Point Lonsdale and Point Nepean. Between these two points a strong tide runs, with great force, through a narrow channel two miles wide. As we entered, the wind blew from the south, and we had the tide against us, so that the water was turbulent and much agitated, and numerous were the vortices through which the ship ploughed her way. Pleasing was the sail up this beautiful bay, which has a length of 45 miles and a breadth of 40 miles. The blue

sky smiled above us, and the blue water beneath us responded with its ἀνέριθμον γέλασμα. The atmosphere which we breathed was as pure as the purest Italian, and all felt that elasticity of spirits which springs from clear fine air passing through the lungs. On our left rose boldly against the sky the picturesque summit of Station Peak; in front of us the Mount Macedon range of blue mountains mellowed into the bluer sky; whilst on our right the distant Alps, stretching away into Gipps' Land, completed a scene of beauty which I had then never seen surpassed, nor have I yet, writing this as I do after a lapse of many years, and after much travel. Towards the gloaming of the evening we anchored in Hobson's Bay, at the entrance of the Yarra Yarra (flowing, flowing, or everflowing), river. Stayed on board all that night.

July 8.—Left the "Sea Queen," after bidding farewell to the amiable captain, and went aboard a small river steamer at 8 A.M. Steamed up the Yarra Yarra, whose banks are very ugly. They are low, covered with sad-looking, short scrub, and studded with boiling-down establishments, which circumscribe most fetid odours. In about a couple of hours arrived at Melbourne, a considerable town, sufficiently well situated on two hills and the intervening valley. The main streets are wide—too wide, if anything—and the drainage

ought to be perfect. The river is spanned by a handsome stone bridge of one arch. The streets are infested by enormous dogs, who thrive here on the cheap butchers' meat. Went to a very excellent hotel called the Prince of Wales, where I dined and slept.

July 9.—Called on the Anglican Bishop and on the Governor, but found neither at home. They inhabit pretty cottages, surrounded by grounds and gardens, on the banks of the Yarra.

July 11.—Received an intimation from the Melbourne Club that I was received as an honorary member. Dined there with my introducer, an old member, and six others. We sat down at six o'clock at a well-appointed table, lighted by many wax-lights, and we were waited upon by two men-servants, one in dress livery the other out of livery. At night, as I lay in an excellent bed at the hotel, I could not help making the following reflections. Here am I, after a voyage of thirteen or fourteen thousand miles through the great ocean, arrived on a vast continent, the existence of which was unknown to the world until two hundred years ago, and which was not inhabited by white men until sixty-two years ago. More than that, I have been partaking of an excellent repast, served in a way which would be considered creditable in London or Paris, in the society of

educated and wealthy men, in a portion of that continent which was only discovered seventeen or eighteen years ago, and in a city which sixteen years back was a savage waste, trodden by savage men in chase of the emu and the kangaroo. In this city there are 25,000 inhabitants, surrounded by all the necessities and comforts of life; there are well-built houses; shops filled with everything one can require; two churches, besides chapels; active Ministers of all denominations; a well-managed custom-house, gaol, and post-office; numerous colonial trading vessels clustering at the river quays; whilst at the mouth of the Yarra, by William's Town, lie at anchor fourteen or fifteen full-rigged ships. What wonderful civilising tendencies the Anglo-Saxon race seems to have! Instruments are they of an All-Wise Providence to substitute in the remote extremities of the world humanising Christianity for savage Paganism, a pure code of morals for abominable impurities, government for anarchy, peace for bloodshed, industry for idleness, the certain fruits of agriculture for the precarious yield of the chase! An Englishman is never content to do anything that he undertakes, by halves; he will pull all surrounding influences up to his level; he never descends to them. It is the genius of the British colonist to reproduce in the most distant regions, and

under the most unfavourable auspices, the minutest details of early associations, to surround himself at the antipodes with the atmosphere of home. With dogged energy he never rests till he has reduced to practice the great theories necessary to the birth and existence of commonwealths, which have been familiar to him from his childhood. Thus, in the colonies we find the same adoption of a constitutional form of government; the same regard to the majesty of the law; the same tendency to open discussion of religious matters, mixed up, however, with a profound respect for religion in general; the same appreciation of personal liberty; the same adherence to the great principles of commerce, as we find in the fatherland. And this imitation of "home" is carried into all the details of private domestic life, even down to the furnishing of a house or the arranging of a dinner. Old ideas born in him, as it were, and customs pertinaciously upheld, are the Sacred Fire, the Penates, which the Englishman carries with him from the old shores wherever he goes. He may change the soil—he cannot change his country, for dear Old England contains him still; an England of his own creation, substituting the sunny beauty and brightness of youth for the majestic vigour of age. And why has Providence chosen England from all other nations to carry Christ-

ianity, and its offspring, Civilisation, into the far-away wildernesses of distant lands, inhabited by savage men, devouring one another? Other races, other empires are more extensive, more populous, possess more natural intelligence, more taste for what is elegant, are equally robust, equally enduring. But the glorious office of creating light in an atmosphere of moral darkness, in pouring spiritual day on the sightless eyeballs of the heathen, has not devolved on them. How does this come to pass? If we may, without presumption, canvass the designs of Providence, the question would be capable of the following solution. It is, then, that every Englishman is brought up from his earliest infancy to read, learn, and digest the pure and undefiled word of God. He early forms a habitude of judging for himself in religious matters, biased, perhaps, but not peremptorily dictated to, by any man, or any body of men. And this independence of judgment, once formed, extends naturally to secular matters, and prevents the growth of vacillation of character. And more than this, he learns within the book of life that every man should consider himself a responsible being, gifted with certain talents by his Creator, of which he is to make use. This gives him early an idea that he has an object in life, and that he must not run to seed down here; and

though the religious part of the matter is, alas ! often lost sight of, yet the moral tone remains kneaded into his character, and begets in him a ceaseless activity, and a tenacious perseverance in carrying out all that he begins. To this, I imagine, must be attributed the superiority of the English national character over all other national characters ; and this is why he is called upon by Heaven to accomplish that in which other nations, from want of moral ballast—fixity of purpose, would fail.

July 12.—Breakfasted with Mr. N——, the truly excellent incumbent of St. Peter's Church. He lives in a pretty house, quite close to the church. The mud renders the streets almost impassable : it rears itself up above the boots.

July 13.—Saw the Bishop of Melbourne (Dr. Perry), a thin and very acute-looking prelate. Bought a Queen's head for a letter. The portrait of her Majesty is a wonderfully coarse production of art, very much like a public-house sign reduced.

July 14 (Sunday).—Waded to church through mud four inches deep. St. James's is the first church that was built in Melbourne. Its external architecture is very hideous ; internally it is, if anything, worse. The prayers are read, and the sermon preached, from two lofty desks of polished wood in front of the chancel. The font is placed

between these, so as to impede the view of the communion-table. The service was celebrated with great decorum, and the Bishop preached a clear, logical, and impressive discourse, of what is termed the Low-Church School. He took his text from the 3d chapter of St. John, the 3d verse. In the course of his sermon he said that "he would not now touch upon the connexion between baptism and regeneration, but would leave that to a future opportunity; that in infant baptism regeneration may be the cause of faith and repentance, but in adult baptism it would be the consequence; that instead of disputing upon baptismal regeneration, we should strive to realise our own individual regeneration."

July 16. — Mr. La Trobe, the Superintendent or Deputy-governor of the Colony, did me the honour of calling on me. This gentleman is a Swiss by birth, and has distinguished himself by publishing several amusing and instructive works, such as "The Alpenstock," "Travels in Mexico," &c. It requires a great deal of temper to be governor of a colony. The game of "Ministerial" and "Opposition," "Conservative" and "Liberal," is played out here just as in the mother-country; but it is done in a coarser and rougher spirit. The head of the Government is always the butt of the most personal and virulent attacks from the opposition journals, which, like

mosquitoes, are always buzzing about his ears, and sometimes they sting very sharply. A nervous, irritable, or a refined, fastidious man, had much better stay at home than accept such an office.

July 17.—Hear that the climate is very variable. Last autumn influenza was very prevalent in Melbourne, and all the blacks retreated from the city and immediate neighbourhood into the bush. When questioned on their reasons for leaving, they replied, "No good stay; white man too much snuffle." Hear that shepherding is such a solitary, idle life, that some of the men become half-witted and foolish. Walked to Richmond, a pretty village, partly seated on a gentle eminence, close to the Yarra. In going I passed a stately house, half-finished, which is being built as a palace for the Bishop. In Richmond abound weather-board cottages, nestling in flower-gardens.

July 20.—Walked over the fine bridge to a pretty village on the shores of the bay called St. Kilda, about three miles from Melbourne. Bathing would be delicious here, if the locality were free of sharks. Formerly, there were none here; but now so much offal floats down the river from the boiling-down establishments, that these monsters prowl about everywhere. Wherever the carcase is, the vultures congregate.

July 21.—A most brilliant, elastic day. I at-

tended divine service at St. Peter's Church, a plain, unpretending building, not ugly and not handsome. There is no regular reading-desk there at present; the prayers are read from inside the altar rails. In the afternoon I visited the Cemetery. It is a melancholy bit of ground, of about ten to twelve acres, laid out in poor taste and wretchedly kept. A few dismal trees attempt to flourish among the graves; long coarse grass springs up in rank luxuriance, and the paths are overgrown with weeds. Some of the inscriptions, both Latin and English, are misspelt. The Latin word "excelsis" seems to puzzle the graver, for in one inscription there is "Gloria in excelces Deo;" in another, "excelxis." Only two monuments struck me as interesting; one a broken granite column in memory of a bank clerk cut off at an early age; the other in memory of Dr. Hobson.

July 22.—One of the immigrants who was my fellow-passenger out, came to ask me what he should do with his money, saying that he had had pressing offers of wonderfully remunerative investment, by which his fortune could be soon made without trouble. Advised him to thank his disinterested new friends for their kind offers, and to peremptorily decline them; to place one hundred pounds in the Savings' Bank, and the rest in the Union Bank; to get into some employ at

good wages; and to look about him for a year until he became colonialised. After that, I told him, he would gain sufficient experience to be enabled to invest his small capital with advantage. This man was a respectable, hard-working agricultural labourer of the better class, in Devonshire, who, having come into a small legacy, determined to bring his wife and family to Australia, and try his luck as a farmer. Hear that every newly arrived immigrant is beset by sharpers, who do their best to ruin him. Indeed I am told that no new man is good for anything till he has been clean ruined. Ruining, they say, is good for the experience. This means, that the stupidest dupe becomes the cleverest knave.

July 30.—Walked to Heidelberg and back to pay a visit to the estimable clergyman there. My way lay through the bush till I came to the Merri Creek. Having crossed that, I found a good road through an inclosed country, which took me to Heidelberg. This township straggles over a large space of fertile hill and valley, and has the Yarra running through its precincts between very deep banks. On a little eminence they are building a substantial stone church. Land here is high in price, on account of its great fertility and its proximity to Melbourne, being about seven miles off. Walked home by sunset with the greatest ease. The air is so transparent

and elastic, that no amount of exercise seems to tire. The thermometer (in the shade) during the last week in Melbourne was as follows :

	8½ A.M.	2½ P.M.	Sunset.	9 P.M.
Monday . .	49°	55°	52°	48°
Tuesday . .	41	58	54	46
Wednesday .	45	58	54	50
Thursday . .	46	47	42	38
Friday . . .	38	50	50	50
Saturday . .	52	56	54	49
Sunday . . .	48	54	54	46

Aug. 4. — Rambled about Melbourne, and was astonished at the well-being which seemed to prevail everywhere, at the well-filled stores, at the number of butchers' shops, at the independent, contented, young look of the population. The scarcity of old people is very striking. The chief streets in Melbourne are Collins Street, Bourke Street, and Lonsdale Street, running east and west ; and Elizabeth Street and Swanston Street, running north and south. These are very fine, wide streets, but the east and west streets have a little street running parallel with them, a sort of diminished double, all of which are ill-kept and have miserable buildings in them. The inhabitants are low and dirty, and these localities, seaming as they do the very centre of the city, are so many nuclei of bad smells and disease. At the first laying out of the town it was intended

that these streets should be appropriated as mews to their big brothers; but as land increased in value, men, not horses, came to inhabit them. The west end of one of them, called Little Collins Street, is nicknamed Chancery Lane, on account of the great congregation of lawyers in that locality. To show the increasing importance of Port Phillip, as well indeed as of the whole of Australasia, I give the value of the exports from this group of colonies to Great Britain during the past year (1849): New South Wales, 1,260,600*l.*; Port Phillip, 976,620*l.*; Adelaide (S. Australia), 535,130*l.*; Hobarton (Tasmania), 215,500*l.*; Launceston, 180,180*l.*; and N. Zealand, 10,000*l.* Wool and tallow, and the copper from the Burra mines, compose the staple commodity of this vast commerce.

Aug. 5.—Having received an invitation from a wealthy squatter in the neighbourhood of Geelong, the second city of the colony, I embarked on board a small steamer at the Melbourne Wharf at eleven o'clock, and reached Geelong at half-past four. The Yarra banks were as desolate-looking as ever, the boiling-down establishments defiled the air with their usual smells. When we reached Hobson's Bay a breeze sprung up, and carried us gaily onward in a southerly direction. In about two hours we bore westward, and entered the fine sheet of water called Geelong Harbour. We soon

crossed the Bar, and steamed alongside of the wharf. In a few minutes I entered a fine free-stone palace-looking place, called Mack's Hotel, where I slept, partially interrupted in my slumbers by the drunken roarings of a rich proprietor in the neighbourhood, who was trying to force his way into somebody else's room.

Aug. 6.—As I sat at breakfast in the coffee-room of Mack's Hotel, a coarse-looking person, well dressed, entered into conversation with me. He told me that he was one of the early settlers in that part of the country, and that he had several sheep-runs, which he was about to let for two or three years, that he might make a visit home to England. He said that his property was worth to him from 2500*l.* to 3000*l.* a-year; and did I think that he could get on in England with that? I asked him if he was a married man. He said, No. I answered him that, as he was a single man, I thought he might, with strict economy, make two ends meet in England on 3000*l.* a-year. I don't think he quite liked my answer. I afterwards learnt that he was as rich as he represented himself to be, that he came to the colony very poor, that his character did not stand very high, and that he was much given to boast of his wealth. This being so, I am glad I answered him as I did. After breakfast, took a survey of Geelong. This city, which from its situ-

ation is more worthy to be the capital of a colony than Melbourne, is built on a steepish declivity, which commences from the water. It has fine wide streets, and the houses are for the most part freestone. Behind the city, a mile or two away, runs the river Barrabool, which sometimes makes sad devastations. From every part of Geelong is an exquisite view of the harbour: on the right are high downs, with a soil of wonderful fertility; turning round, one sees in the background the picturesque summit of Station Peak, which some one told me bears evidence to being an extinct volcano. And all the time I was looking about, there was a glowing sun and a cloudless sky, and a pure elastic air quite life-giving. In Geelong, I hear, there is a great deal of dust in summer and inexpressible mud in winter. For morality, Geelong is no worse than its bigger neighbour. The crying vice is drunkenness, and that arises from the filthy adulterations practised by the publicans more than from the quantity drunk. The tobacco that should be in the cigars which they sell, is put into weak rum and water, to give it flavour and force and make it intoxicating. It may be supposed how pernicious such intoxication is. My hospitable friend came into Geelong expressly to meet me; so at two o'clock in the afternoon we mounted, and rode over the elastic turf nineteen miles, without drawing bridle,

in two hours and a half, till we came to his station near the Anakie Hills.

Aug. 7. — My friend's place is situated at the commencement of a forest, which extends over a hill at the back. The gum-tree, the sheacke, vulgarly called the she-oak, and the mimosa, flourish abundantly there. The house in which he lives is rather a collection of many houses or huts, accumulated as necessity required. It is, however, rendered very comfortable, and as he has a good garden, his table is well served. The annual income which he derives from the wool of his sheep cannot be less than 2000*l.* sterling. After breakfast read a little of the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," which I found in his library, then mounted on horseback, and rode to the base of the left-hand peak of the Anakie Hills. It consists of enormous fragments of rock in grotesque shapes, which seem to have been belched up from the plain by volcanic agency. A great deal of soil has accumulated amid the interstices of these rocks, and there are to be found rare plants, and shrubs, and heaths.

Aug. 8. — Returned to Geelong.

Aug. 9. — Intended to return to Melbourne, but the day was so transparently lovely, and the bay smiled so brightly, that I determined to stop to-day. Wandered on the banks of the river,

which meanders prettily through the valley after emerging from the Barrabool Hills. The soil seems of indescribable fertility, but the sad-coloured foliage of the trees throws a dusky veil over an otherwise brilliant landscape. And the leaves of the trees do not droop, but stick out quite stiff. They are small, too, and give little shade. As scarcely any of the trees in Australia are deciduous, every landscape is saddened at all seasons by this dull green tint everywhere prevailing. All is monotony. With us, on the contrary, the changes of our foliage keeping pace with the seasons, the annihilation in winter, the new birth in spring producing the radiant green of youth, mellowing into the rich summer tint, followed up by the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn, bring forth those strong contrasts which so much delight the lovers of nature. Called on a Mr. C——, the worthy incumbent of the church here, who received me with much hospitality. This excellent clergyman has laboured in the cause of his Master as a missionary in South Africa.

Aug. 10.—Returned to Melbourne in a little steamer called the "Vesta." The voyage took us six hours. The bay looked as brilliant as ever. The mornings are crisp and cold. The thermometer in the sun at noon is 105°.

Aug. 11 (Sunday).—Assisted the incumbent

at St. Peter's Church, Collingwood, a suburb of Melbourne. I read Prayers in the morning and preached in the afternoon. The behaviour of the people was as perfect as could be—no whispering, no fidgeting, no sleeping. They joined heartily in the singing and responding. I could hardly realise to myself that I was out of England.

Aug. 12.—Went to see some gymnastic sports, which were celebrated to day on the race-course. All was confusion and careless management. None, save those in the front rank, could see anything; and there was nothing for them to see worth struggling for. Saw a man haled off by the police for picking pockets. All put me in mind of the old country—the want of arrangement, the drinking, the cursing and obscene talking, the prostitutes, thieves, and policemen.

Aug. 18 (Sunday).—Attended divine service in the morning at St. James's, the Cathedral.

Aug. 19.—Went to the Botanical Gardens, a piece of twelve or fourteen acres on the other side of the Yarra, planted and arranged in a very tasteful manner. There are gum-trees, mimosas, cactuses, apple-trees, stocks and geraniums, and many other trees and plants which I cannot particularise. There is one exceedingly pleasant seat under a gigantic gum-tree, commanding an extensive prospect.

Aug. 22.—Went on a visit to a worthy clergyman who is incumbent of Heidelberg. He lives in a pretty weather-board cottage seated on an eminence. From the broad verandah which surrounds the house is a charming view of the village green, and of the half-built church on a little hill in the midst. The course of the river with its hidden waters can be traced by the brilliant golden blossoms of the mimosa, which adorn the precipitous and overhanging banks. It looks like a gigantic golden serpent stretching its sinuous length on a brilliant greensward. At intervals I heard the liquid tones of the bell-bird, and the discordant notes of the bird called (from his method of expressing himself) the laughing jackass. My friend took me to see a black ant's nest. These insects were an inch and a half long, with an immense forceps and a most venomous bite. Their eyes are large and most expressively ferocious.

Aug. 25 (Sunday).—A fine day, though not without rain. Assisted at divine service, which was held in a little school-room built of logs in the bush by a Quaker. I preached to about forty persons—all decent, quiet people, who responded very nicely during the prayers. Around us were waving old gum-trees, which fourteen years back were waving over the savage, as yet sole proprietor of the soil. After lunch I rode to

a cottage in another direction, and preached to twenty attentive listeners on the subject of rewards and punishments bestowed on mankind in this world as well as the next. The text was from the 8th chap. Ecclesiastes, 11th verse. Was shown a large tract of land, which is said to belong to some titled family in England. It is now the object of a Chancery suit. It will in time have a great value. Found an enormous spider which had his haunt close to my bed. They called him a tarantula. He had a hairy body and huge hairy legs. When I turned a full-sized tumbler down upon him, I could not inclose his legs, and cut one of them, which he immediately put into his mouth and began to suck.

Aug. 26.—Rode in to Melbourne. The sun shone brightly, and the birds made the best noise they could. They do not sing here.

Aug. 28.—Paid a visit to a clergyman, who is the incumbent of Brighton, a straggling township situated on the shores of the bay, about six to eight miles from Melbourne. The road is a track through a forest full of gum-trees, sheackes, and mimosas. Passed a swamp on my right thronged with rushes, from which issued a sound as of heavy castanets. Who were the performers I did not see. The view from my friend's verandah was enchanting. The laughing waters of the bay clapped their hands under the bright

sunbeams. The soil at Brighton is light and sandy, and excellent vegetables are grown there. Land ranges there from twenty to forty pounds an acre.

Aug. 30.—Gave half-a-crown for a ticket to a lecture on mesmerism at the Mechanics' Hall, and attended the lecture. A great many people were there. The lecturer operated on two boys, one a white, the other a black just arrived from the Murray River, and made them perform a variety of wonderful feats. He spoke disjointedly and unconnectedly, and, with cool audacity, drew a parallel between himself, Mesmer, Elliotson, and Jesus Christ. The effrontery of the orator was to me the great trick of the evening.

Sept. 4.—We have weather, the like to which, for beauty, I have never experienced. Mountains at sixty miles' distance seem but twelve away, and the air is so pure and fresh that one feels as if he were inhaling laughing gas. Took a long walk in the environs the other side of the Yarra. All is beautiful, but the parched-looking green colour of the trees is a great drawback. Attended a government land sale. The land is put up in lots, varying from two roods to six hundred acres, at prices varying from one pound to three hundred pounds an acre. It is a strange sight to see the rough-looking bushmen, mixed up with tradesmen and gentlemen, eagerly bidding in a room blocked

up with stores, some sitting upon, others straddling across, barrels, cases, chests, and boxes.

Sept. 13.—In the afternoon there came a tornado, driving before it an incredible quantity of dust. This they call “a brickfielder.”

Sept. 22.—A hot north wind in the morning, a cool south wind in the afternoon. These north winds come from the Central Desert, and during their prevalence one feels to be standing at the mouth of a furnace. The thermometer rises to 120° in the shade; books get dog-eared; writing-desks split; many people go to bed; universal physical demoralisation prevails. This lasts one, two, and even three days. All of a sudden, the wind chops rounds to the south in a moment, the thermometer falls to 60° , all nature is refreshed, and people resume their accustomed activity. These hot winds are said to possess great purifying qualities.

Sept. 25.—One of the Crown Commissioners having hospitably invited me to his house at the township of Gisborne, a place between thirty and forty miles to the north of Melbourne, on the Mount Macedon road, I started with my friend from the door of the Club at two in the afternoon. We had three spaniels with us, and a greyhound, and a mounted policeman followed, in the capacity of orderly. As the day was black and lowering, and we feared rain, we put our horses into a fast

canter, and continued them at it, with the exception of five minutes for watering, until we arrived at Gisborne at six o'clock. The exact distance is thirty-three miles. This is not particularly fast, considering that we traversed dry, springy turf, and that the weather was cool and bracing, like an autumn day in England.

Sept. 26.—My friend has a nice cottage in a fertile garden, which descends to a stream. It contains all the comforts and luxuries of a bachelor's home in England. Started after breakfast for Pastoria, a sheep-station belonging to a Mr. P——. Our route lay through the Black Forest, which extends under a lofty ridge of Mount Macedon. The weather was most malignant, and we got very wet. The rain and mist prevented us from seeing much except the trees on either side; I had, however, one momentary glimpse of a giant cliff on my right. After a wet ride of eighteen miles through this forest, we stopped a little at the Court-House to see if any magistrates' business was to be done, and then went on to Mr. P——'s, where we had a warm welcome and dry clothes.

Sept. 27.—Employed all the morning in reading a great portion of Watson's "Apology for the Bible." It is an answer to Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," and puts me in mind of a sturdy wrestler throwing his adversary heavily at every bout. After all, I am convinced, that if a man have

an evil heart of unbelief, no Apologies or Analogies or Evidences in the world will argue him into the right path. Infidelity is a disease of the heart, not of the head. Thus, arguing with an hardened unbeliever is time thrown away. He is pre-terminated not to be convinced. Reasoning cannot touch him—he is not open to conviction; whilst we, who are open to conviction, run the risk of being made very uncomfortable by his weak or lying arguments, speciously dressed up and audaciously advanced, the logical defects of which we cannot, in the heat and hurry of argument, detect. To say the truth, if we were as active in the cause of our Master as sceptics and infidels are in the cause of theirs, the religion of Christ would have a much more extended influence over the hearts of men. At two o'clock started for a large sheep-station on the Campaspie River, the hospitable proprietor of which is a Mr. M——. This gentleman has just built a fine wool-shed, which is admirably adapted for a church. Find in the house every comfort one can possibly require. The Campaspie has the characteristics of other Australian rivers: in the dry season it is but a chain of seemingly stagnant water-holes; during the rains it is a raging, rushing torrent. Many people, however, think that water-holes are not stagnant, but that they have an underground

communication, by means of the vanished river running in a subterranean channel. In the course of the day stopped at a shepherd's hut out of the rain, for an hour and a half. The sides were logs of fir-wood laid horizontally one on the other; the roof was pointed at a high pitch; there were two beds on stretchers in the hut, and at one end, opposite the door, was a huge fire-place built of stones. There was no flooring. To the roof were hung to dry, opossum-skins, of which people here make rugs to keep them warm. The two beds belonged to the shepherd and his mate, the hut-keeper—the duty of which last, is to cook, and make everything comfortable for the other, and make himself responsible for the sheep when folded round the hut at night. The shepherd takes care of the sheep by day in the pastures round about. The hut-keeper gave us all he could—a disagreeable, bitter, hot syrup, which I found to be strong green tea, and an immense quantity of coarse brown sugar; also some heavy cake, very indigestible. This was “damper,” and made without leaven. I ate of his bread and drank of his tea, though they were not to my taste, for I am given to understand that a hut-keeper feels himself very much insulted if a traveller—especially a gentleman—refuses to partake of the poor fare he can offer; and it is the poorness of the fare which puts

him on his mettle in this regard. However, damper, if it be very well made, is by no means bad food.

Sept. 28.—After breakfast started for Gisborne. Called at the Court-House, or Bench, as I believe it is called, and lunched at Mr. J——'s station. This gentleman is a wealthy squatter. We then rode through the unamiable Black Forest in the midst of a tempest, and arrived at Gisborne, wet through and through, after a day's journey of thirty-three miles.

Sept. 29 (Sunday).—A stormy wet day again. Rode over to the station of a Mr. R——, who, with his partner, Mr. H——, said to be a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, are wealthy squatters. Celebrated a full Service in the drawing-room, to a congregation of twenty people. The singing was very nice, for there were several ladies present, and Mrs. R—— accompanied on the piano.

Sept. 30.—Started for Melbourne after lunch, and rode there in four hours, stopping for twenty minutes or half-an-hour at the house of a rich importer and breeder of rams, situated on a plain of wonderful fertility. The last fifteen miles we rode in an hour and twenty minutes, without distressing the horses at all. Thus ends my tour in the Mount Macedon district, in which I was first initiated in the mysteries of squatting. In

my childhood I always pictured squatters as a party of dirty people, squatting and lying round a large cauldron, full of inexpressible things, suspended from three sticks, and simmering over a fire. That idea has, I confess, a little haunted me since. At all events I never thought, until I went to Australia, a squatter's life to be an agreeable one; but now I am quite undeceived. I find well-educated and wealthy gentlemen squatting in the midst of their flocks and herds, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, and enjoying a delicious climate. They have nicely furnished dwellings; their dining-tables sparkle with glass and plate, and they ride the best of horses. Some of them are married, and the bush ladies make excellent managers, especially those that are gentlewomen by birth. They have good gardens, which yield them flowers and vegetables; and they are permitted to cultivate as much land as their home consumption may require. As they have vast tracts of fertile land given them by the Government for sheep and cattle-runs, at almost a nominal yearly rent, it would not be just towards the farmers, who buy land at a high price, that they (the squatters) should be allowed to sell the product of the soil. But every squatting has its drawbacks; the sheep are liable to three diseases, one troublesome and noisome, called

the foot-rot, the cure of which is one of the most disagreeable operations that one can imagine; the other two mortal and ruinous—scab, and the terrible catarrh. Of these two last, the first is so contagious, so expensive to treat, and the treatment so uncertain in its results, that many sheep-owners say they would rather that sheep would die at once, and thus put them (the sheep-owners) out of the misery of their incertitude. As to the catarrh, it is positively a heart-rending disease. A squatter on Monday morning may find himself the possessor of ten thousand healthy sheep, worth from eight to twelve shillings a-piece. His run will be crossed by a flock of unhealthy travelling sheep; his sheep will get infected; they will show the symptoms of violent influenza; the disease will make most rapid progress, and by Saturday night he will find four thousand remaining out of his ten thousand—perhaps all will be taken; and no remedy has been found for this accursed and mysterious disease. Sheep with foot-rot and scab can be dressed with mercurial preparations and turpentine. Loss and trouble enough supervene with these; but but for catarrh there has been no remedy—no alleviatory course of treatment discovered. The only plan is to cut the throats of those sheep that show any symptoms of the disease, and draw off the unaffected ones to a distant part of the

run, leaving that part tabooed for many a long day. If there be a boiling-down establishment near, the bodies of the victims can be converted into tallow; if not, they must be burned or buried, and then the loss is total. Thus squatters—particularly those whose runs adjoin the high roads—have always the sword of ruin hanging over their heads. They are subject, too, to drought, when the stock dies from the drying up of the water-holes. Their sheep, also, get rushed and worried by the wild dogs; and sometimes Government steps in, when the lease of the run is up, to take possession of the land, that it may be surveyed and sold in lots for the purposes of cultivation. In that case the squatter receives just compensation for the buildings he has erected.

Oct. 5.—Hear that I have been appointed to a Government Chaplaincy in Tasmania. A Chaplaincy like this is much more satisfactory to a clergyman than a cure, the remuneration of which is raised by the direct voluntary system. Coarse-minded people often presume upon their contributions towards the support of the clergyman, and dictate to him in an indelicate manner. People, I find, will contribute freely enough towards the support of a minister in a new district; but when the novelty of having a clergyman is worn off, or they find that he is not a mere

puppet in their hands, and has ideas of his own, some cantankerous little-great man will withdraw his support, and persuade others to do the same. Thus the poor clergyman, if he have no private means, is placed in a very awkward position; and the laity, in a colony like this, should reflect that any minister coming among them can only be actuated by pure and disinterested motives: for there is scarcely any employment which is not more remunerative to a man, with a fair share of intellect, than that of the cure of souls. The Bishop, they say, has many difficulties, in a pecuniary way, in regulating this diocese. I am much surprised that colonial bishops in general do not turn their attention more to the endowment system. Nothing makes a church so independent of the caprices of the laity as endowment. In this colony, judiciously chosen land, bought at the present price, would, in fifteen or twenty years' time, if not before, increase twenty-fold in value, and thus would give to the clergy increased means of doing good. At all events, care should be taken to surround every new-built parsonage by an extensive glebe. This has not, as far as I know, been done in this diocese.

Oct. 7.—Three of the immigrants who came out with me paid me a visit in the evening. One was an old man of seventy, and in this colony, where everybody is young and vigorous, it is rather

a refreshing change to see a venerable old man. They seem happy and healthy, having got work to do at high wages; even the old man is not idle. If all trades were to fail in town, they can but go into the bush and take employment as shepherds and hut-keepers. The squatters would receive them with open arms, and give them between twenty and twenty-five pounds a-year, together with excellent rations of tea, sugar, beef, and flour, in quantity such as one stomach could never digest. This is, indeed, a land of promise, where the climate excels that of the much-vaunted Ausonia, and where famine and ruin are unknown. It is the famished Englishman's Paradise. Thus, those who think to punish convicts by sending them into this quarter of the world, make a mistake; they are rather rewarding them; they are giving them health and food, and, perhaps, putting them in the way of amassing great wealth. The greatest boon that good people in England can bestow on a deserving poor family would be to give them means to emigrate to one of the Australasian colonies—it does not matter where, for throughout, want is unknown to the industrious, steady man.

Oct. 10.—Having taken leave of all my good Melbourne friends, I embarked at the wharf on board the steamer "Shamrock," bound for Laun-

ceston, the second town in Tasmania. Steamed down the Yarra in the evening, and passed the night at anchorage in Hobson's Bay.

Oct. 11.—At daybreak started from our anchorage. When I went on deck I found that the vessel was battling with the eddies of the Port Phillip channel. Sea smooth, but the "Shamrock" rolled very unpleasantly. All the day crossing Bass's Straits.

In the morning at daybreak, I entered Launceston harbour, and steamed up the river Tamar, which is very beautiful indeed, every now and then swelling into lake-like expanses, studded with green islands, and surrounded by graceful declivities wooded to the summit. Lay at anchor for several hours in a pretty reach, waiting for the tide. Discovered that the boiler being thin, the steam had escaped through a hole close to my baggage, and had blasted it in a most extraordinary manner. The effects were those of a damp flash of lightning. My saddle had the leather loosened from the tree; a large black wood trunk, covered with leather and bound with iron, had all its leather torn from it, and this leather was hanging about it in pitiable festoons. All the metal that was touched, was discoloured with a sort of blue mould, and the bindings of the books were scarified, and the leather shrivelled in a most deplorably capricious manner. Every-

thing but my clothes was more or less injured. At five in the evening I landed on the wharf at Launceston, and very shortly afterwards saw a gang of convicts in their dismal attire. Went to a very excellent inn, as good as any English country inn, and was soon surrounded by every comfort I could wish. Felt a little fidgety at first on being told that the intelligent waiter, who was so attentive to me, had probably come out at Her Majesty's expense; but the feeling soon passed away.

Oct. 14.—A cold, piercing wind, with a hot sun. Find Launceston to be a spacious, clean town, with very good shops. There are too many public-houses in it. The immediate environs are very picturesque. In the distance, lofty hills stand out sharp and clear against the blue sky.

Oct. 15.—Rode out to Patterson's Plains, the scene of my chaplaincy. Patterson's Plains is the name given to a fertile valley running between two ridges of rather lofty hills, watered by a limpid stream called the Esk. About five miles from Launceston, at the left side of the road, on a slight declivity, where the hill-side mellows into the plain, stands a pretty little church, called St. Peter's. It will hold a hundred and twenty people, and has a north aisle, a porch, and a vestry. It has also a bell turret; its lateral windows are intended to be in the style of Early English. At the east end there is a very good

triple lancet window. It has too small a reading-desk and too large a pulpit. The view from the churchyard, of mountain and mountain-forest, of smiling valley and sparkling stream, of bright villas and of labourers' cottages, is inexpressibly charming. But yet the sad-coloured foliage of the trees detracts very much from all this beauty. My churchyard is full of lugubrious wattle-trees, under which the grass does not grow well, so that the whole area has a spotted appearance. In the evening, attended a *conversazione* held at the house of one of the leading ladies in Launceston. A merchant who was present, read a very nice paper on Shakspeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," or rather on the dramatist's conception of Cleopatra. When I looked round on the elegantly-furnished room, and the well-dressed people all listening intently to the frequent quotations from one of the finest of the poem-plays of the myriad-minded man, I could hardly believe myself to be in the great convict settlement of Van Diemen's Land. Probably the very servants who were bringing in the refreshments, and who were lingering at the door to catch the last immortal longings of the dying Egyptian beauty, whose "infinite variety age could not wither, nor custom stale," were convicts banished for ever from their country for some hideous crime.

Oct. 16.—Rode to the White Hills district, which is to be united to my Patterson's Plains cure. Rode out on the right side of the river and back on the other. The district of White Hills adjoins that of the Patterson's Plains, but lies farther away from Launceston. It consists of undulating hills of wonderfully corn-bearing capacity, and is inhabited by a hardy, vigorous, independent race of farmers. This district extends into localities as yet uncleared of its gigantic timber, but is everywhere very fertile. The church is on the summit of a hill commanding an extensive and varied view. It looks pretty enough with its lancet windows, but it has been cheaply and flimsily constructed. It is cold, damp, and dirty inside, and is without a Communion-table. In fact, I am the first clergyman who has been regularly appointed to this place. Am told that I shall have some trouble with the people, who are very sore at having, after building a church, to remain so long without a minister. I do not at all despair, for I find that in nine cases out of ten, quarrels between clergymen and their parishioners arise from want of judgment, and tact, and conciliatory manners on the part of the former. From St. Paul's, the name of the White Hills Church, I rode to St. Peter's, the Patterson's Plains Church, crossing the foaming torrent of the Esk on a very pic-

turesque and very insecure bridge. Close to St. Peter's is a fine house, called Mount Esk, now partly inhabited by a wealthy yeoman. It has a fine garden, and overlooks the river most charmingly. Here I have arranged to fix my abode.

Oct. 18.—A bright, transparent day, with a sun darting red-hot beams, and a keen, piercing, searching wind. Attended Divine Service at Trinity Church, one of the two churches in Launceston. It is St. Luke's Day, and the Festivals are always observed in this church. Walked to the Roman Catholic Cemetery—a beautiful spot, very much neglected.

Oct. 19.—Bought a mare: induced to do so by the fact that she had just been brought from Hobarton, a distance of 120 miles, in two days, having been one day driven, the other ridden.

Oct. 20 (Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity).—Began active service in my new cure. Had Morning Service at St. Peter's, Patterson's Plains. As I was something new, a good many came. There was a very well-conducted ladies' school, which filled up much; also a neighbouring magistrate with his family; also some people who ordinarily frequent the Wesleyan Chapel close by. Some neighbouring farmers and farm-servants completed a congregation which was much more numerous than I expected. All behaved most admirably, and, there luckily being no clerk,

responded perfectly well. Dined at the hospitable table of the magistrate to whom I have just referred, and then rode over to take the Evensong Service at the White Hills. As I anticipated, things were not so satisfactory at St. Paul's as at St. Peter's. All looked cold and neglected. Few came, and some of those behaved as if they had never been at church before in their lives. A woman brought her child to be publicly baptized without sponsors. Of course I refused to baptize the child, which discontented her very much, as she had prepared some little feast for her neighbours. I was chagrined at being obliged to make my *début* under such an unfavourable light among a set of people rather awkward to deal with, but I always find, that when palpable right and palpable wrong are laid before us for choice, it is our best policy, leaving alone all higher considerations, to boldly choose the right, regardless of all seeming consequences.

Oct. 23.—Rode over part of my district, and called on some of the inhabitants. Some of these were old settlers, who had been induced by the cheapness of land and labour to choose Van Diemen's Land for their home; others had left their country against their will, but having taken more healthy views of their responsibility as members of the great human family, had become respectable small farmers, anxious to promote the

moral and religious well-being of their families by every means in their power.

Oct. 24.—Called on the most extraordinary person in my district, a small landowner, of the name of Dr. ——. I had been warned to be careful with him, if I wished to make the slightest impression. Some call him an Atheist—others an astrologer—others a madman. It is certain that he refuses to attend a place of worship, and that he is not complimentary to the clergy. As he is a very old man, I thought it my duty to try what I could do with him; so I rode down to his house. As I approached the domicile of the old Doctor, I heard an unmeasured barking of dogs; and when I entered the barton, not without spurring my unwilling mare, I found myself almost surrounded by six huge, furious mastiffs, whose houses were stationed in a sort of semicircle in front of the house, and who were rearing in the air, hanging on their chains, frantically barking. By and by there came to the door a lean, withered, very old man, miserably dressed in a shabby paletot, with a white cotton nightcap for his head-gear. At sight of him the six mastiffs slunk into their dens, exhaling smothered growls, amidst much rattling and trailing of chains. He welcomed me very cordially, and took me up-stairs to a wretched, dark little room, poorly furnished. Then he sat down;

and, during the space of one hour, poured forth the strangest jargon I ever heard ; through which, every now and then, gleamed very shrewd and sensible remarks. He talked about the sun and moon, the stars and clouds ; gave them fantastic names, mixed them up with heathen mythology ; and gave vent to some strange notions about the Deity. He told me he was eighty years old, was the son of an archdeacon, the brother of an English beneficed clergyman, and that he had been in the colony forty-six years. He showed me the genealogical tree of his family, but did not seem to have much communication with his relations. He was very garrulous ; and had a sour, disagreeable eye. I sat an hour listening to him, and scarcely saying a word ; and when I rose to go, he said I had made him very happy by my visit, and requested that I would soon call again. I am anxious about this poor old man, thus living by himself, at the mercy of his servants. Some say he is rich ; others, that he is poor ; others, that he is bad ; all, that he is half mad. His case requires careful handling, and a long course of spiritual medicine administered in infinitesimal doses. Too premature a zeal will spoil all.

Oct. 25.—Rose early, and rode to Longford, a substantial country town, with an excellent inn in it, called the Blenheim. It is of common

occurrence for the prisoners here to start an inn as soon as they have acquired their freedom, and amassed some property. And these inns, with their stabling and tap, are the exact counterparts of substantial English inns, and are kept with every regard to cleanliness and comfort. As the landlords hold land, they make the farm help the inn. I am not aware that these hotels are very profitable: on the contrary, I have been told that these establishments are kept more for amusement than anything else. The masters take a pride in them. They remind them of old days in the old country, when they, too, much yearned after the public-house, and thus got into trouble. Called on Dr. Davies, the excellent archdeacon of Launceston, who is the incumbent of Longford. He took me over his church, which is very large, cost a great deal, and presents few points of interest. The foundation has lately been discovered to be defective. One thing interested me very much; and that is, a magnificent east window of the finest stained glass, made by Wales of Newcastle. My way home in the evening lay partly through a pine-forest, and the trees exhaled their delicious perfume. It is difficult to enjoy a more agreeable emotion than that of riding rapidly through the sandy soil of a pine-forest, just when the shades of evening are

closing in, thus rendering surrounding objects uncertain and indistinct.

Oct. 26.—A hot sun, with a violent cold wind blowing from the north-west. The climate is said to be most healthy; but this mixture of glaring sun, and keen, penetrating wind, is most trying to rheumatic constitutions, and is productive of neuralgic pains. Called on several of my poorer parishioners. Many of them have been convicts, or (according to the appellation which they prefer) prisoners of the crown. When giving an account of themselves, they generally say that they were sent out for poaching. They received me very cordially, and seemed particularly anxious that their children should be brought up morally and religiously.

Oct. 27 (Sunday).—Took the Morning Service at Patterson's Plains. Congregation remarkably attentive. Gave warning for the celebration of the Holy Communion next Sunday. Read the exhortation all through. I shall always do that; for, like everything in our Prayer-book, it embodies a marvellous amount of spiritual teaching in a very few words. The cleverest divines of the present day cannot come near a style, which unites lucidity with terseness, and infuses immense vigour of expression into the most rhythmical periods. Took Afternoon Service at the

White Hills; a better congregation than on last Sunday, but affairs still flat. I do not wish things to go on too swimmingly at first: the stronger the plant is, the slower it grows. Spoke to some young girls about the Confirmation, which the Bishop intends to hold here shortly.

Oct. 28.—Held a churchwarden's meeting, at which everything passed off satisfactorily. Afterwards rode in company with the Archdeacon to Evandale, and was introduced to the good-natured pastor thereof. Evandale is a dull country town; with a church, one or two chapels, and plenty of public-houses. Went on to Longford to sleep. The roads I find very good; but the absence of hedge-rows, and the want of green fields and green trees, render travelling much less pleasant than in England. The land is inclosed by a strong fence of posts and rails, which have more utility than grace.

Oct. 29.—A scorching sun and wind, dispensing rheumatism to the rheumatic. There is, if I may so express myself, a want of solidity in the atmosphere here, which irritates the nerves. When one breathes, one fills the lungs with a cold, dry air, which keeps life going, and that is all. One feels no satisfaction in a gulp of air. After breakfast, the Archdeacon drove me to Christ Church College, which the Bishop, after great difficulties, has founded and raised to its

present admirable state. It is intended to be a place of education for youths whose parents may wish them brought up on strict Church-of-England principles. Here an excellent education, on the model of the home Universities, together with board, and two excellent rooms, is given for the trifling sum of 35*l.* per annum. The warden is a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford. He is, I believe, clever, and does everything he can to win the confidence of the pupils and forward the interests of the institution.

Oct. 31.—Called on three respectable women, sisters-in-law, whose husbands have gone to California in search of gold. The young men have written to say that the climate of San Francisco is execrable; that a thick, damp fog, enwraps the city at sun-down, and remains till about eight or nine the next morning; that it then suddenly clears away, and is succeeded by a burning sun and cloudless sky, which lasts till evening. Thus people get severe colds. Hear that this country of Tasmania abounds with very venomous snakes—such as the black snake and the diamond snake—whose bite, unless the part bitten be instantly cauterised, will cause certain, speedy death.

Nov. 3 (Sunday).—A tremendous, unwarmed sun, scorching the skin, and yet leaving a chilly feeling. Administered the Holy Communion to

ten persons. The communion plate is very handsome: it was presented to the church by a wealthy neighbouring clergyman, a Tasmanian, who was educated at Cambridge. Hear that there is to be a meeting at White Hills to-morrow, about church matters. This shows a little awakening. Called on old Dr. A——, who talked his insane rant about wind-steeds and cloud-chaos, like a Shelley run mad, but he was adroit enough to slip out of any religious conversation; so I must have patience. My mere presence, sitting by his side, may be of some service to him.

Nov. 4.—As I was riding through Launceston I saw a gang of convicts clad in a hideous yellow dress, dragging an enormous road-roller after them. Their very forbidding look was, I believe, mainly owing to their dress, particularly their cap, and the way they wear it. The convicts, after being subjected for a certain period, which varies according to their behaviour, to prison discipline, are released with a ticket-of-leave, and allowed to earn their bread at large within the island, until their term of transportation be expired. When that comes about, they consider themselves quits with society, and they ostentatiously assert it. These ticket-of-leave men are spread over the island, some in service, and some practising trades. My servant has a ticket. He

has no peculiarities, except that he is dirty, and that on Sunday, when he lays the dinner-table, he crosses my knife and fork. He says he was sent out for poaching, but I believe he got into trouble for something very much worse than that. We are all quite safe in the hands of those persons; but I fear that the neighbourhood of so much crime has a bad effect on the moral atmosphere around. In old times a different system was pursued. As soon as the convicts arrived they were let out to masters for a certain term, who treated them like slaves, got as much work out of them as they possibly could, and sometimes treated them with great severity. For a very little fault they were flogged. I hear that when a master was dissatisfied with a servant, it was not uncommon to send him to the nearest Police Magistrate with a turkey, and a note to the following effect: "Mr. — presents his compliments to Mr. — and begs him to accept the accompanying turkey. He will thank him to give the bearer three dozen for misbehaviour and send him back as soon as possible." This harsh discipline, however, produced capital servants, who could turn their hands to anything, and who when their time was up would settle down and make steady fathers of families, capable of being depended on in everything except abstinence from drink. Now, things are altered.

Those who come out are better educated, and are good for nothing as far as general usefulness is concerned. They are wonderful talkers, hate hard work, can quote Scripture enough to dazzle the clergyman, are clever at forgery and petty larceny, are sober rather than otherwise, have no sense of honour or gratitude, are wonderfully plausible and soft in their manners, and corrupt everything about them. The rough, old, brutal convict, who was a very good fellow in his way, is fast disappearing, having amalgamated with surrounding society: the new style of people still remain, serving their masters as ill as they can, having no triangles and a three-dozen in the perspective. But the style of convicts most universally disliked by the gentry, and thoroughly hated by the other prisoners, are those from Pentonville, called Penton-Villains. They are an exaggeration of all the bad qualities I have just enumerated. Most abominable hypocrites, one is never sure of them. The other day I heard of one who, if I recollect right, was landed at Melbourne with his ticket of leave. I think that some were foisted off on the unwilling colonists there. However that may be, this youth travelled up northward, crossed the Murray, and sought for employment of a publican in an out-of-the-way part of the country, away to the westward, towards the Adelaide side. As there is a great

prejudice against Penton-Villains everywhere, the landlord at first refused to take him in, but as he begged very hard and wrote a beautiful hand, he gave him employment as barman and keeper of his accounts. For some time the youth served his master exceedingly well, and was accordingly treated with kindness and consideration. But one day, the master hearing half-stifled cries proceeding from an outhouse near, found the servant on the point of treating most infamously his daughter, a pretty child, thirteen or fourteen years old. The incensed father stripped him naked, tied him to one of the posts of the verandah, and flogged him till he fainted. He then threw a bucket of water over him, to bring him to his senses, and turned him out into the bush, naked as he was. By the greatest good luck in the world, he fell in with a tribe of blacks, who fed him and gave him some skins to cover him. With them he stayed some time, and then went into service with a squatter, who ultimately placed every confidence in him, and made him storekeeper. Him he defrauded to a great amount, and escaped to Sydney with three valuable horses which he had stolen. He sold these horses, and went into the far bush, where, report says, he is still following the calling of horse-stealing and horse-dealing. And he gets off with impunity, for to follow a fraudulent person three

or four hundred miles in a country like Australia, to prosecute him for the sake of a hundred pounds, would be most prejudicial to one's interests. Whilst on the subject of convicts I must narrate what I have heard of ——*, said to be the original of the character of Gabriel Varney, the hero of the most disagreeable of Bulwer's novels, "Lucretia, or the Children of the Night." This wicked man, although he was very strongly suspected of having poisoned several people, could only be convicted of forgery, and he was sentenced to be transported for life. He was landed with other convicts at Hobarton, and in process of time was allowed to leave the prison on ticket of leave, and then followed the profession of portrait painter. As he was very clever at this art, he was much patronised by the first people in Hobarton and the neighbourhood, and gained a very good livelihood. He had long black hair, and piercing dark eyes, and thin bloodless lips, and a hooked nose, and his reputation was so bad, and his manners so mysterious, that people were afraid of him, although his behaviour out here was apparently void of blame. After dinner he would send for his landlady's little girl to give her bonbons, and the poor woman was quite perturbed at letting her go to him, being divided

* By some accident I have lost the name, which I have often heard mentioned.

between fear of offending an excellent lodger, and of having her child poisoned off, by way of experiment, with some subtle poison. I heard a story told of this man (it was told me by a clergyman), so incredible for depravity that I cannot guarantee its truth. As he was a clever surgeon and knew a good deal about anatomy, he was employed, during some part of his career—either as amateur or paid servant, I do not know which—in the capacity of dresser in the prisoners' hospital at Hobartton. Now in this hospital there lay a man on his death-bed, who had incurred the hatred of —. When this poor fellow was in his death-agony, having all his senses about him, that wicked man glided up to his bedside, bent over him and whispered, but not so low that he could not be heard by the inmate of the neighbouring bed, "I wish to say something to you before you die." "What is it?" said the poor wretch. "In five minutes your soul will be in hell flames, and before the day is over I shall have my dissecting knife in your body." And the poor creature breathed his last sigh, staring with fright at the glittering eye and satanic smile bent upon him. I can hardly think that this story will bear sifting; but yet I heard it from a good source. This person died suddenly, not without strong suspicions of having poisoned himself.

Nov. 7.—A small proprietor in the White

Hills district, generously offered me a communion-table and a cloth for St. Paul's ; also a chair for the vestry ; also one pound towards the liquidation of the debt. Gladly accepted it all. Prepared a young married and a young unmarried woman for confirmation. Hear that towards Port Sorell there are gigantic nettles, which will sting a horse to death in a quarter of an hour, causing lumps as big as one's fist, wherever they touch. Heard of two cases in which horses, out hunting, had leaped into them, and actually shrieked with pain. One of these died directly ; the other recovered by being bathed with very hot water for several hours.

Nov. 8. — Received a memorial from the White Hills people, claiming to have the Sunday Morning Service alternated there with Patterson's Plains. This is very satisfactory, for it shows that a hitherto neglected district is beginning to take an interest in church matters. Some one told me that he had this morning put a large scorpion into a nest of black ants as big as cockroaches. They soon killed him. These ants are very venomous ; but not so venomous as an ant which I saw yesterday, of the tint of a blue-bottle fly. A bite from one of these, causes intense agony for the moment, acting sharply on the nervous system.

Nov. 10 (*Sunday*). — At White Hills, before the

sermon, I read an answer to the memorial in regard to alternation of services according to the request. I then passed it to the clerk, that it might be read at leisure by the parishioners.

Nov. 14.—Called on some of my people in the White Hills district. They are very civil, and will do everything to please me. They have filled up an ugly trench in the churchyard, and rooted up the wattles. One of them told me that he had this morning killed in the road a diamond snake, five feet long. If people are bitten by these reptiles when out shooting, their best plan, if they wish to live, is to boldly cut out the part bitten, fill the wound with gunpowder, and then fire it. But no time should be lost. In the evening I had a live centipede brought me to look at. It was about four inches long, of a light blue colour, with red legs. The bite of these disgusting creatures is more venomous than the sting of a scorpion. Hear that the male platypus has spurs on the hind limbs, which, at certain seasons, are venomous. A few days ago, a man having wounded one, took the struggling creature in his arms. It spurred out and scratched his arm, and almost directly he became black in the face and convulsed. Strong stimulants were administered to him, and he recovered in about two hours. These platypi abound in the rivers in this district, and are often shot. My church-

warden says that they are "oviviparous." He killed one last month with a very large quantity of eggs in it. These creatures have many extraordinary characteristics, which are not generally known.

Nov. 19.—Had a Morning Service at St. Peter's, Patterson's Plains, expressly to include, after the second lesson, the baptism of a child of one of my parishioners. To my surprise and pleasure, although it was not a Feast day, thirty-five people attended. The farther I proceed, the more do I see grounds for encouragement. Afterwards I was on horseback all day, visiting parts of my immense district. One of the churchwardens accompanied me, mounted on a Timor pony of astonishing strength and endurance. These creatures are about thirteen hands high, and have an easy ambling pace of five to six miles an hour, at which they will continue all day. Visited a wretched family, occupying a small clearing in the bush. The father was away; the mother, an unmarried woman, was in gaol for thieving. Two children, one a dirty, stunted, half-naked little girl, nine years old, and a baby, were the sole occupants of the hovel. The girl was half-savage in her ways, glaring about her like a tiger cat. Of course she had never heard of God or Jesus Christ. These people have a very bad character among their neighbours.

Nov. 26.—Was on horseback nearly the whole day, visiting from house to house. Called at the White Hills school, and heard three children say their Catechism. If we well consider the matter, we cannot fail to see in the Anglican Catechism a most admirable compendium of theology, combining brevity and lucidity and catholic orthodoxy. Not a phrase is there too much, not a phrase is there that could be spared. Every high Christian doctrine is set forth there, all Christian practice is inculcated there. Thus the child who has got it thoroughly by heart has always, during his after life, with its cares, follies, and labours, some religious recollection, some spiritual fortress, some, if I may so say, “wandering witchnote of a distant spell,” on which he may fall back and cling to. When young, we learn it by rote, understanding comparatively little of it; we, in fact, swallow it without mastication: as age creeps on, and we discover that life is not perpetual sunshine, we bring up from the depths of memory little detached passages, to be meditated on at our leisure; and then, during this process of after-digestion, we discover that, unknown to ourselves, we have been the possessors of every word of a religious creed, and of a code of morals which have been appointed as our guide through life, even as the pillar of fire acted as a night guide to the Israelites

in the desert of the Red Sea. I consider the inculcation of this admirable embodiment of Christian doctrine and practice in the youthful minds of our children to be one of the chief causes of that high sense of honour and morality which certainly characterises the English to a greater degree than other nations. Let the seed once be sown and there it remains, ready for practical development in after life, according as God in his own good time shall see fit. Walked in my churchwarden's garden. Saw a native myrtle. Find that it is the custom here to grow thyme borders to the beds instead of box.

Nov. 30.—Visited a wealthy clergyman at Entally, in whose park a return cricket-match has been played to-day between the students of Ch. Ch. College and a Launceston eleven. The finest park in the island belongs to a Mr. Cox of Clarendon. It is spacious and well stocked with deer. This gentleman is sufficiently wealthy to drive four horses in his carriage.

Dec. 1 (First Sunday in Advent).—Was driven to Morning Service at White Hills in a gig with a vicious, lunging horse. Had a very satisfactory congregation of forty-five. Some singers from the neighbourhood having volunteered their services I accepted them, although I have a great dislike to these amateur perambulating performers, who, in fact, by their bellowing destroy all

congregational singing, and are very often impertinent to boot. But White Hills affairs being in rather a crude state, and there being none of the congregation who could lead, I gave them permission to perform, requesting them to sing the Glorias and the Versicles between the Commandments. They got on more subduedly than I expected, except that they alleluiaed most uproariously. So far so good. But whilst I was taking the afternoon service at Patterson's Plains, where ninety people of a more refined stamp than the St. Paul's congregation were assembled, and quiet congregational singing had been organised, at this juncture, to my great dismay, in walked my White Hills singers, who doubtless thought to do me a great favour by coming. Now in St. Peter's, at that moment, were a good sprinkling of Wesleyans belonging to the neighbouring chapel, so that I had about me the elements of very imposing melody. But I did not anticipate what followed. After the third Collect, for Aid against all Perils, I gave out a psalm that had previously been agreed upon between myself and my worthy churchwarden, who, with his family of young ladies, had kindly taken in hand the musical part of the Service. My good friend had hardly sung five notes of a quiet church tune, followed by the lady part of the congregation, when the White Hills choir struck up a jaunting

Wesleyan air with tremendous power, in which, of course, they were joined by the members present of the chapel. The effect was electric, for one half of the congregation were singing at the top of their voice—and such a voice!—against the other half, and all with the best intentions in the world. The charivari was such as to equal Rousseau's first *début* as a maestro. My little friend looked round on the rebellant crew, with vexation depicted on his countenance. He put me in mind of Hogarth's enraged musician. Some of the people tittered, some laughed outright, others looked disgusted, others frightened; but the "*cattivo coro*," went on serenely singing all the same, thundering forth a succession of alleluias at the end of each verse. And we suffered, too, from treachery from within, for the Wesleyans, who were sitting mixed up with the regular attendants, ardently joined them. Thus tranquil, easy-going orthodoxy, was strangled by the zeal and noise of the heterodox, for the opposition had it all their own way. Of course the decorum of the rest of the service was broken in upon: so, after all was over, I had these men down to my house, gave them two bottles of wine, thanked them for taking so long a walk for the sake of assisting at the singing, and begged them for the future to confine their talents to the White Hills district, as the church was already

provided for here. So I hope to be rid of them in future. Probably all these men have been prisoners.

Dec. 5.—Went in a carriage to Bishopsbourne, passing by Entally. The road was excellent, as, indeed, are all the roads. There was a commemoration at Christ Church College previous to the vacation, and all the relations and friends of the students were invited. The Warden made a Latin oration, enumerating the occurrences of the past year. Archdeacon Marriott spoke,—and spoke well, too. Archdeacon Davies gave a poor account of the finances. A very good feast ended all. This college seems a most admirable establishment, and well calculated to bring up a young colonial gentleman to talk and think of something else than “of bullocks.” Yet it is not as popular in the island as it deserves to be, having incurred the opposition of a class of hard-mouthed, influential individuals in Hobarton, who do not assist the bishop in his designs as much as he deserves.

Dec. 6.—Called on Mr. Rose, a Scotch gentleman, who is a great breeder of thorough-bred horses. He showed me an English race-horse called Jersey, which he had imported.

Dec. 9.—Had a meeting at the Patterson’s Plains school-room about a schoolmaster. Had nine children guaranteed for one year. I am

obliged to make the parents sign a paper to that effect, otherwise they would keep the children at home on every little excuse, and the poor school-master would be deprived of his miserable daily pittance. I find, however, that ignorant parents are sufficiently anxious that their children should receive education, though they will not make any sacrifices to obtain it for them. But there is no doubt that it is the duty of a Government to provide for the compulsory instruction of all members of the commonwealth in the rudiments of knowledge, such as reading, writing, and the four rules of arithmetic. This foundation once laid, the clever will, even in spite of all obstacles, advance onwards in the path of knowledge.

Dec. 16.—Was introduced to Dr. Nixon, the Bishop of Tasmania, who received me with great goodnature, and talked much and well on many subjects. Dr. Nixon is by no means an ordinary character. Gifted with great impromptu eloquence, he is a sound divine, for he has published a standard work on our Catechism, the best that we have. He plays the organ admirably, and can compose music. He is an excellent painter in oils and water-colours, and sketches beautifully. He is a good scholar, and is indefatigable in his pastoral labours. Yet this excellent prelate has very many enemies in his diocese, of whom some, I am sorry to say, call

themselves Church-people. He is a firm friend to all his right-thinking clergy, and supports them to the uttermost in carrying out that which he conceives conducive to the interests of the Church.

Dec. 18.—Was on horseback from nine until seven, making a round of visits in my two districts. Visited the White Hills school and catechised the children. Heard a story of a young lady of the north of the island, who not long ago was married to a respectable farmer. Her husband took her for a wedding-trip, and on their return introduced her to her future home, where was a table nicely laid for supper, and two excellent mould-candles burning. She had no sooner entered the room than she burst into tears; her husband, who was a very good fellow, was alarmed at her hysterical sobbing, and begged her to explain herself. At last, after sedatives had been administered to her, she gave vent to her agitated feelings, and pumping up her words at intervals, said, "I didn't think, when I left a comfortable home and took you for my husband, that I had married into mutton fats." The fact was that the young lady, who probably was the daughter of a convict, was chagrined at finding mould candles, instead of wax or sperm, on the table.

Dec. 19.—The usual weather—a scorching

sun and a withering wind. Went to a Clergy meeting at Longford, at which the Bishop presided. Prayers were read in the church at eleven, and then we retired to the vestry, where his lordship gave us a very interesting address concerning the doings of the six bishops at Sydney, whence he is just returned. These six bishops were the Bishops of Sydney, of Newcastle, of Melbourne, of Adelaide, of Tasmania, and of New Zealand. The Bishop of Sydney presided as Metropolitan (by courtesy). During their various meetings they cordially, and with the greatest harmony, interchanged their experiences as chief pastors of dioceses remote one from another, and there is no doubt that the Colonial Church will benefit greatly thereby. They were all unanimous, with the exception of Dr. Perry, the Bishop of Melbourne, on the doctrine of regeneration by baptism. That prelate, in the minutes of the Sydney Conference, protested against their views of the question, although towards the end of his rather long protest he states that it is more charitable to suppose that children are made regenerate by baptism, or words to that effect.

Dec. 20.—Distributed prizes to the children of the White Hills school.

Dec. 22.—Held Matin-Service at White Hills; Even-Song at Patterson's Plains. It being Christ-

mas time, the people are beginning to get drunk, and very drunk too. Only twenty assisted at the Morning Service, and I could not have singing, because my choir-leader had been sent to the treadmill for two months. The clerk, too, if he was not tipsy, resembled a tipsy man very much. He made the responses with a most startling fervour.

Dec. 25 (*Christmas Day*).—Rose at five, and went into the garden to cull roses and lilies for the altar at St. Peter's: "*Manibus O date lilia plenis.*" Made up three beautiful bouquets. I had Morning Service at St. Paul's, White Hills, at ten, A.M. My schoolmaster, who acts as clerk, came to church so drunk that I was obliged to turn him out. He had this time advanced beyond fervour, and got into the realms of inarticulation and partial inanition. Thirty attended, of which a great portion were orderly and well-behaved children; and in the afternoon, at Patterson's Plains, thirty-seven were present. Christmas time is quite a saturnalia here, and drunkenness abounds.

Dec. 27.—Presided at a meeting for choosing churchwardens. Began it with prayer, and closed it with the blessing. Three churchwardens were chosen, and three trustees,—all people of great respectability. There are nine more seats taken than last year.

Dec. 29 (Sunday).—Opened the Sunday-school. About twenty children came, and two or three families of young ladies from the neighbourhood came as teachers. My White Hills clerk never came to the service ; he is still drunk, I fear.

Dec. 31.—Hot and cold together — weather that stirs all rheumatism to the depths. Presided at a churchwardens' meeting in the White Hills district. Had a very satisfactory attendance of neighbouring farmers, who seem now to take a great interest in Church matters in this hitherto neglected locality. Let nine seats, at the rate of 3*s.* a sitting. Many people paid up their arrears, so that the church received 7*l.* 5*s.* in cash, and 4*l.* 1*s.* in I. O. U.'s. Three substantial landowners were chosen wardens, and three others trustees. All these officers have been hitherto *quasi* in abeyance. Now all is re-organised ; the church debt is in a fair way of getting paid, and people are in great good-humour. This is a cause of great thankfulness to me, because I had been led to apprehend that I should meet with nothing but dogged opposition in this district. I have found that quarrels between clergy and laity often take their rise from some little want of straightforwardness, often unintentional on the part of the former, and that if a clergyman behaves to his flock with thorough single-mindedness, he can have his

own way with them. The harmony with which we all parted is an excellent closing scene of this year, and makes a good augury for the next.

Jan. 5, 1851.—At Patterson's Plains Church I preached a sermon on the subject of Circumcision being the type of Baptism. Some of the people affixed their names to a petition for consecration of the churchyard, which has hitherto been delayed, chiefly for want of a resident minister.

Jan. 6.—To-day was appointed for the Confirmation, and Consecration of the Churchyard. The Bishop, the Archdeacon of Launceston, and one or two of the neighbouring clergy, breakfasted with me. At eleven o'clock Divine Service began, the church being crowded. I read the prayers; the chief clergyman of Launceston, the Lessons and Epistle. After the Nicene Creed, the confirmation began, and was conducted in a most impressive manner by the Bishop. The candidates numbered thirteen, two males and eleven females, and were of the respective ages of 21, 19, 16, 14, 18, 17, 21, 16, 14, 13 and 9 months, 20, 19, 19. These young people, children of neighbouring gentry and farmers, behaved most becomingly, as if fully impressed with the quasi-sacramental nature of the rite of Confirmation, that coping-stone of the edifice of Baptism. The girls all wore white dresses, and most of them

long white veils. The Bishop gave two most eloquent extempore addresses, one immediately before the Confirmation, the other immediately after it. These addresses, dwelling forcibly on Baptism and its pendent, Confirmation, seemed to make a very serious impression on the congregation. The offertory amounted to 6*l.* 4*s.* Afterwards the Bishop consecrated the churchyard. Thus everything passed off most satisfactorily. All was a reproduction of the old country,

Jan. 9.—On horseback nearly ten hours, making visits in the White Hills district.

Jan. 12 (*Sunday*).—Had Morning Service at Patterson's Plains, and commenced the bi-monthly offertory. The collection was 8*s.* 7½*d.* Was at the Sunday-school an hour previously. At the White Hills Evening Service I had a good congregation of fifty-five persons. Examined the children there in their Catechism.

Jan. 14.—The gaol-chaplain in Launceston took me to the gaol, where he is preparing for eternity three poor fellows who are condemned to be hung for deeds of violence and robbery. One killed his rival in a fit of jealousy. The others, I think, were highway-robbers. They seemed very penitent.

Jan. 18.—Rode about twenty miles, and called on fourteen people, all farmers. People like very much to be called on by their clergy-

man. Whether it is that they are anxious to imbibe religious knowledge from his mouth, or whether they take it as a personal compliment, certain it is that a clergyman can make more way with his people by house-to-house visitation than by pulpit eloquence.

Jan. 22.—Just after I had risen in the morning I felt something cold crawling rapidly up my foot. I stamped, and the thing fell off. Turned quickly round and saw a centipede, two and a half inches long, running away at a great pace.

Jan. 25 (Saturday: Conversion of St. Paul).—Had Morning Prayers and gave a short sermon at Patterson's Plains. Two neighbouring families attended.

Jan. 28.—Visited some of my people at the further extremity of the White Hills district, quite in the bush. Found a great many children, dirty, untidy, ignorant, and healthy. They had all been baptized. Rode for about ten miles through forest land. Discarding the track, we rode by the sun. The leaves of the gigantic trees overhead sighed, stirred by the soft wind. These trees seemed conversing together in fitful whispers. Many of their brothers had fallen, blasted by thunderbolts, and impeded our way. Their withered, leafless branches could not join in the conversation. In the midst of the forest a strange incident occurred.

A black snake, ten feet long, disturbed by our approach, undulated gracefully towards some long grass near. Now it happened that my companion, a young Tasmanian gentleman, was one of the most modest, taciturn people I had ever met. But when he saw the great reptile gliding off to his hole, his nostrils dilated, his eyes glared, the veins of his forehead stood out, and his whole nature seemed changed. "Hold my horse, sir! hold my horse!" he cried with a voice, half frantic, half dictatorial; "let me kill the beast." So saying he jumped off, and followed the snake. And then it was curious to see his immense excitement and his evident fear, and in spite of that, the fascination, which drew him on to the creature's cover. For a considerable time he showered great sticks and stones at the serpent, one of which lighting on his head, killed him. And then there were great exclamations of triumph. But I was not allowed to approach till the beast's head was smashed into an undistinguishable mass. Having contemplated the object of his victory for some time in utter silence, the placidity and taciturnity of my companion returned; he mounted his horse and resumed his journey, silent as before. The fact is, that all the snakes in this country are highly venomous, their bite quickly destroying life, unless immediate aid be at hand; and therefore the people of the country, though very much

afraid of them, think it their bounden duty and a point of honour to kill them whenever they see them. It is strange, that we are all so moved with disgust at the sight of a serpent, whether it be venomous or not; for, indeed, a snake, glistering with its many colours in the morning sun, rolling along with head erect through the dew-spangled grass, is a beautiful object. It must be a traditional terror which we feel, I suppose, engrafted in us from the time when "the spirited sly snake" worked our common mother's fall.

Jan. 30.—Bought sufficient red cloth of a tradesman in Launceston for an altar-cloth. I intend it for White Hills Church.

Feb. 6.—Rode into Launceston and back. The heat was intense, and there was a fog in the afternoon, like a London November fog. People left off work two hours before their time, thinking it was sun-down.

Feb. 9 (Sunday).—Administered the Sacrament at St. Peter's to twelve communicants. Used a new white cloth, which has had a beautiful fringe crocheted for it by the ladies of the district. Took the new crimson altar-cloth to the White Hills Church. The people were much pleased with it. They had never seen one before.

Feb. 12.—To-day took place a great cricket-match between the gentlemen of Port Phillip and those of Tasmania. The Port Phillipians have

come over expressly, and are of course treated by the Van Diemonians with great consideration and hospitality. The islanders beat those of the continent, with three wickets to go down.

Feb. 17. — The Victoria cricketers left the Launceston wharf in the "Shamrock" steamer, amid much shouting and noisy adieux.

Feb. 20. — One of my people, a respectable small farmer and father of a family, met me on the road, grasped my mare's bridle, and frantically waved a letter before my face. It was a dirty valentine, containing an ugly caricature, which he had received by the post. He suspected that certain relations, thoughtless young girls, had sent it him. *Hinc furor.* I promised him I would use my influence that the insult should not be repeated. I could hardly help laughing when I saw it first. If I had laughed, it is probable that the Wesleyans would have gained a very decent family.

Feb. 21. — Fished all the morning, and caught one (so-called) herring, and three dozen (so-called) trout. The fish here are soft, and require soaking a night in salt and water, or water with vinegar, previous to cooking. Dreadful details are reaching us of the great bush fires which took place at Port Phillip on the 6th of this month. It was the smoke which caused the thickness of atmosphere here on that day,

although the seat of the fire was 150 miles away, and Bass's Straits lay between. This great fire, caused by the imprudence or carelessness of some camping bullock-drivers, devastated, with the rapidity of lightning, a great part of the western portion of the province of Port Phillip. It ran along the dry grass of the plains with incredible swiftness, destroying the stock. When it reached a forest, the fiery hurricane leaped from tree top to tree top faster than the speed of a galloping horse, forming a terrible roof for the affrighted traveller, whilst slower fires burned downwards, and completed the devastation of the trees. The occupants of sheep-stations and shepherds' huts could only save themselves by precipitate flight, leaving the folded sheep to their inevitable fate. In one instance the devouring, insatiable element, rushed on so fast, that the inhabitant of a cottage had barely time to jump up to his neck in a water-hole, whence he saw, without a possibility of assisting them, his shrieking wife and six children consumed. The loss of human life, of sheep, of cattle, of houses, of pasture, has been terrible, and many families have been reduced to utter ruin. Already it would seem that the appellation of "Black Thursday" has been given to the 6th February, 1851, for it was on that day that the fires raged with the greatest fury.

Feb. 22.—Read the following “*Pensées de Pascal*,” which seem to have a happy connexion.

“Il est dangereux de trop faire voir à l’homme combien il est égal aux bêtes, sans lui montrer sa grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l’un et l’autre. Mais il est très avantageux de lui représenter l’un et l’autre.”

Now he show’s man’s *bassesse* :—

“Voilà notre état véritable. C’est ce qui resserre nos connaissances en de certaines bornes que nous ne passons pas, incapables de savoir tout, et d’ignorer tout absolument. Nous sommes sur un milieu vaste, toujours incertains, et flottants entre l’ignorance et la connaissance ; et, si nous pensons aller plus avant, notre objet branle et échappe à nos prises ; il se dérobe et fuit d’une fuite éternelle : rien ne peut l’arrêter. C’est notre condition naturelle, et toutefois la plus contraire à notre inclination. Nous brûlons du désir d’approfondir tout, et d’édifier une tour qui s’élève jusqu’à l’infini. Mais tout notre édifice craque, et la terre s’ouvre jusqu’aux abîmes.”

Sad enough. Now for the more exalted side, the *grandeur* :—

“L’homme est si grand, que sa grandeur paraît même en ce qu’il se connaît misérable. Un

arbre ne se connaît pas misérable. Il est vrai que c'est être misérable que de se connaître misérable; mais aussi c'est être grand que de connaître qu'on est misérable. Ainsi toutes ces misères prouvent sa grandeur. Ce sont misères de grand seigneur, misères d'un roi dépossédé."

Thus, then, does the great writer first lay before us our *bassesse*, and then our *grandeur*.

March 2 (Sunday).—Service at White Hills Church in the morning. Some incendiary has burnt 300 bushels of wheat and 19 tons of hay in the close vicinity of the church. A great many Methodists assisted at the Evening Service at Patterson's Plains.

March 5 (Ash-Wednesday).—Rode to White Hills and read the Communion Service to nine children and four adults. A gentleman, a squatter of the Edward River district, in the province of New South Wales, called upon me, and of himself, and in the name of his neighbours, begged me to act as chaplain to the sparse and isolated white population of those remote parts. He candidly told me that the country was not very inviting, being subject to great heats in summer and heavy rains in winter; but that the people there, chiefly consisting of shepherds and hut-keepers, were sadly in want of pastoral superintendence, which, until now, they had not been able to obtain. No clergyman had as yet been

found, he said, to undertake the arduous charge. I determined to go there, thinking that there is a greater want of a clergyman in such a district than in such a settled and orderly diocese as Tasmania.

March 12.—Wished a great many of my parishioners good-by. Had a fine stuffed male platypus given me, which had been caught in a river of my district.

March 16 (Sunday).—Read the Prayers at Trinity Church, Launceston. The Bishop preached a very excellent sermon on baptismal regeneration. In the evening the Bishop read Prayers, and I preached.

March 17.—Breakfasted with the Bishop, at the house of a mutual friend. Afterwards I explained to his lordship that I was anxious to enter upon a sphere of labour more arduous than that of a parish in Tasmania; that a gentleman from the remote district of the Edward River had entreated me to undertake a very difficult charge in those regions, which no one else could be found to undertake, and that I had decided to go there, and do my best in a country which, in an ecclesiastical sense, seemed as unpromising as any I could well have chosen. The Bishop expressed his regrets for the decision I had made, and wished me every success in my new undertaking. Thus finished my interview with one of the most

worthy and talented bishops which the Anglican Church possesses. Afterwards I rode back into the country, and took affectionate farewells of several of my late parishioners.

March 18.—Left the Launceston Wharf in the “Shamrock” steamer, and steamed down to George Town at the mouth of the Tamar, where we anchored for the night.

March 19.—All day at sea, but hugging the land. We have between thirty and forty cuddy passengers aboard, and one hundred and thirty steerage. At sunset we arrived at Circular Head, a promontory to the extreme north of Tasmania, where we landed some of our passengers.

March 20.—All day at sea, traversing Bass’s Straits. At noon arrived in the soft, delicious Australian atmosphere. At three we entered Port Phillip Heads, and in the evening anchored at Hobson’s Bay, under a bright moon’s rays.

March 21.—Weighed anchor early. Steamed up the Yarra with its thousand smells, and at seven debarked at the Melbourne Wharf.

April 4.—A gentleman here, who is an enthusiastic believer of all the marvels of animal magnetism, begged me to pass the evening with him, that I might see a black from the Murray experimented on. This gentleman, I hear, conceives that animal magnetism acts as a valuable substitute for all revealed religion; and that

Christ becomes a dead letter by the side of Mesmer. The Murray boy when magnetised went through a number of wonderful feats, which could hardly have been the result of collusion with my host, who is a man of character. For instance, the operator drew an imaginary circle round him, and he tried in vain to overstep it. His limbs were rendered cataleptic, and were held motionless for a long time in strained and painful positions. The science of phrenology was brought into play, too. When his organ of combativeness was touched, he wanted to fight everybody: the operator's finger on the bump of benevolence caused him, with the rapidity of lightning, to commence divesting himself of his clothes to give them away, which display was effectually stopped by the finger being shifted to secretiveness or acquisitiveness; and so on. I could hardly doubt that it was a *bond fide* transaction. In the performance of the evening I saw nothing to convince me that Christianity is in danger from mesmerism, but I saw sufficient to convince me that mesmerism is a science which might easily perplex superficial and unstable minds. Mesmer, I find, was born in 1734; in Vienna, it is believed. In 1766 he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Vienna. The subject of his thesis on that occasion was, "The influence of planets on the human body." The conclusion he arrived

at in this theme was, that as the planets act the one on the other, as the sun and moon act on our atmosphere and on our seas, so these great bodies act on animated bodies, especially on the nervous system, by means of a very subtle, all-penetrating fluid. And also, that as under this influence there exists in the sea the perpetual operation of a flux and reflux, so also in animated bodies there is a tension and relaxation, just like the tides. This subtle fluid, the general agent in these changes, resembles very much the magnet in its properties; consequently its name should be Animal Magnetism.

April 13 (Sunday in Passion Week).— Heard a very good sermon from the Bishop of Melbourne.

April 18 (Good-Friday).— The terrible drought still continues drying up all the feed for the stock. In the neighbourhood of Melbourne, oxen are dropping down in the yoke from starvation. Witnessed a wonderfully beautiful sunset from the Botanical Gardens.

April 24.— Rode to St. Kilda, and then along the beach to Brighton. The day was most translucent; the bay like a tranquil lake; and to the westward, the mountain called Station Peak stood out bold and sharp against the clear blue sky. Saw the carcasses of bullocks dead of starvation lying about; and on the banks of the Yarra there are numberless carcasses to be seen.

Weak with hunger, the poor beasts stagger down to the river to drink, get bogged in the mud, are unable to disengage themselves, and so die lingeringly. And very piteous it is to see them thus dying by inches, all helpless and mute.

May 1.—Received a letter from the Bishop of Sydney, licensing me to the Edward River district.

May 15.—Started with my friends into the interior, to take possession of my pastoral charge. We lunched first, and did not get away till four in the afternoon. I find it is the custom of the settlers here, when undertaking a long journey, to make a short spell on the evening of the first day. Two of my companions drove a tandem; another and myself rode together on horseback, each leading a horse. If a horse is well trained to follow, this leading is pleasant enough, for two horses travel together better than one, but if a led horse jibs or shies, he makes himself very troublesome and uncomfortable. After dark we arrived at Keilor, where there is a good inn. These country inns are becoming very valuable property. Five days ago the inn at Seymour was sold for 4900*l*. The quantity of spirits sold at the bar is great, and an immense profit is made somehow by that which is sold.

May 16.—Rode to Karlsruhe, a distance of about forty miles, where we arrived nearly be-

nighted, very tired, and very cold. The ride through the Black Forest was wet and dreary.

May 17.—Rode through a fertile, undulating country, for thirty miles, and slept at Farrel's inn.

May 18.—Lunched at Mr. E——'s station, and by nightfall arrived, after a forty-mile ride, at an excellent inn, called the Campaspie inn, kept by a most respectable man of the name of Barrow. On the table in the sitting-room were a quantity of books, among which I noticed the "Penny Magazine," some of Chambers' Works, and Bulwer's. A few yards from the doors were savages sleeping around their watchfires. Strange mixture of barbarism and civilisation!

May 19.—Still continued our course northward, over fertile plains devoted to sheep pastures. Lunched at Mr. Sims's station, and arrived at Hopwood's inn, on the Murray, at nightfall, after a ride of thirty-five miles. Having crossed the Murray, I am no longer in the Port Phillip province, but in that of New South Wales, the capital of which is Sydney. I now enter on my clerical duties.

May 20.—Rested all day, and was hospitably entertained by a Mr. S——, who has a boiling-down establishment in the immediate neighbourhood. Baptized a child. Held Divine Service in the wool-shed. Twenty persons attended, chiefly

people employed by Mr. S——. Although it was not Sunday, they dressed for the occasion, and behaved most decorously, making the responses with an aptitude which would shame the old "Parson-and-Clerk" system of some churches in England. They are a very rough lot though, induced by a restless spirit, or perhaps something worse, to come into this remote district. The inn where I slept is nothing but a large weather-board hut, with three or four bedrooms and a sitting-room; but it is clean and comfortable, and has some entertaining books in the sitting-room; such as Bulwer's "Godolphin," the "Penny Magazine," Chambers, and Gifford's translation of "Juvenal and Persius." It is almost entirely supported by the bar business. The Murray just here is about eighty or a hundred yards across, running between high banks. The depth is about fifteen to twenty-five feet. It never dries up, like most of the Australian rivers, but is navigable, save at certain periods of the year, from Albury to the sea. Thus, to compare very small things with very great, it may be called the Mississippi of Australia. It must hereafter act a great part in developing the internal resources of Australia.

May 21.—Although the days are very fine the nights and early mornings are intensely cold, so that we were not very much surprised at seeing

the horses, which had been out in a paddock all night, look very much tucked up. Started early, and passed through a dismal tract of country, consisting of ungrassy plains, lugubrious gum-trees, and stunted bushes, called salt-bush. I am told that these salt-bushes afford a most succulent nourishment for the sheep, when there is no grass. Lunched from provisions we had with us around a fire which we made. We then left the beaten track, and plunged into a forest of thick brushwood, travelling by the sun. After a long and weary ride in the dark, we arrived at a Mr. C——'s station. The horses, after travelling thirty-six miles without baiting, were put into a paddock with no grass in it. I understand that, in this country, horses can travel very far on very little nourishment.

May 22.—Baptized the female child of my host, and travelled for sixteen miles through a thickly-wooded country to a small hut, where we slept on the floor. We should have had nothing for supper if we had not killed a poor old hen, who was unconsciously roosting on the roof of the hut.

May 23.—Started at daybreak, and travelled till long after dark. A most uninteresting country, consisting of grassless plains, studded with the withered-looking salt-bush, and bounded by forests of the gum-tree, with its foliage of faded

green. Had no food at all till two in the afternoon. Late in the evening arrived at a township on the Edward River, called Moolamon, wearied out, having ridden forty-six miles at least. This locality, consisting of an inn, a store, a court-house, and two sheep-stations, and a few other miserable wooden huts, must be considered, I suppose, the chief place of my district.

May 24.—Breakfasted with an Australian gentleman, a squatter here, and afterwards rode for twenty-two miles along the banks of the Edward River, until I came to a station called Moolpar, which, for the present, I am to make my head-quarters and home. I am very glad to have done with travelling; for I am quite tired, having, since the 15th of this month, ridden 280 miles.

May 25 (Sunday).—Before breakfast read one of the admirable Family Prayers of Bishop Blomfield. At eleven the servants of the home-station were called in, and I read the Litany and preached a sermon. All were very attentive. Before going to bed I read the Evening Prayers, and preached a second sermon.

May 26.—Strolled about the environs of the station, and, by means of a small bit of tobacco, made friends with an intelligent black fellow, named Charley. Tried to get out of him some definite information about a wonderful creature,

much talked of here, called the bunyip. Some say it is an amphibious animal, which makes its home at the bottom of deep water-holes in the beds of rivers, and which draws down blacks, whilst bathing, to devour them; sometimes even pursuing them on the banks. Others assert that it is a beast, like a small hippopotamus, which lives among the reeds in the marshes by the side of rivers, and which causes great harm and loss to the indigenes, by sallying out at night and destroying the apparatus for catching fish: others declare that it is a gigantic, blood-thirsty otter, that eats children when it can catch them. When I asked Charley to portray me one on the dust with the point of my stick, he drew a great bird: I suspect that this creature does not exist now, even if it has once existed. The savages, however, unanimously declare that some voracious animal exists in or about their rivers, and they have a great dread of it. It may be a tradition that they have, just as we have of dragons.

May 27.—Took a survey of the sheep-station where I live, and its position. It stands on the north bank of the Edward River, which is an offshoot of the Murray, on the verge of an extensive plain, which reaches to the Murrumbidgee River. Close by it is an extensive paddock, in which are kept visitors' horses, and those horses of the establishment which are required for im-

mediate service. There is also a piece of land laid down with oats, which, for the last three years, have grown up very well, and just when ready to be cut have been blasted by the furnace-like north wind. The station itself is a large cottage, partly constructed of weather-board and partly of rough planks, fitting into grooves, top and bottom, which are cut in the main timbers. A large apartment, with an immense fire-hearth, serves as the living-room, whilst around are constructed five or six little dens, which serve as bedrooms. The out-buildings consist of a store—where are kept the flour and other provisions of the establishment—a stable and a dray-shed. Farther off is a small paddock, called a stock-yard, inclosed by a high, strong rail, into which the horse and cattle stock are driven for inspection or otherwise. The Edward River partakes of the nature of most of the Australian streams. At times it is full to overflowing; at times entirely dried up; but contains, at intervals, deep ponds or water-holes, of fresh, clear water, which seldom or never dry up, and which alone render this country habitable. It is now so empty of all moisture, that I can hardly picture it to myself as what it must be when the great rains commence. Close to the head-station is a camp of the natives, consisting of fifty or sixty men, women, and children, and innumerable mongrel,

mangy dogs. These poor people pick up what they can get, and make themselves useful in many ways. But they like their wild life, and cannot be prevailed on to enter into regular service.

June 1 (Sunday).—Rode into the township of Moolamon to hold Divine Service. It is a distance of about twenty-two miles, and the road lies through forest and plain, by river-side and over sand-hill. These sand-hills are studded over the vast plains of the district, and are thickly planted with pine-trees, which at early morning and at evening send forth a most grateful fragrance. And most refreshing is it, after traversing in the drought season dreary wastes, barren of all verdure, to enter the domains of a sand-hill, standing like an oasis in the desert, with its green grass and its innumerable shade-giving pines. How they came here no one seems to know; perhaps they were caused by the eddies of a great flood, which might some time have swept over the face of the country. When I arrived at Moolamon I found a congregation of about thirty people, chiefly women and children, waiting for me in a log-building, called the Court-House. After the second lesson I baptized three children, to see which ceremony numbers of blacks crowded the door. My chief supporter here—an Australian gentleman—could

not attend, being laid up by that curse of Australia, ophthalmia, or sandy blight. His eyes are bandaged over, and he is suffering excruciating pain. Got back to my station by dusk.

June 3.—Tried to find out a neighbouring station by compass, but could not. Experienced bushmen say that a compass rather perplexes them than otherwise. They guide themselves in day-time by the sun, and by the Southern Cross at night. Was present at the slaughtering of a beast for home consumption. A large lot of cattle had been driven from the plains into the stock-yard, and there the creatures were huddled, all in confusion, and looking very wild, lowing, butting one another, and making short runs, trying to find a way of exit. The superintendent came with a fowling-piece loaded with ball, picked out a likely beast to kill, and aimed at the centre of his forehead, wishing to kill him at one shot; but the creature would not stand steady, and shifted his position continually: then he picked out another, but neither would he stand steady; and then, tired of waiting, and out of temper, he aimed at a steady old cow, great with calf, and shot her dead. In a moment the rails of the entrance to the stock-yard were thrown on the ground, and all the herd rushed furiously out, and galloped towards the plains,—all save the defunct animal, which lay dead. Her throat was

then cut, and she was hoisted up with tackling, and skinned and quartered in an incredibly short space of time. Then the blacks, with great glee, gathered round, and carried off the head, the feet, the heart, liver, &c., in immense triumph to their camp; and, joy of joys to them, the calf was nearly full-grown, and its poor little carcase was trailed along the ground, followed by an infinity of dogs, all licking it. Although it has been said that we are all of us at heart only savages dressed up, I must confess that this was a sufficiently disagreeable sight to me, and I never wish to witness the slaughtering of a beast again.

June 4.—On horseback from eleven until six, visiting the out-stations. These stations are inhabited by two men,—the one, a shepherd, who takes care of the sheep by day; the other, a hut-keeper, who cooks for his mate, and is responsible for the sheep by night. The hut is rudely built of logs or planks, has a large chimney also of wood, and contains two stretchers and a few utensils. At the fire is a pannikin of tea always to be found. Far away in the plains, at a distance of perhaps twenty miles from the head-station, do these poor exiles stupidly vegetate, tending stupid sheep, for sheep are the most stupid of animals. Now and then some blacks pass by. Once a-week they get their rations from

the head-station. At times the superintendent rides over to see how the stock is getting on. With these exceptions, their life floats by them like a lazy dream. The sheep here run in flocks of from 1500 to 3000, and if the shepherd is worth anything, he ought to keep them moving gently, so to eat down the run fairly. But very often it happens that he goes to sleep, or leaves them, whilst he idles at the hut, and so the sheep loiter, and do not get well pastured, for a sheep is a most uninstinctive beast, and must not be left to itself: it is, as a young shepherd once remarked to me, "the most spooney of animals, I assure you, sir." The shepherds about here are many of them old convicts from the Sydney side, many of them fugitives from the sea-board for some crime, but nearly all of them have brought on a premature old age from early excesses, and are suffering from various chronic diseases. One of the men whom I visited to-day is, I am assured, so accustomed to take corrosive sublimate, that he will lick it up from the palm of his hand: his name is Mulligan, and he is an excellent shepherd. At the end of their year's engagement they go to the home-station to get their wages, which amount to between 18*l.* and 25*l.* Then comes a fierce change, from fasting in the desert for a year on salted meat and tea and unleavened bread. They take their wages to the

nearest public-house, and begin eating and drinking furiously. I have heard of a man eating two bottles of pickles without stirring from the spot. And as to drinking, it is really frightful. They will drink all sorts of liquors till they get *delirium tremens*, whilst the whole vicinity of the public-house resounds with drunken imprecations. By and by they awake from the sick lethargy into which they have fallen, and find that all their earnings have melted away in ale and porter, wine and rum. They then sadly and slowly wend their way to their solitary hut in the plains, to resume for another year their deadening life of petrification. I believe that all the liquors sold at the "publics" are terribly adulterated, the rum with tobacco especially; and it is this adulteration which induces *delirium tremens*. To-day I have seen seven or eight shepherds and hut-keepers, of whom two are old "lags" (so convicts are called), and two from Pentonville, or as they are called here, "Penton-Villains." They were all very civil and teachable. I tried to impress on them that I took a personal interest in their welfare, and that they might look upon me not so much in the light of a paid Minister as of a personal friend. There is no feeling so demoralising to a man as that of being alienated from all surrounding human sympathies. Such a feeling with some produces recklessness (*incuria*),

with others despair. The former, among the lower classes, sometimes leads to terrible results. Their hand is against every man. If a clergyman would bear in mind that great truth propounded by Rochefoucault, that self-love is the spring of all men's actions and determinations, he would make personal appeals to his flock in private, rather than appeal to them in the mass from his pulpit; for there is nothing that we like so much as being taken notice of by our superiors: it touches our self-love. That which I endeavoured chiefly to persuade these poor men was, that they should not spend their wages in those horrible drinking-bouts, but save them until they could get sufficient to establish themselves in some more lucrative mode of life; but they answered, "Ah, sir, if you lived here by yourself a whole twelvemonth, with nothing but salt rations and that raking green tea, you would like a change sometimes." And I can believe them, for my food is coarse enough, and I have nothing to drink but coarse green tea, tasting strongly of copper, mixed with coarse brown-black sugar, flavoured with the perambulations of large, strong-smelling, red ants. This tea, which for the most part is drunk without milk, owing to their indolence in not breaking in cows for milking, costs only 1s. a pound in Melbourne, and is as near poison as can be: the sugar alone renders it

endurable. As for eating, I have salt beef, fatless (for they always slaughter the poorest beasts for home consumption), hot for dinner and cold for breakfast. Vegetables are rarely seen in these quarters, and the bread is of coarse flour, and unleavened. I rejoined, that this miserable fare was the very reason why they should get into another mode of life as soon as they could save a little money, and entreated them to consider their responsibilities as Christian men. I told them that their master took as much interest in their spiritual welfare as I did, and that he would willingly keep their money for them. I gave them some books to read, and so went my way, they thanking me very cordially. I said very little to them on religious matters, this being my first interview with them, for there is nothing that the lower orders of English dislike so much as having, as they term it, religion thrust down their throats by a person who is strange to them. Let us, clergymen, show our people that we have their welfare at heart, and they will submit to as much exhortation and reproof as we like to give them. Rode through a forest of short trees, consisting of innumerable stripling trunks springing from one root. This is called Mallee scrub, or *Eucalyptus Dumosa*, and is almost impenetrable to man and horse. Passed over vast grassless plains, of a light clayey

soil, thickly variegated by sickly-looking prickly brush. In the distance I saw careering a mob of five emu, with the speed of a race-horse. The grass not having sprung up yet, the whole country has a most miserable aspect; but yet the sheep are looking admirably, owing to the succulent verdure of the salt-bush which grows on the plains. It is this shrub which makes this hot district, which is called the India of Australia, so valuable. The saline succulence of the salt-bush is meat and drink to the sheep during the greatest droughts. Although our horses had been out seven hours in a hot sun, without refreshment of any sort, they showed no fatigue; owing, I suppose, to the dryness and elasticity of the air.

June 9.—Heavy rain from morning until night. Find that the blacks construct their shelters so as to be impervious to wet. They have no huts, but support pieces of bark in a sloping position on sticks. As the wind shifts, they shift their bark. They lie with their heads and shoulders inside, and their feet towards the entrance, where a fire is kept up. Last night a black woman was delivered of a half-caste child. I sent her some gruel, but found that she shared it with all around her. She talks of killing the child, but I hope, by threats and bribery, to dissuade her from so great a sin. I am told that probably she will not

do it now, but will let it grow even until it attain the age of four, five, or six years, and then it will mysteriously disappear. She will deny that it has been killed, and on being questioned, will coolly remark that it was taken ill and died suddenly. This conduct probably arises from the fear that if the half-castes were permitted to live, they would obtain too great an influence in their respective tribes.

June 11.—Went fishing with Charley the black, but was unsuccessful. He used a spear, and watched motionless until fish should pass, that he might pierce them; but none came. Charley does not seem to have an idea of a good creative Spirit, but has much fear of a bad destructive spirit, whom he calls debil-debil. But the error of devil-worship is not peculiar to the Australian indigenes. Went on the plains to gather mushrooms, which have sprung up in great abundance during the late rain. They have an excellent taste. The blacks, however, prefer a poisonous-looking, disgusting, yellow fungus. They are very odd in their tastes. They will not touch salt; and they think delicious, wild-fowls' eggs, when the chicks are near ready to be hatched.

June 13.—During the last two days, and to-day, the rain has descended in torrents. I have employed a considerable portion of to-day in ex-

amining a map of the country which the Bishop of Sydney has allotted to me for my pastoral labours. I find that between the Adelaide boundary westward, to Albury, eastward, there are six degrees of longitude; and that from the Murray, at the junction of the Campaspie, south, to the Murrumbidgee, at the junction of the Lachlan, north, there intervenes a degree and a half of latitude. My district, then, is comprised between 141° and 147° east longitude, and between about 34° and 36° south latitude. All this vast country lies in the interior, at the back of the colony of Port Phillip, or Australia Felix, as it is appropriately called, and has, I believe, been penetrated and taken up by squatters only within the last six or seven years. The Government map characterises it as consisting of "table land," "supposed hilly country," "dense mallee scrub," "extensive open plains," "polygonum scrub," "low, level, timbered country," "forest and scrubby country," "barren country," "open forest country;" whilst towards the east exist "granitic ranges." It is copiously watered, and during a portion of the year flooded, by the rivers Murray, Murrumbidgee, Lachlan, Darling, Edward, Neimur, and Wakool, which three last are nothing more than branches of the Murray, leaving the parent river through the channels of what are called the Gulpha and Tuppal Creeks,

meandering in tortuous windings through a hundred miles of country in a westerly direction, and uniting in one common stream called the Logan, through the bed of which the errant waters hasten to rejoin their long-abandoned parent. Two other small water-courses, called creeks,* the Yanko and the Billebong, at one period of the year dry, at another full of water, serve, the one to connect the Murrumbidgee with the Edward, the other to render habitable a large tract of arid country. To the westward is the Golgol Creek, containing backwater from the Murray; also the Bengallow. Several lakes, too, exist in this vast district, such as Benanee, Paika, Tala, Yanga; but they get very dry during the droughts. The general characteristics of this country are, I am told, immense plains, bounded by belts of forest land, in which the gum-tree predominates, but which also contain the sheacke and the box, the polygonum scrub, and the tea-tree. Here and there are to be seen sand-hills, covered with innumerable pine-trees. The plains would be unfit for the pasture of sheep during a great portion of the year, if it were not for the salt-bush, prickly bush, and pig-face, which stud them thickly over, and fatten sheep where not a blade of grass is to be seen. Over the country

* Creek is a term used by the early explorers, to denote the smaller interior streams, either tributary or independent.

which I have been just endeavouring to describe are distributed eighty to a hundred squatters, who all pasture sheep or cattle, and who rent from the Government large tracts of land, thoroughly useless for any other purpose. Some of these reside on their stations, some are absentees; some are small stockholders, having their thousand or two thousand sheep, or their four or five hundred head of cattle; whilst others have their twenty or thirty thousand sheep, or their four thousand head of cattle. Of these squatters many are educated gentlemen, many are enterprising Scotchmen; all are intelligent persons, well calculated to cope with the difficulties which surround them. Many of them began life as prodigals, and have now tamed down into wealthy proprietors. This district is thinly populated by innumerable small tribes of blacks, whom some call Malays, others Australian negroes. To those poor savages the arts and sciences are quite unknown. Strongly gifted with the perceptive, entirely wanting in the reflective faculty, they pass their time living on the precarious tenure of the chase, too idle to till the ground, and too careless even to construct huts. The kangaroo, the emu, the wild turkey, the opossum, and fish, afford them food, and these they kill with the spear and the boomerang, for they have not arrived even at the art of making bows and arrows, nor are fish-nets by any

means general amongst them. They are divided into small tribes or clans, to which tradition has appropriated a certain district, which is never overpassed with impunity, unless by a friendly tribe. Each clan has a nominal chief, who is expected to head them in their fights; but he, with the rest, is subject to a senate, which is composed of the old men; who, in their turn, can only act on the usages established among them from time immemorial. Whether their chieftainship is elective or hereditary I cannot learn. I suspect that it is hereditary, with exceptions in certain cases. With regard to religion, they come up to my idea of pure Atheism, for they have no idea of a God, no name for him, no worship of any sort—not even idol-worship. They have no definite idea of an evil spirit, nor have they any idea of an after-life; though, for some time after the death of one of their tribe, they have a perfect horror of the dark, and on no account mention the name of the deceased. This they carry to such an extent, that should the dead person bear the name of any object, animate or inanimate, that name is immediately changed. In morals they are Socialists, and Socialists to the most exaggerated extent. I cannot repeat all that I have heard on this subject. With regard to their wives, a man has seldom more than two, and the second is rarely taken until the first is

old and worn out. The new wife then acts as handmaid to the other. If a wife is discovered to be unfaithful to her husband, which is not a common occurrence, she receives a good beating from him, and the affair passes. Infidelity, however, with a white, is esteemed an honour to the tribe; and, considering their ugliness and filthy habits, not without reason, one would imagine. The poor creatures have much perceptive intelligence: shoot well, ride well, make excellent mounted police, are very honest, not addicted to pilfering, great newsmongers, wonderful mimics, and pick up our language very rapidly: but they cannot count; they can relate no traditions of the past, and seem utterly impervious to all religious teaching: not that they resist it at all; they are delighted with the honour done to them, especially when the doctrine is accompanied by tobacco; but it all passes through their heads and hearts as water through a sieve. Each tribe has an individual who is set apart to perform the functions of medical man and magician. Him they call "Doc-doc," and he is expected to cure diseases, which he sometimes does by a mesmeric process, to charm down rain, or to curse the unruly members of the tribe. These things he does at the request of the old men, whose tool he is. So that, after all, their form of government

is nothing new. Other nations, not calling themselves barbarous, have, and have had in times past, their nominal chief, their oligarchy, and their established church. The men and women go entirely naked in summer ; in winter they wear opossum-skins. This, then, is my district, and it is my duty to visit from station to station, to hold morning and evening prayers, and to endeavour to impart spiritual knowledge and religious consolation to the white people scattered up and down in this wilderness. May God grant me power to do it as I should ! I am not sent as missionary to the blacks, but I will study their character closely, and prevent the publicans from giving them fermented and spirituous liquors.

June 15 (Trinity Sunday).—Rode to the Poon Boon station, belonging to the Royal Bank Company, where there are no less than 35,000 sheep. A Mr. M——, a very gentlemanlike young man, is superintendent of this important property. He is evidently anxious to forward my views in every way that he can. As he was not certain of my coming to-day, he could only get together a congregation of ten. There are two unbaptized children in the neighbourhood, whose parents defer baptism under various flimsy pretexts. Returned to my head-quarters to a seven-o'clock dinner, after a fatiguing ride over

boggy plains, with difficulty fording the Wakool river, and had evening service before going to bed.

June 18.—Received letters and newspapers from Melbourne, which last are full of accounts of the discovery of gold in New South Wales. This discovery is occasioning immeasurable excitement.

June 19 — Rode to a small station about twenty miles away, on the right bank of the Logan. The track lay through extensive plains, rendered soft by the late rains. The host and hostess were hard-working, and in every way respectable Scotch people, of the Presbyterian persuasion, who received us most hospitably. On the river's bank near there, a solitary rock of red sandstone seems to have grown up like a plant, and protrudes far into the river's course. Before retiring for the night I read the Lessons for the evening, expounding as I read, and some of the prayers. My accommodation for the night was coarse, but the hearty welcome refined everything.

June 22 (Sunday).—Had Divine Service at the Court-House, Moolamon. Thirty-five were present. Baptized two children after the Second Lesson. The blacks, as before, crowded the door; and I understand, on account of the part I take in this ceremony, they have given me the

title of "Maker of children to the white men." They also call me "White man's Doc-doc."

June 24.—Commenced a visitation in the eastern part of my district. Commenced by having the horses swum over a creek: then saddled them, and proceeded due east on the north bank of the Edward. Our journey was extremely fatiguing, for the heavy rains which had fallen had saturated the clayey soil, so that at times the horses' going was a succession of plunges. In places, too, the river had overflowed its banks, so that we had to wade through water for miles. It was chiefly low forest-land where the floods were, and the ragged-looking gum-trees, with their withered or broken limbs, had a most lugubrious aspect under the threatening sky, surrounded as they were by the seemingly interminable flood. After thirty-two miles of this wearisome riding I arrived at a large wood hut, which was a public-house kept by a Scotchman. The good landlady gave me an excellent bed.

June 25.—Whilst paying my bill to the landlady, she told me that the men, when drunk, use the most horrible language, and she feared her children would become corrupted. She said (so I understood) that she paid 250*l.* a-year rent for this road-side inn; and I suppose that these enormous rents force the innkeepers to adulterate

their liquors. Gave her some advice about keeping her family away from the influence of the tap, and at eve prosecuted my journey. Found travelling a repetition of yesterday—saturated clayey plains, and flooded forest-land at the river-side. Came to a station where I was warmly received by three ferocious bull-dogs and coolly received by the master, so I rode on through the slush in the midst of a mournful silence, which seems characteristic of nature here. Called at a hut where lived a woman with several daughters; she was an Irish Romanist, and very bigoted. Came up with the postman, who was riding a Timor pony of thirteen hands, or less; these little creatures have a peculiar run of about five and a-half miles an hour, which they can keep up, I hear, for eighty miles, with scarce a stoppage. They are highly valued on account of their hardy, indefatigable habits. Just at sunset we lost our track in a most dismal swamp, from which I thought we never should have emerged. After much difficulty we arrived at the Sand Hills public-house at Denihquin, having waded, as it were, our horses for thirty-five miles.

June 26.—Rested a little. Called on a surgeon who is settled in this district. He seems a quiet, gentleman-like man, and people say that he is clever. Conversed with a poor fellow suffering from ophthalmia, commonly called sandy

blight. He told me that the pain was intense, especially at night; and I could well believe him, for his eyes were covered with a purulent discharge. This painful disease is very prevalent here. It weakens the organs of sight very much, and the first attack renders them sensitive and more obnoxious to successive visitations. People are by no means agreed as to how it is caused. Some say it is the bite of a fly; others, grains of sand blown by the wind; others, heat of blood, and fever thereupon ensuing. To this last explanation I am disposed to incline. The best course to be adopted during an attack is to stay quiet, living very temperately indeed, and taking daily small doses of cooling medicine, not forgetting to bathe the eye with a mild lotion of sulphate of zinc. This being done, the malady must be patiently allowed to have its course; which may occupy one week, or may occupy four, as the case may be.

June 28.—The mornings and evenings are cold, although the weather from ten to four is, beyond all expression, elastic and enjoyable. Called on a sawyer's wife; distributed tracts; baptized three children; tried an old entire horse, which is to be lent me for my excursion up the Billibong. He is a cream-coloured Arab, and is rather stiff in the joints. My companion, who also wants a fresh horse, cannot get one. It is the custom

here, when horses are not immediately wanted, to turn them out on the vast plains. So long as you do not require their services, you are sure to see them every now and then either hovering about the station or coming into the river to drink. But if one wants them particularly for some special and urgent service, the perverse animals, as if moved by some special instinct of contrariness, are never to be found; and perhaps one has to wait a week to catch a glimpse of a horse, which but a few days ago was always in sight.

June 29 (Sunday).—Rode to one of Mr. B——'s stations, which is on the Edward. Was most hospitably received by two steady and intelligent young Australians of the name of H——, but in consequence of all hands being employed lambing at the out-stations, could only get together a congregation of seven. To these I read the Prayers and Litany and preached, and afterwards baptized a child. Find many Romanist families all about, but they will in no wise avail themselves of my ministry. Their nearest clergyman is at Kilmore, forty miles from Melbourne. Rode back to Warbreccan, and read the Evening Service to nine persons.

June 30.—Started on a journey of fifty or sixty miles, along the banks of Billibong Creek, to visit three or four home-stations. The morning was

intensely cold, in consequence of the sharp night-frost; but when the sun exerted his power, all thawed, and the road became a channel of half-solid glue. The scenery, as usual, grassless plains skirted by belts of timber. Overtook a Billibong squatter, struggling homewards through the mire with his wife and family, in two carriages, each drawn by three horses. He was returning from Melbourne. He told us that he could not lend us horses on to the next station after his; so we turned back, I resolving to visit this district at a more favourable season. Returned to B——'s station, after a ride of four-and-twenty miles, dined, and before going to rest had in eight or nine of the servants, to whom I read and expounded the Lessons of the day, and afterwards availed myself of the Bishop of London's Prayers.

July 2.—My mare came in from the plains dead lame. This is a most provoking and disappointing country for locomotion. Horses are numerous as the leaves on the trees, and yet never to hand;

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

Either they are lame, or in foal, or out of condition, or they have sore backs, or they are out on the plains; there is always some hitch with these indispensable animals. At last a horse was lent me, and I rode across a vast plain covered with

tufts of prickly bush, and admirably adapted for pasturage. Rested for the night at a most hospitable station, the lady of which is a Roman Catholic. Had prayers at eight p.m., and expounded the 15th chapter of St. Luke to eleven persons, including servants.

July 3.— Had prayers *non præter solitum*, before breakfast, and baptized a child immediately after breakfast. My kind host lent me a strong grey horse, and offered me pasturage for my lame mare, and then I rode twenty-five miles to the station of a Mr. L——, one of the most intelligent and right-thinking men whom I have yet met in this country. He was busily engaged in painting his hut when I rode up, and did not give me a particularly warm reception at first, which is often the case with downright, sterling people. But I soon learned to appreciate him. He is very anxious to get up a National School at a Township sixteen miles off, called Maiden's Punt, where is an important ferry over the Murray. My friend knows Shakspeare almost by heart; for often, in times past, when keeping sheep in the wilderness, has he sat in a rude log-hut, round which the unreclaimed savage was sleeping and the wild-dog howling, and kept himself awake during the anxious night by reading at the light of a half-extinguished fire the grand philosophy of the "o'erthrown mind" of Hamlet, the eccentricities

of Launce and his "cruel-hearted cur," Crab, or the inextricable woes of "the gentle lady married to the Moor." Before going to bed, I gave prayers and explication to a congregation of ten.

July 4.—After Morning Prayers baptized a child. Saw a young half-caste, who had none of the Malay features. Hear that the indigenes here prefer lending their daughters to the white people to marrying them to their black comrades. If that be the case, the race must soon disappear, for the half-caste children are all eventually put out of the way.

July 5.—Rode to Maiden's Punt, where an enterprising individual from the Sydney side has arranged a ferry over the Murray, and started a very good inn. Here is already formed, or will shortly be formed, a Township. The hamlet now consists of an inn and about eight or ten huts, with a population of about thirty persons, of whom half are children, all very much neglected.

July 6 (Sunday).—Visited the people. Find only one Romanist family of four children. About twelve persons attended Divine Service at the inn. Baptized two children. The mother of one, a Romanist, made a great resistance, but the husband—a stanch Protestant—doggedly insisted on the Sacrament taking place. I did not interfere in the slightest degree, but let them arrange it between themselves. I hope gradually to do

something in this wild district ; but I foresee that all progress will be very gradual. I shall not see this progress myself, but I pray that my successor may.

July 7.—Rode to a station belonging to Messrs. H—— and B——, who are both lately married, and who have everything very nice about them. Had family prayers in the evening. One of the ladies had been used to attend St. Paul's, Knights-bridge.

July 9.—Travelled to Mr. L——'s, on my return to the Edward.

July 10.—After a ride of twenty-five miles of intricate steering through the bush, arrived at Mr. B——'s, where I found my mare sound.

July 11.—Arrived at the Edward River.

July 15.—Travelled to M——'s public-house, a distance of thirty-five miles. Was subjected to most disgusting noises all night. There were dogs barking ; babies crying ; mothers making even more noise by endeavouring to tranquillise them ; drunkards blaspheming ;—all this was going on in a room or rooms contiguous to mine.

July 16.—Rode on in the wet to Moolamon, a distance of forty miles. The creek there being swollen, my poor mare had to be swum across it before her heavy day's work was done. I was kept awake a great part of the night at the public-house by the most horrible blasphemies, uttered

by drunken men. To swear by "the Holy Ghost" seems very much the custom here. But all my experience in swearing sinks into insignificance in the face of what I heard to-night.

July 17.—Summoned the landlord, and asked him how he could permit such language as I heard last night, and at so late an hour. He apologised, and assured me that the man who was the chief offender in the disgusting scene of the previous evening was a shepherd in the employ of a neighbouring squatter, and that he had the reputation of being a steady respectable man when sober, but that, when drunk, he was outrageous. I told him that it was impossible that the utterer of such language could ever be respectable. Two reflections crossed my mind: one is, that rum adulterated with tobacco is the most infernal brewage that can be, for it makes men demons when under its influence, and brings on *delirium tremens* in a very short space of time; the other is, that if we are not directly responsible for our words and actions during the temporary madness of intoxication, we are equally responsible indirectly for all this by departing from the strict line of sobriety. Every man knows the peculiar influence that liquor has on him, and therefore, at the first departure from sobriety, he becomes responsible for all the moral phenomena which may become apparent during his sequent ebriety. The wretched sinner

of last night is as amenable to the punishment of God for his dreadful blasphemies as if he had uttered them when perfectly sober, because he was well aware that excess of liquor had always that peculiar effect on him. Often had he been drunk before, and as often had he uttered this frightful language.

July 20 (Sunday).—Had Morning Service at the Court-House; thirty were present. Exhorted them against the sin of drunkenness. The Evening Service I held at the house of the magistrate of the district. Twenty-seven persons, nearly all men, attended, and behaved most decorously. A very satisfactory day altogether.

July 23.—Rode to my head-quarters on the Edward River, having finished my first progress. I feel convinced that it is absurd for any clergyman to undertake the pastoral charge of this district, unless he be possessed of an iron constitution and great patience; and be cheered by religious enthusiasm. He must combine physical strength with moral determination, and above all, he must look for approval to a higher Power than his fellow-men. I am not aware that my motives for living among the wild population of these parts are as much appreciated as one would imagine they would be.

July 24.—A part of to-day has been employed in entering my Baptisms into the book. Received

a very interesting letter from a young Australian, who is a superintendent of a neighbouring important station. It runs thus : —

“ Rev. and dear Sir,—Your request, that I would read parts of the Scripture and a short sermon to my household on each returning Sabbath, is highly becoming in one of your sacred calling, and I hope I shall never live to doubt the excellent effect of spending the Sabbath in the manner you point out; although many trivial causes, the whole of which put together would not amount to anything like a reason, have hitherto prevented me from doing so. The subject has often had my serious consideration, and I once commenced to read prayers on Sunday, but failed to carry it through, in what I thought an acceptable manner, and so I dropped it altogether. But I purpose, God willing, in accordance with your request, to commence the practice again.—I have the honour to be,” &c. &c.

When I consider that this young man has not had the advantages of an early education, but has fairly worked himself into his present position by his industry and steady good sense, with but little time to improve his mind, I am the more struck at the simple good taste, and something more also, which dictated this letter.

July 25.—In the evening I witnessed a very

striking ceremonial among the blacks. A neighbouring tribe has been, and is, in great trouble; for two of them, named Billy Button and London, had killed a black boy, called Aladdin. For this, another black had remonstrated with them, and they actually killed him too, but not before London had been pierced from behind with a jagged-headed spear through the reins and groin. All this occasioned immense scandal, as occurring among people of the same tribe. I was visiting London, examining his wound, which was mortal, when all of a sudden some children rushed into the camp, saying that some strange blacks were approaching. In a moment all was bustle. The men put on their opossum-cloaks, seized their spears, and went out to meet the strangers. These consisted of five of a friendly tribe, who came to give them counsel and condolence. They had their heads plastered over with white clay, and their faces smeared with the same; they wore white blankets, carried spears, and looked most hideously. On arriving within sight of the camp, the group separated into two bands; and one band commenced an ululation, or wild howl of woe, whilst the other took it up and prolonged it. At an eminence within an arrow's flight of the camp they stood still and waited until some fire should be brought them, for it is a most important and indispensable custom among the Austra-

lian indigenes, that an encampment should not be approached by a visitor until he shall have made a fire from fire brought out of the encampment. He must then wait by the side of it, until the people come out to him. If they will not bring fire, it is a sign of enmity. On this occasion the hot embers were brought out, the fire was kindled, and they sat, or rather crouched, around it and about it for a full half hour, motionless and in absolute silence, with their heads buried between their knees. It was an impressive sight to see these crouching men, all besmeared with mud, sitting motionless as corpses, in the midst of entire silence—a silence which was responded to by all the tribe in the camp. For thirty minutes at least, not a child cried, not a dog barked. I could not prevent my mind from reverting to the following verse or two in Job: “Now when Job’s three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite: for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sat down with him

upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great." By and by the visitors broke through this dead silence, and raised a long, plaintive, and not inharmonious wail, which, after a momentary pause, was responded to and prolonged by the blacks in the encampment. This was interspersed with sobs and cries on the part of the women. During the whole of the night, with short intervals, did this wild ululation fill the glades of the surrounding primeval forest; and some of the mourners made gashes on their foreheads and backs with burning sticks, sharply pointed.

July 26.—Visited the blacks' camp. The visitors of yesterday were gone. Not seeing London, the wounded black, I was going to ask for him, and had pronounced his name as far as Lon—, when a naked old crone springing up from the ground, put her hand on my mouth and shook her head. This was an intimation that he was dead, and that his name must no more be spoken; for they believe, that a dead man's spirit hovering about will highly resent the mention of his name. Thus the word, whatever other idea it may represent, must never more be spoken. As is often the case in civilised countries, these poor savages substitute unmeaning superstitions for the rational worship of the living God. And yet,

before we condemn all superstition *in toto*, we must recollect that it is the sole restraining power to which many savage natures can be subjected. It is, in fact, religion *in embryo*.

July 27 (Sunday).—Had two Services. The servants of the station attended. Walked out for four miles on the plains in the afternoon, when I saw a very great thunder-storm approaching. I made up my mind to get very wet, when, by a fortunate chance, I saw my mare, which had been turned out on the plains, grazing within fifty yards of me. I went up to her, jumped on her back, and galloped home in an incredibly short space of time, thus avoiding my wetting. But I made the experience, that when a horse is out of condition, as mine is, it is better to ride him with a saddle than without.

July 30.—Am completely imprisoned, for my mare is too thin for work, and I cannot walk, on account of the country being saturated with wet.

Aug. 6.—Started to visit some of the western portions of my district. Slept at the hut of a small squatter, a Scotchman, who is so much esteemed by his neighbours, that he is called "Honest John."

Aug. 7.—Rode on further fourteen miles, to the hut of another small settler, who has been a prisoner of the Crown, but who, by hard work and good conduct, has amassed a little property,

I was received by him very cordially, as I always have been by persons of his class, and I promised to call again. Then I rode on to Messrs. P—— and C——'s important station on the Murrumbidgee, where Mr. P—— received me most courteously and kindly. Mr. P—— is a very well-educated man (I believe he is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin), and has the best poets and prose-writers in his book-cases. In the evening, before retiring to rest, I pursued my usual course of reading, and expounding as I read, the Lessons of the day, and then offering up Bishop Blomfield's Prayers.

Aug. 8.—Made a pastoral visit to some of the people about, and employed the rest of the day in reading Cary's translation of Dante. Mr. Cary has, with such marvellous accuracy, transfused into his work both the letter and spirit of the man who "had seen hell;" his versification is so harmonious, his language so original and inconceivably majestic, that if we must not rank him with the great Florentine himself, and the greatest poets of the past, I know not in what circle of poets he may be ranked. While I read the translation with the original at my side, I seem not to be reading a translation, but I fancy to myself that, by the process of metempsychosis, the soul of Dante has passed into the body of an English clergyman, and that the Italian has re-

written his "Divina Commedia" in the widely-spread language of a more puissant nation, of a people more capable of appreciating his divine excellencies.

Aug. 9.—Rode to Kieta, a large station on the Murrumbidgee, belonging to Mr. Wentworth of Sydney, and managed by a shrewd, active, and good-natured Scotchman. In the evening I expounded to twenty persons, whose behaviour was most exemplary. There are no less than ten huts about the chief hut, three of which are occupied by married people. A large tribe of blacks, too, are permanently encamped in the immediate neighbourhood.

Aug. 10 (Sunday).—Held Divine Service at Kieta, consisting of the two Lessons, Litany, and a sermon: about twenty-five persons attended. Churching a woman and baptized a child after the second lesson. I then rode to Banranald, a township, in which there are two inns, a court-house, and five or six huts. I there read the full Evening Service to twenty persons: baptized a child there also. People very decorous. Distributed some tracts among them before I left, and addressed the eight or ten children whom I found there. Then I rode back to Mr. P——'s and had another Service, at which ten or twelve attended. The group of places which I have visited to-day musters for me about fifty persons.

Aug. 11.—Strolled along the banks of the muddy and rapid Murrumbidgee. Could not help reflecting, how that the world is near 6000 years old, and that this river, and even the sea into which it rolls, has only been known to civilised man for comparatively a few years. This river is now rolling a few yards from a hut containing the intellectual emanations of ancient and modern authors, who nearly all have thought and written, totally unconscious that such a river existed, or even the vast continent which it helps to water. How gradual, and yet never ceasing, are the developments of Providence!

Aug. 15.—Rode to a station called Poon Boon. Visited the blacks' camp there, and endeavoured to explain who I was, but experienced great difficulty; for I find that the language of the tribe twenty or thirty miles off, of which I know something, is, in a great measure, unknown here. As, when a black dies, his name must no more be uttered, and as many blacks are named after surrounding objects, such as tree, sun, moon, stars, water, it follows that these objects are continually changing their names. It is this which will always render difficult missionary enterprises among these poor people. And then it is sad to see how quickly a tribe melts away after contact with civilisation. Before the whites came they were always unclothed; now they are clothed in our cast-off

clothes half their time, and unclothed the other half: so then they catch cold, and die of consumption. And I find that they cease to reproduce. I have as yet scarce seen any babies or very young children. I believe that they have a sort of mysterious feeling that their time is come, and that a superior race has fixed its dominion over the ruins of theirs. With regard to the difficulties which the anomalous state of their language, combined with their transitory existence, has placed in the way of religious teaching, I have heard recounted an anecdote concerning a worthy minister of religion, on the Sydney side, who, that he might humanise and christianise a large tribe of indigenes in his neighbourhood, began compiling a dictionary and grammar in their language; but, unfortunately, either on account of the worthy old gentleman's tardiness, or unusual mortality among the poor blacks, it came to pass, that by the time the ponderous dictionary and grammar had gone to press, every individual of the tribe had died off, save one very very old woman, and she was blind and deaf. The few words of the blacks' language with which I have made myself acquainted, belong to a tribe on the Edward River, and are the following:—

Nawhinge	. Sun.	Willangee	. Rain.
Böckudo	. Moon.	Oütungee	. Man.
Kätinee	. Water.	Murramen	. Old Man.

Kallou . . .	Old Woman.	Naraùgee . .	Small.
Bùpu . . .	Child.	Gùraniàntu .	Big.
Outù . . .	Body.	Warrou . . .	Bad.
Bourbù . .	Head.	Dalgo . . .	Good.
Mirmù . . .	Eyes.	Kokiàna . . .	To come.
Gintù . . .	Nose.	Kanta . . .	To call.
Ouranù . .	Mouth.	Yanna . . .	To go.
Wimpulù .	Ears.	Kùmpa . . .	To sleep.
Liantùk . .	Teeth.	Wirana . . .	To swim.
Nia-Bourbù	Hair.	Tanga . . .	To eat.
Munnanù .	Hand.	Kopa . . .	To drink.
Trattù . . .	Arm.	Okiana . . .	To give.
Garrù . . .	Leg.	Wiripia . . .	Good-day.
Gournanù .	Foot.	Warrigal . .	Wild Dog.
Bano . . .	Little.	Bùdgeree . .	Beautiful.

But I cannot guarantee the exact correctness of these words. In this camp at Poon Boon I saw a case of leprosy on the hips and back of a black girl: the natives call it "debil-debil." The part affected was covered with hard pustules and scales, of a very dingy white colour; she walked lame, and was scratching herself in a way painful to see. She told me that the only cure was the kidney fat of a black of a hostile tribe. This she said, because she considered herself the victim of enchantment on the part of a "doc-doc," or magician of a hostile tribe. Her brothers are now looking out for some one on whom to exercise their vengeance, and from whom to bring deliverance for their sister.

Aug. 16.—An intensely hot day, with the mosquitoes very troublesome. Rode to Mr. P——'s

station at Swan Hill, on the Murray. The nearest way was twenty miles, but we went ten miles out of our way to look at a large lake eight miles round. All the plains on our right were inundated by the overflowing waters of the Murray. The station is on a low sand-hill, rising out of the plains, and has a most desolate appearance, there being no timber near. The Murray is quite close, though scarcely visible, winding as it does through an extensive reedy flat: it has now overflowed its banks, so that its exact course is not to be distinguished. I understand that these unfertile, reedy flats, extend for thirty miles above and thirty miles below Swan Hill. One of the routes from this part of the country to Melbourne passes by here: the distance is 210 miles.

This Murray is a much more important river than I imagined. The sources of some of its tributaries are within 200 miles of Moreton Bay, on the east coast of the continent. At Albury it becomes an important stream, and is styled the Murray, having before borne the name of the Hume. From Albury it flows in a westerly direction, bearing slightly northward, forming the northern boundary of the province of Port Phillip, and falls into Lake Alexandrina, on the south coast, in the province of S. Australia, which lake is connected by a narrow channel with the

ocean at Encounter Bay. Taking its very numerous windings into consideration, the course of the Murray from Albury cannot, I hear, be less than 2000 miles. But it is only at certain periods of the year that the Murray can be called a fine river, and be made available for navigation. At the junction of the Darling, between 100 and 200 miles lower down than this place, its rise usually commences in June, and it ordinarily attains its highest level in October, after which it begins falling, and descends to its lowest point about April, at which epoch it may, in numerous places, be crossed on horseback. Thus, when the Murray is full to overflowing, it is a magnificent stream; but when low, comparatively insignificant: for, indeed, at the entrance of Lake Alexandrina, it cannot be less than 200 yards wide and 10 fathoms deep; thence to the junction of the Darling, the width averages from 100 to 150 yards, though, during great floods or droughts, this average cannot of course be permitted to hold good. The Murray, I conceive, may be considered navigable up to the Darling for eight months in the year, and as far as Swan Hill for six months. As I was retiring to rest for the night, I perceived a large hole in the flooring of my room; for this hut, unlike the generality of the head-station huts in my district, had a wooden flooring. "Do not be alarmed,"

said the servant who showed me to my bed-chamber, "if you should see a large black snake come out of that hole in early morning. He is very quiet if he is not disturbed, and merely takes a turn round the room to pick up anything he can get; that done, he retires to his hole." I asked if these reptiles were considered venomous, and was answered that their bites caused certain death in eight or ten hours. I saw nothing of him, however. And this puts me in mind of a woman somewhere near here, who was bitten in the ankle by a death adder at eight o'clock in the evening. Being far from medical assistance, she resigned herself to inevitable death. She called her husband to her, recounted to him all the business transactions which had taken place in his absence (he was just returned from a journey), gave advice as to his future management of his family and stock, and after vainly attempting to shake off the drowsiness which oppressed her, tranquilly yielded up her spirit in a deep sleep at midnight.

Aug. 17 (Sunday).—Had service at Swan Hill—the Lessons, Litany, and Sermon. Six only were present. Afterwards rode back to Poon Boon, and read the Evening Service. I am sorry I have no surplice with me, for I think that people have a right to expect that the priestly functions should be exercised in priestly robes; but

it is impossible to carry a large starched vestment in a horse valise.

Aug. 25.—Visited a poor shepherd, who is lying in a miserable, helpless plight, suffering from the effects of having caught cold on mercury. The country is so healthy that, with the exception of such a malady as this and ophthalmia, illness is unknown. Found the following valuable specimen of French fine writing in Michelet's "History of France," which I took from the bookshelf of the hut. "Wool and flesh are the primitive foundations of England and the English race. Ere becoming the world's manufactory of hardware and tissue, England was a victualling shop. From time immemorial they were a breeding and pastoral people—a race fattened on beef and mutton. Hence that freshness of tint, that beauty and strength. Their greatest man, Shakspeare, was originally a butcher."

Aug. 29.—Started alone for a station thirty-five miles off. Owing to the track being faint, I missed my way to the public-house where I wished to pass the night, and got at nightfall, after riding fifty miles, into the middle of a forest-swamp. In my confusion I forgot the direction by which I had come, and felt very forlorn indeed, for the water was up to my horse's shoulders. Darkness came on rapidly; and then I discovered a dull, red light, on an eminence at a great dis-

tance. Spurred my floundering beast towards it, and found, to my great joy, that the light was a pine-tree on a sand-hill, burning itself out. The fire was devouring its interior, and burst through the bark at intervals, and blazed up through the top. Thus, when I had given myself up for lost, He who feeds the ravens gave me a dry soil and a good fire, not the less acceptable from my having been wet through several times during the day. Soon after a shepherd, who had lost his way, came up, also attracted by the light, so that we sat upon a trunk of a tree together all the night, as near the burning tree as we could get, whilst my wearied horse, carefully hobbled, grazed near. As to any supper, it was out of the question. Good bushmen never think it necessary to take any food in their pockets in the shape of lunch; and I, who am not at all a good bushman, had foolishly followed their example. And the shepherd related to me his past life, and told me how silly he had been, and how bitterly he repented of his folly—which I have no doubt was quite true, for he seemed miserable enough; and how, if he had to live his life over again, he would live it over in quite a different way—which, I dare say, was not quite true, though he believed it all at the time. And then I exhorted him to make good resolves for the future, instead of regretting the past; and he said he

would try. But my exhortations were continually sliding down to mere worldly advice. Yet this is a wrong course of action. I have often found myself giving mere moral and worldly advice to worldly people, instead of purely spiritual exhortation, forgetting that these same persons are themselves as capable, perhaps, of doing that as I am. It is in practice where the generality of people fail, not in theory; and it is only religious considerations that will touch that.

Aug. 29.—When day dawned I found the right road, and after twelve miles' riding, heard the crowing of cocks, and soon after the baying of dogs; and then saw white buildings shining among the trees in the early sun-beams; and then I entered the little room in the roadside hostelry, and broke my twenty-four hours' fast. The crow of a cock has in this country warned many a lost traveller, faint with hunger, that he was near human habitations. In the course of the morning I baptized a baby, and then examined my hostess's children in Scripture, writing, and arithmetic. They came off very well. I can hardly see; for last night I rode up in the dark against a branch of a tree, with such force, striking myself just under the eye, that I was knocked off my horse. I am, consequently, nearly blind with the swelling. My landlady did her utmost

to give me a good dinner, and she succeeded, for she cooked admirably a wild goose.

Aug. 31 (Sunday).—Celebrated Morning and Afternoon Service at the Court-House in Moolamon. As rain descended in torrents all day, and the tracks are in a frightfully boggy state, few attended.

Sept. 2.—Could not catch my mare, which is in the Government paddock, in bad, loose, unsteady company. Horses, like men, learn bad ways more quickly than good ones. Called at the Moolamon Court-House, where petty sessions are held to-day. Publicans' licenses are also renewed now. If a publican's license is refused it is a very serious affair for him, and the fear of such a loss alone keeps them in order. Owing to the inebriety of the working population, these people get rich too fast. Visited a poor, wretched old fellow, who is at the last stage of life, from general decomposition of blood, the fruit of past errors. He is very poor, and seems very penitent. From the side of his pallet I went to the inn, which, owing to so much business going on in the place, was full of people. I represented the pitiful case to them, and begged them to do something for the poor creature. They responded in the affirmative very cheerfully. This occurred at two in the afternoon; and to my pleasurable surprise I learned, at five, that 16*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* had been collected for him.

Sept. 5.—Went to a wool-shed to see the sheep-shearing. The shearers finish off the sheep with incredible alacrity; others fold the fleeces and arrange them. The proprietor sits in the middle to keep the men up to their work, and preserve order. Some of the shearers earn very much in the day, and drink their earnings as fast as they make them. Hear that yesterday, at the washing, one of the washers was bitten on the foot by a venomous water-snake, and that he suffered intense agony for several hours. But it was not a water-snake; it was a land-snake swimming about in the river for his amusement, as the snakes here are wont to do. The man is well, I believe, to-day, though weak; but he cannot be prevailed to go again into the water.

Sept. 7 (Sunday).—Had Service twice. The shearers were very attentive. I exhorted them not to dissipate their hardly-earned wages. Looking accidentally into some of the books that the station possesses, I alighted on two admirable translations, one by Williams, of that portion of Moschus' "Lament for Bion," which begins with—

Αἶ, αἶ, τὰι μαλάρχαι μὲν ἱστὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλονται.

" Ah! mallows in the garden die,
Parsley, and blooming dill;
Yet, wakened by the vernal sky,
Again their course fulfil.

Whilst we, the wise, the strong, the brave,
 Have no fresh spring in store ;
 But silent in the hollow grave
 Sleep on for evermore."

The other is :

" Alas ! alas ! when in a garden fair,
 Mallows, crisp dill, or parsley yield to fate ;
 These, with another year, regenerate :
 But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
 The wise, the good, the valiant and the great,
 Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down,
 We sleep, for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown."

The old pagans, with all their exquisite susceptibilities and melodious thoughts, needed indeed a great many chaplets of "late" roses and myrtle ; a great many goblets of grief-dispelling wine, to smother such uncomfortable thoughts about the dark future. Why ! it must have been like a phantom at all their banquets. What an entirely different tone of mind does our Christian notion of the eternity of the soul engender ! How much more healthy, fresh, and anti-morbid is our moral atmosphere than theirs !

Equally beautiful with the above lines, and far more cheering, is the "Elegy on Lycidas," by him who "soared with no middle flight above the Aonian Mount :

" Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;
And hears the unexpressive nuptial-song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more."

Sept. 8, 9, 10. — Hunting for my mare, which has been hovering about close to the hut for the last month. Now that she is wanted, the aggravating animal has galloped off to the back plains, and cannot be found.

Sept. 11. — Having found my horse, I rode to Moolamon, the chief place of the district. Find that the Edward is rising very rapidly, and that all the tributary creeks are full to overflowing. This is very bad news for me, as all my district is full of creeks and rivers. Formed innumerable plains for proceeding.

Sept. 12. — Charley, the black fellow, came to me, humbly petitioning that I would persuade a young girl to give herself up to him as his wife. Lucy, it seems (for that was the girl's name), had taken refuge in a hut belonging to a station close by, and would not come out to Charley, although by the laws of the blacks she justly be-

longed to him, her brother having taken Charley's sister. Her reason for so acting I discovered, was, that she abhorred submitting herself to some impure rites which accompany the nuptials of the savages. I therefore reminded Charley, that he had a wife (Polly) already, and that he had better give up all thoughts of Lucy. Then he became excited, and said, that if she did not come out to him he would kill her; but if she would, that what she feared should not happen to her. I told him, that it was not in his power to prevent it; advised him to be content with Polly, who was already, I heard, furiously jealous of the girl, and threatened, that if harm came of his threat it should be the worse for him. He was very dissatisfied, and looked into the hut with the savage gaze of a panther at the poor girl, who was crouching near the fire like a timid fawn. He dared not enter, but he could watch until she should come out; and I left him, watching and looking, as if he meant mischief.*

* I am grieved to add, that after staying in her refuge two or three days, she darted out of the hut in the middle of the night, during a terrible tempest, and plunged into the Edward, which flowed close by, with the intention of getting to her own tribe, ten miles off, unseen by Charley; and that subsequently her body was discovered in an adjoining forest. Her skull had been cleft or battered by a waddy (tomahawk). Inquiry was made as to who was the murderer; but the natives have mysterious ways with them, and baffled all our endeavours to ob-

Sept. 13.—Started up the river from Moolamon towards Deniliquin. Had the advantage of society; for the chief constable is escorting some prisoners towards Goulburn, where they are to be tried, and I was glad to go with the party for society's sake. We were seven in number: the head constable and two aides, the clerk of the bench, a clever and worthy man, and two prisoners. One of these is a Penton-Villain, accused of forgery, a pet crime of the rascals which Pentonville turns out. The other is a very athletic, gloomy-browed black savage, called Billy the Bull, who is accused of murdering a white man. This wretched creature was conducted on horseback, carefully handcuffed, for the blacks have such small hands and

tain sufficient, even circumstantial, evidence of anybody's guilt. For my own part I have little doubt that Charley, after my visit, never left entirely the neighbourhood of the hut, but remained watching near, day and night, and that he, too, detecting her flight, plunged into the dark waters of the rushing river, and following the poor girl fleetly running, brained her with his deadly weapon. When I saw him some time afterwards he looked very foolish and guilty; but when I asked him who killed Lucy, declared that he had not the slightest idea. I am not aware that, according to his laws, he had committed a crime. Lucy had broken her laws by refusing to live with a man whose property she legally was. He punished her, as we might punish a refractory animal. Although Charley was a decent fellow, and could make himself useful about a station, I never could look on him with pleasure again, nor did I ever give him any more clothes.

wrists that few handcuffs are to be found which they will not slip ; and the bones of the murdered man were hanging in a bag down one side of the saddle, dangling against his leg. He has escaped once, and I have little doubt will escape again, before he gets to Goulburn. He looks very uncomfortable on the horse, and being naked, with the exception of some rug thrown over his shoulders, has already galled himself very badly. On leaving Moolamon, we found that the river had overflowed its banks, consequently we had to wade through a mile of water. After this we progressed favourably, until we arrived at the Deep Creek, which we found much swollen. We tried one of our horses over it, and found that he was forced to swim. At this juncture the clouds seemed to burst over our heads and let down, not rain, so much as volumes of water. This effectually cooled our travelling ardour ; we turned our horses' heads all of us, and came back drenched and dispirited, as fast as our horses could bring us, Billy the Bull swaying about in his saddle, and bruising his shin against the murdered man's bones, looking the picture of misery. I have little doubt that the murder was fully avenged by his miserable feelings on that morning. Thus ends my second attempt at a progress in this difficult country.

Sept. 18.—A bridge which has been thrown

over the Edward at the head-station, where I reside, has been swept away by the force of the floods. We hear, too, that there are great inundations up the Murray.

Sept. 26.—Made a third attempt to get eastward. Accompanied by a barman of the inn at Moolamon, I crossed the Billibong in a canoe, or rather a little bark raft. It would only hold one at a time, together with a black girl, who managed the frail skiff. I had to kneel and keep myself motionless, or there would have been an inevitable upset. Every now and then the water came trickling through the little clay barricade, which alone rendered the raft tenable. I was then necessitated to lean forward with great caution, and patch up the barricade. As it was, my knees were quite wet with the encroaching water. We then had a toilsome ride of forty miles across the plains, scorched by the sun, and bitten very badly indeed by the mosquitoes. My companion related wonderful things of the customs and rites of the blacks, connected with their arrival at the age of puberty and their marriages. According to him, and I have reason to believe that he was not far wrong, their impurity is something frightful, and cannot here be described—not even veiled under another language.

Sept. 27.—Had another ride of forty miles, to get to Deniliquin. The river was so flooded that

we had to keep out six miles in the back plains. At nightfall I arrived at my place of destination, baked with the sun, my face seamed with mosquito bites, and with a large swelling behind each ear from the same cause. Had Prayer and Exposition in the public room at the inn before retiring for the night.

Sept. 28 (Sunday).—Had Divine Service at the inn at Deniliquin. Seven or eight persons attended. A forge was at work near, but I stopped it. The people here are very careless about religious observances. This is chiefly owing to the irreligion of a person who is superintendent of the Royal Bank sheep-station here. I went to this station in the afternoon to hold Afternoon Service: this person saw me coming, ordered his horse, and galloped away from the back-door. But I was very nicely received by his subalterns, who welcomed me most courteously, and mustered sixteen well-behaved people for my congregation in the wool-shed.

Sept. 29.—As the height of the Murray and Edward prevents the ferries from working, I determined to visit two stations on the Billibong, one belonging to two nephews of a late Lord Chancellor, the other to a Mr. K—. My guide was a handsome black, called Simon. He swaggered up to me with a jaunty air at an early hour, all prepared and equipped for his journey.

This preparation and equipment consisted—and consisted alone—in somebody's cast-off old black hat, without either crown or brim. For the rest he was entirely naked. He was rather surprised when I hinted to him that I considered his toilet defective. I at last got something for him to put on, and we started. For thirty-five miles we kept on and off the Billibong Creek, or rather river. This Billibong resolves itself into water-holes in summer. It is now running bank high. After passing through the usual succession of gum-tree and box forest, and seemingly interminable plain, my sable guide and I arrived at the Messrs. B——'s station, called Kurrabungainum, where I was cordially received by the proprietors.

Oct. 1.—Rode twenty miles to Jareeldree, the station of Mr. K——, who, I am told, has lost 10,000 sheep by catarrh this year. I was most kindly and hospitably received by the gentlemen and Mrs. K—— and her daughters. Their style of living is superior to anything I have yet seen in this country, and their house has an excellent flower-garden, and also a kitchen-garden, attached to it.

Oct. 2.—Rested to-day. The heat and mosquitoes are insupportable. Walked to see an Irishwoman, and at her request baptized her child, although she professes Romanism. She told me that no Romanist clergyman had ever

been in that district. At this station there are two half-caste young people, who talk of making a marriage between them. Conversed with Selina, the young woman, about religious matters, for I should object to marry them until they had been baptized.

Oct. 3.—Rode back to Mr. B——'s. The plains are entirely covered with a thick, coarse herbage, which is in full flower, and my horse had to wade for miles and miles through beautiful wild-flowers, yellow, white, crimson, lilac, and purple, with yellow predominating. From an eminence to behold the interminable plains thus veiled with this wondrous mosaic was a sight never to be forgotten. At Mr. B——'s a quantity of bottles of water, covered with wet flannel, are kept constantly hung out in the sun. Thus they have always deliciously cool water ready.

Oct. 4.—Returned to Deniliquin, quite scarred from mosquito bites.

Oct. 5 (Sunday).—Married a man and woman at the inn. I only had notice of it last Sunday, and I wished the marriage to be delayed for a week or two; but the mother, with tears in her eyes, implored me, now that the man was in a humour for the marriage, not to delay enabling him to make an honest woman of her daughter. I then catechised some children. After that I rode over to the wool-shed of the Company's

station. Found that the chief superintendent had left in the morning, hearing that I was coming, and had advised his people to bring up a large flock of weaning ewes close to the wool-shed as soon as I should begin the Service, so that their bleating might prevent my being heard. This is the man who is appointed chief manager of by far the most important stations in my district. Close by the wool-shed I found all the washers and shearers amusing themselves with horse-racing, and I had to wait until two or three heats were over before they would come in to Prayers. After the Service was over I rode back to the inn, and found a mob of men savagely drunk. On seeing me they dispersed, and I gave a second Service to a few steady people. This unsatisfactory state of things entirely arises from the great man of the place being an immoral, irreligious character. At my friend's station on the Edward, the washers and shearers behaved in the most orderly manner.

Oct. 6.—Crossed the Edward with my two horses; but first I had to swim them across the creek close to the inn. A black rode one, leading the other. As soon as the mare got out of her depth she reared up in the water and threw the man off, who, after swimming a stroke or two, adroitly caught hold of her tail, and so was towed ashore. But the black would not undertake to

guide them across the river, and the consequence was that one of them was carried too low down by the force of the current, and with the greatest difficulty, exhausted as it was, could crawl up the precipitous banks. I gave him up as certainly lost. I crossed on a frail bit of bark in a kneeling posture, ferried over by a black girl. When I considered how wide and deep the river was, and how strong the current ran, I considered I had great cause for thankfulness in getting safely over. Continued my journey to Ward's Inn on the Gulpha Creek, where, previous to retiring, I had Prayers and Exposition.

Oct. 7.—Rode to Maiden's Inn on the Murray, where I received letters which will cause me to ride down to Melbourne directly.

Oct. 8.—Swam my horse over the swollen Murray. Owing to the inundations, the punt, as the great ferry-boat is called, has ceased to work for five or six weeks. My horse was towed behind a boat, and in the middle of the river, getting entangled with the branches of an uprooted floating tree, was very nearly drowned. I went round in another boat a distance of two miles. On the Melbourne side saw a great number of drays camped, awaiting the resumption of the ferry. Rode to Barrow's Inn over thirty-five miles of well-grassed plains. My horse is an old Sydney horse, with great deal of Arab blood in him, and very much

addicted to stumbling. In fact, he fell with me once in the journey.

Oct. 9.—Accompanied by a friend, who was going to Kilmore, I rode to the Mac Ivor inn, a distance of forty miles, through a rich and picturesque country.

Oct. 10.—Starting early, I rode to Kilmore, a distance of twenty-six miles, to breakfast, through a most beautiful country, combining granitic ranges, conical, volcanic, well-wooded hills, smiling valleys, and park-like tracts of country. Found that a party of twenty-five had left this place yesterday for the diggings at Ballarat. The land about Kilmore is of black loam, and is considered eminently fertile. At one in the afternoon I started from Kilmore, and by dint of persevering and steady riding reached Melbourne, a distance of over forty miles, by eight in the evening. Thus I accomplished about seventy miles with one horse, on the third day of a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. To-day, as it was a long way, I stopped to rest and bait for two hours. The other days I adopted the custom here, and did not stop at all during the journey. But I allowed the horse, hot as he might be, to drink as often as he liked. Horses can drink when warm in this country, without rendering themselves liable to inflammation. The great secret of riding horses long journeys is to ride

them steadily, and not to keep them too long at the same pace. My journeys average a pace of six miles an hour.

Oct. 11.— Walked about Melbourne, which, owing to the *auri sacra fames*, has quite a deserted appearance. Many of the shops are shut, the occupants having given up sure and profitable trades that they may have a chance of getting rich suddenly.

Oct. 23.— People mad about the Mount Alexander Diggings. Four hundred Van-Diemonians have just arrived from Tasmania, on their way to them. Dined with a Mr. B——, one of the first merchants here. He is a well-disposed, charitable man, and a great supporter of the Bishop of Melbourne. He takes a great interest in the religious and social progress of my district, and highly approved of my scheme of making every important head sheep-station a nucleus from which religious knowledge might be diffused.

Nov. 1.— On my way back to my district rode through the Black Forest to Kyneton, where the large inn is full of people going to and returning from the diggings, eighteen miles off. People drinking and making a noise all night. No talk but of gold, and of the great yield of the mines. The maid-servant, an Irish girl, as savage as the surrounding aborigines, pulled out of her dirty pocket three or four nuggets of gold to show me,

worth, at least, 12*l.*, which a digger had given her.

Nov. 3.—Visited the Mount Alexander Diggings, accompanied by a mounted policeman. Rode along a mountainous road until we came to the locality where the gold was found. In a narrow valley between two ranges of lofty volcanic-looking hills were assembled, on the borders of a nearly exhausted stream, about three thousand men, some digging earth from pits eight feet square; others washing this earth in what are called "cradles;" and others washing the bottoms of the contents of the cradles in tin dishes. In the back-ground, away from the stream, were an infinite number of tents and shelters of every description. Looking by chance into one of the numerous pits I recognised a friend of mine, a young gentleman from Tasmania, who, with five others, were come here, hoping to make their fortune. After digging through four feet of gravel they had come to a stratum of decomposed slate, which they were washing to great advantage. I saw my friend pick with his penknife into a tin box from the sides of the pit a great number of small bits of very pure gold, about four times as large as a pin's head. On Friday last they got two ounces; on Saturday, three; and to-day they had already got five, when I was there. It is a very exciting

occupation. The sight of a quantity of rich virgin gold just taken from the surrounding mould agitates the nerves strangely.

Nov. 8.—Arrived in my district across the Murray. Found a mob of drunken men and a conjurer in the public room at Maiden's Inn. This vice of drunkenness prevails to a frightful extent everywhere here. And thus it comes to pass. It is rarely the custom to keep wines, or beer, or spirits at the sheep-stations. So people when at home, whether masters at the chief hut, or shepherds at the remote outstanding hut, drink nothing but raking green tea, which I believe would be poisonous, if the effects of the copperas were not neutralised by an enormous quantity of sugar. Drinking several times in the day of this liquid, they get their stomachs into such a nervous, sensitive state, that when they have occasion to visit a public-house, requiring some tonic, they drink madly of spirituous and fermented liquors. And to drink moderately of wholesome drink would be advantageous to them; but as the rum is strongly tinctured with tobacco, the beer embittered with strychnia, and the wine is some odious fabrication into which juice of the grape enters not, those who drink with comparative sobriety earn a headache, those who drink to excess subject themselves to *delirium tremens*.

Nov. 12.—After a solitary ride of fifty-two miles, churcing a woman on the way, I arrived at Moolamon, the township nearest to my headquarters. These long journeys ridden companionless are very disagreeable to me. For the people, by not entering into sufficiently minute details with regard to my route, often mislead me, although unintentionally. And not having confidence in their directions, I am often in a state of great uncertainty for six or seven hours as to whether I am going right or not; whether my road may take me into some inundated tract of country, or may turn out to be a mere cattle-track, leading nowhere. In spring-time, when the verdure is abundant, it is difficult to trace out a comparatively frequented road, whilst all vestiges of secondary tracks are grown over with grass; and to lose one's self in this district is a serious matter. About three weeks ago a shepherd, having occasion to go about forty miles on horseback, lost his way from the floods having covered the usual track; he left his master's station on Monday morning after breakfast, and he obtained no food or shelter of any description until Wednesday night late. He managed to lose his horse, too. I hear of many accidents and disasters which have occurred in my district during my short absence in Melbourne. At Maiden's Punt a child had been drowned. Also a man fell on

to the fire in a state of drunkenness, and burned himself very severely; and then, after he had been put to bed and his wounds had been dressed, he tore off the dressings from irritation, and then the flies got at him, and he became fly-blown, and so died. At Deniliquin a sawyer's wife has been drowned; and at the Yarra Creek, the chief superintendent of the Royal Bank stations, to whom I have before alluded, has lost his life. Although this creek was much swollen, Mr. —, who was in a dog-cart drawn by two fine horses, one in the shafts, the other as outrigger, rashly drove into it at the usual place of crossing, although warned against such a step. And I believe that he might have crossed it, if the horses had not become entangled in the limbs of a tree lying under water. It is supposed that he got out to disengage the horses, and received a kick on the forehead which stunned him, so that he fell senseless under water and was drowned. The horses, which were noble animals, unfortunately perished with him.

Nov. 13.—To-day, has been held at Moolamon a Government sale of allotments in the townships of Moama (Maiden's Punt) and of Moolamon. The latter sold miserably; the former remarkably well. Maiden himself was the great buyer.

Nov. 27.—A black speared a platypus as it was swimming in the river close to where I was.

It requires great cunning and dexterity to do this.

Dec. 1.—A sirocco, which caused the thermometer in the sitting-room to stand at 85° all day. Caught enough fish for our dinner. We have what is called cod, which is sometimes found from sixty to eighty pounds weight, and a black fish from one to two pounds, and a fish about as large as a herring. They are all so soft and pappy, that unless they are boiled with a little vinegar in the water, they are disagreeable. With every care in cooking, they are not very appetising.

Dec. 6.—Thermometer in the shade 95°. Rode to a neighbouring station, the superintendent of which recounted to me how he once saved a man who was lost on the plains. My informant related, that he was some years ago managing a sheep-and-cattle station on the Sydney side, which comprised some vast plains. He was one evening returning tired to his hut, after a long fruitless search after stray cattle, when by the last gleams of daylight he saw at a great distance some birds circling in the air over a certain spot. His first impulse was to go on without taking notice of this, but afterwards he reflected, that probably it might be the carcass of one of the lost cattle, over which carrion crows were hovering. He accordingly urged his horse to-

wards the spot, and to his great surprise saw a man reeling along, every now and then tumbling down, and faintly endeavouring with his arms to ward off the strokes which the carrion crows, wheeling around him, were giving him on the head with their wings. He at first thought he must be intoxicated, and called to him, but received no answer. He called again, but still there was no answer. He rode close up to him, and saw a miserable sight. It was a man, delirious through hunger and thirst, on the point of dropping on the ground, and becoming, ere quite dead, the prey of the voracious crows. He was frightfully attenuated; his eyes were glazed, a black foam was oozing from his livid lips. Sounds, not human, were gurgled up from his parched throat. My informant, a most estimable young man, lifted him up across his horse somehow, and thus conducted him to his hut. Then he had a difficulty in opening his teeth, for they were fast clenched; and then he could not, at first, get some tea down his parched throat. These difficulties surmounted, the poor fellow took some nourishment, and was left to sleep through the night. In the morning he was sufficiently recovered to recount to them that he was one of the Pentonville people, and that he was proceeding direct from the coast to take a place as shepherd at some neighbouring sheep-station; that having

to cross on foot a forty-mile plain, he had been advised at the public-house to wait for some one to go with him, as he was quite a fresh hand; that, anxious to get to his work as soon as possible, he set off by himself: that night came on, and, there being no track, he had taken the precaution, as he thought, to lie down to rest, with his feet pointing in the direction in which, at the morning's dawn, he was to continue his course; that in his sleep he must have shifted his body, so that when he awoke he pursued his journey in a wrong direction. And thus he lost himself, and continued, as persons do, when they lose themselves, travelling in a circle. For six days was this young man wandering about without food and (I think I understood my informant) without water. He said, that he bore up very well for three days: then he got weak; then a swimming of the head came on; then supervened delirium and total unconsciousness, until my friend was providentially sent to his deliverance.

Dec. 8.—Hear that Melbourne is gold-mad. Half-a-ton has been taken down there in one week. A man and his wife came to the station as servants at the wages of 50*l.* per annum. These wages are, of course, exclusive of a most generous system of rations. The gold-fury has so seized on the minds of the working classes, that the master thinks himself very lucky in getting these

people. The thermometer to-day is 94° in the sitting-room.

Dec. 16. — Arrived at Deniliquin, having employed yesterday and to-day in travelling on horseback from Moolamon, a distance of seventy miles. Found all in confusion at the inn: the landlord and landlady are in bed ill; the ostler is tipsy; the whole population seems to be on the point of leaving for the diggings. And it is not to be wondered at; for I know to a certainty, that a labouring man, one of a party at the diggings, has gained for his share twenty ounces of gold in eight days. Baptized a child of a shepherd. He wanted to pay me a fee. I thanked him, but told him that our Church did not sell the Sacraments, and that I should be liable to severe Ecclesiastical censure if I took anything from him. He seemed much surprised and disappointed. Perhaps he thought, that that which is cheaply obtained is worth little. After many *pourparlers* I consented to take something from him on behalf of the Church Fund; whereupon he gave me nine and sixpence. Received a letter from Dr. Broughton, the bishop of Sydney, saying that he was travelling rapidly towards the Edward River to meet me.

Dec. 18. — As a large drinking-party is expected at the inn at Deniliquin, I went over to the neighbouring Royal Bank station to sleep. A

Mr. — is acting as storekeeper. He is in very bad health, having broken a blood-vessel when in California, and has an incessant hard cough, nearly as painful to those about him as to himself. His history, as he recounted it to me, is singularly interesting, and full of warning. He told me that he was the son of a Scotch Clergyman, and was entered at the Glasgow University, preparatory to following his father's profession: but that having taken to extravagant courses and habits of dissipation, which his parents neither could nor would suffer, he had to take his name off the books, and give up all thoughts of entering the Ministry. He then obtained a commission in the Cape Rifles, and remained some time in active service at the Cape: but he had not sufficient moral courage to shake off his evil genius; his vicious ways still stuck by him. So he sold his commission, and embarked for the diggings in California. When there he worked beyond his strength, and drank beyond his strength, and ultimately broke one of the vessels of the lungs, which laid him up for two months. On his partial recovery he came to Sydney, and the doctors there advised him to come up to the Edward River district, for the sake of its very dry atmosphere. He then got the situation of storekeeper at one of the Royal Bank stations, where I found him. He exclaims

against the climate as being too dry for his lady, and as causing his chest infinite irritation. He is peevish, despairing, has a presentiment that he shall die soon, and utters as his sole consolation the not very consolatory Italian words, "*Che sarà sarà.*" I felt great sympathy for him; for he is evidently an educated person, and of acute sensibility, and now, owing to his recklessness, he has brought himself down to be a storekeeper in this miserable country. I expressed myself so to him; but his only answer between his fits of coughing was, "*Che sarà sarà.*" I told him that, if it pleased God to save his life, so as to enable him to get a situation near the sea-coast (where he wished to go, the air being moister), I prayed that the grace of God would enable him to form healthy resolves for the future. His answer, and his only answer, was: "My dear sir, the half of man's life is spent in making good resolves, the other half in breaking them — *Che sarà sarà.*"

N.B.—About a year after the above was written I heard of the death of Mr. —, under very lamentable circumstances. He got away from the Edward, and obtained a capital situation in one of the banks at Geelong, one of the healthiest cities in the world. But he could not resist addicting himself to stimulants. At last he consumed daily two bottles of port wine, which was

far too much for a person of his frail nature. He then took to drinking brandy and water in addition to this, and soon died, thoroughly worn out with past fatigues and excesses.

Dec. 19.—The Bishop of Sydney has decided not to come down to the Edward River, but to give me a meeting at Jareeldree, Mr. K——'s station on the Billibong, sixty miles from here (Deniliquin); so this evening, at six, I started on horseback for my first stage, thirty-five miles. Rode it in five hours. My companion was an Australian gentleman, accustomed to night-riding through timber. As I am not well versed in this art, and as our pace was by no means slow, considering the darkness of the night, I ran some risk of being knocked off my horse by some withered limb of a gum-tree, the branches of which grow remarkably near the ground. After, however, two very narrow escapes, I arrived at Mr. B——'s station at eleven o'clock.

Dec. 20.—A most intensely suffocating day. I could neither stand, sit, nor lie; but I roamed restlessly about within the narrow limits of the hut. I found it cooler, when on horseback in the sun, riding to Mr. K——'s. On my arrival at Jareeldree I was announced to Dr. Broughton, bishop of Sydney. This most excellent and worthy prelate has travelled from Sydney—a distance of six hundred miles, I should think—in

an old calèche, drawn by two lean horses. On Wednesday night he was out in the bush. For a fortnight past his nourishment has been defective, and at this station he has got some milk, for the first time for a week. I strongly advised him not to come on any further, but to turn his horses' heads homewards, during these frightful heats. We conversed on many points, and I received some admirable advice from this truly Christian bishop. I mentioned to him a plan on which I had often meditated for extending the Church in the colonies, and which he did me the honour entirely to approve. It was, that young clergymen of distinguished talents, of wealth, or of family, should, after leaving the University, instead of settling down in curacies at home, until the college living, or the purchased living, or the family living, should become vacant, place their services entirely at the disposal of some Colonial Bishop, with a promise to remain unmarried and serve the Church in his diocese for a certain number of years—three, four, or five, as the case might be. At the expiration of that period they would return to their sphere of labour in the mother-country, laden with experience, divested of their prejudices, possessing the satisfaction of having laboured in a distant vineyard, where labour was more wanted than at home, and of having contributed to the Church abroad services

which the Church at home can well spare. This is a much more practical mode of serving a clerical apprenticeship than striving to become a popular preacher, or engaging in ecclesiastical polemics.

Dec. 21 (Sunday).—I read Prayers, and the Bishop preached.

Dec. 22.—Took leave at daybreak of the Bishop of Sydney, who started towards Albury on his return to Sydney. I then bathed in the Billibong. Whilst in the water I felt an unusual irritation of the skin, which I could not then account for. At the end of ten minutes, emerging from the mud-coloured stream, I found all my body festooned with lively, vigorous leeches, all sucking away with great appetite: I think I must have had two dozen on me. Of course, dressing immediately was out of the question, for these ministers of health had left on me sanguinary traces of their presence. Their intentions, no doubt, were excellent; but as I wished to start directly, their visitation was ill-timed. Slept at Mr. B——'s.

Postscript.—I subsequently learned that, owing to the floods being on, the Bishop lost his way two or three days after we parted; that he was out on the burning plains, without food or water, for two days and a night; and that when he got to a station his tongue was so dry he could scarce

articulate Of two dozen little paroquets that he was taking home with him, twenty died from thirst.

Dec. 23.—During my thirty-five miles to the banks of the Edward River, I experienced greater inconvenience from heat and fatigue than I had ever done before. My horse panted and sobbed, although proceeding at only a foot pace. On the burning plains no water could be had. A universal stillness reigned around. Twice I was forced to get off to rest under a bush. On the way I met three drays, and the oxen were panting, with their tongues lolling out of their mouths. With a very parched throat I arrived at the inn, and could hardly stand when I dismounted. The thermometer has stood all day at 106° in the shade. Received a letter from the superintendent of the neighbouring station, begging me not to sleep there, as the men were all furiously drunk: so, in the cool of the evening, I went on three or four miles farther to a sheep-station called Warbreccan.

Christmas Day.—Held Service at the Moira station, with the thermometer at 95° in-doors. Few attended, for all are gone or going to the diggings. Everything is turned upside down. A shepherd has come up from Mount Alexander with 107*l*. the fruit of nine days' labour. He is now drinking it away at the public-house.

Dec. 31.—Having suffered from inflammation

of the eyes for some days, I applied to a medical man for advice, who tells me that I am attacked by ophthalmia, vulgarly called the "gravelly blight." The feeling is as if two burning coals were throbbing about in my eye-sockets; an incessant purulent discharge has supervened, and the slightest light occasions me agonies. I believe I brought it on by my ride on the 23d. As I cannot lay up where I am, I thought it advisable to go to a quiet inn, ten miles off, for that purpose; so, having previously bandaged my eyes carefully, and placed a green veil over all, I mounted on horseback, and was conducted to where I wished to go, by my good friend the doctor. The pain, as night sets in, is exceedingly racking, but I am cheered by hearing that these attacks are rarely followed by loss of sight.

Jan. 4, 1852.—I have been sitting these three days in the arm-chair of the inn, blind and solitary. The window has been carefully darkened. Being very anxious to know if my sight were seriously impaired, I groped about for a book, opened it at random, withdrew a little the green baize that covered the window, lifted up the coloured handkerchiefs with which I was veiled, and took a nervous, hurried glance at the book, to see if I could distinguish the print. The book chanced to be Gifford's "Translation

of Juvenal and Persius ;" the two lines which I had fortuitously singled out, and, to my great joy, could read, were these :—

" His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin ;
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin."

Overjoyed as I was at thus proving that I was not blind, I could hardly but consider the allusion personal. Hear that the landlord is laid up by ophthalmia. A poor fellow has been brought here to-day from one of the neighbouring out-stations, more afflicted even than I am by this most painful malady.

Jan. 5.—A neighbouring squatter kindly drove me to his station, about thirty-five miles from here. My eyes are still very sensitive to light, but I trust that the force of the disease is past. The mosquitoes, towards night, were very troublesome. I was constrained to leave my bed and walk in the garden during the greater part of the night.

Jan. 11 (Sunday).—With the blessing of God my eyes took me through the Service. They ached, however, towards the end, and the print seems dim to me. On the whole, the attack has lasted sixteen days. At night, although the heat was suffocating, I was obliged to sleep in my boots, and partially dressed, to avoid the ferocious attacks of the mosquitoes.

Jan. 14.—The servant of the house has in

former days been a convict, one of the old-fashioned sort,—men who were whipped into usefulness and discipline long before false notions of humanity, or sentimental sympathies with crime, completely altered for the worse the convict system. He repays his master's confidence with fidelity, and can turn his hand to everything. He can cut hair and shave, break in horses to ride and drive, bleed and physic them. He can cook, make very good pastry, garden, thatch, cut posts and rails, and put them up; and, moreover, acts as a very good clerk on Sundays. But there is one important thing that he cannot do—that is, abstain from drink; he condemns his own failing, and told his master when he was engaged that one of his reasons for entering his service was, that the station was so far from a public-house. “I will be a good servant to you, sir, as long as you keep me from drink; but if I once get to a ‘public’ I can't answer for the consequences.” He is so attentive to me that I feel a great interest in him.

Postscript.—I am sorry to say, that about two months after this was written his master, being short of hands, sent him to the public-house for his letters. He began drinking with a mob of men on their way to the diggings, and in a moment of inebriety consented to make one of

the party. Thus an excellent master lost an excellent servant.

Jan. 15.—To-day I asked a black fellow, called Peacock, if he had ever eaten "black fellow?" As I said it laughingly, he was thrown off his guard, and acknowledged that he had; and from his look, the reminiscences of the fact seemed to be rather pleasurable to him than otherwise. "What is the taste like?" I asked. "Like pig," he unhesitatingly replied. Then I changed my manner, and asked him how he could dare do so horrible a thing? On this he declared that what he had said was in jest, and that he had never eaten man. This is the first time I could ever get a confession of cannibalism out of a native. I have been told that the blacks cannot endure a white man's flesh. They say that it tastes very salt, and is highly flavoured with tobacco.

Jan. 20.—Having been recommended by my doctor to go to the sea-side for change of air, I started three days ago, and am now hospitably entertained by Mr. M——, a wealthy squatter, about sixty miles from Melbourne. To-day I have been watching the operation on sheep's feet for foot-rot. It must be very disgusting work for the operator, for he has to hold the sheep between his knees, and cut off the putrified

parts of the hoof, which emit a terrible stench. As it is safer to cut too deep than not deep enough, deep cutting is inflicted, and the blood flows in abundance from the poor suffering animal. After the unsound part has been well cut away, the sheep is turned into a trough full of water, strongly impregnated with corrosive sublimate, and there made to stand for half an hour. This, I believe, effects a perfect cure. Many sheep-owners dress the diseased part with mercurial ointment, but the mode I have been describing is considered equally effective, and more expeditious, easy, and economical. In the evening we burnt a belt of herbage all round the head-station; for the heat of the weather and dryness of the atmosphere is so great that the proprietor is afraid of that terrible visitation, a bush-fire. We set fire to the grass, and as the fire came roaring on towards the premises, the whole strength of the establishment, white and black, man and master, were ready at a given signal to extinguish it with huge boughs, and with trampling on it. The chasm thus made is about fifty yards.

Jan. 21.—Rode through the Black Forest. The road resembled one of the great thoroughfares out of London, so full was it of waggons, drays, carts, gigs, equestrians and pedestrians, proceeding to the diggings. And no wonder; for

a very common-looking person, who begged leave to ride by my side, thinking, perhaps, that my calling might be a protection to him, told me that he and three others had dug up sixteen hundred pounds worth of gold in nine weeks. He had a hundred and fifty pounds worth about his person then. He told me, that previous to leaving England he had been helper in a stable in Yorkshire. There was immense confusion and drunkenness at the Bush Inn at Gisborne, where I slept. At night the chambermaid advised me to lock and barricade the door of my bed-room, otherwise she thought I may be intruded upon by drunken people; and it was well I did so, for during the night two men practised upon the panels of the door for at least an hour, and though they split them, they could not get in.

Jan. 22.—Stopping to bait at a roadside inn near Melbourne, I spoke with a common labouring man, who had just dug up 800*l.* of gold.

Jan. 25.—Went to the church at Richmond, near Melbourne. The preacher styled angels “the aboriginal inhabitants of heaven.”

Jan. 26.—The gold excitement is fast increasing. Seeing a crowd of people around a shop-door, I found that there was on show inside a lump of solid, purest gold, weighing twenty-seven pounds eleven ounces. The men who found it—four ill-looking persons—were in at-

tendance, waiting to be paid for it. I heard that they had sold it for 1200*l*. The mass of gold had a very bizarre form, looking something like a Hindoo god.

Jan. 29.—The chief bookseller here complains much of his not being able to make a living in Melbourne.

Feb. 1 (Sunday).—Heard the Archdeacon of Melbourne preach.

Feb. 3.—Rode to Brighton, and enjoyed the balmy breeze of the sea. Find that, owing to the gold discovery, land here has already risen to the price of 50*l*. per acre.

Feb. 7.—Diggers are returning into Melbourne in some numbers; many very discontented. It is said that there are, at least, 40,000 at the diggings.

Feb. 24 (Shrove Tuesday).—A strong sirocco in Melbourne. The thermometer is 113° in the shade; and yet so dry and elastic is the atmosphere, that this heat does not affect one so much as during a hot August day in London.

Feb. 26.—To have my horse shod has cost me 25*s*. This is one of the *primitiæ* of the gold discovery.

Feb. 29 (Sunday).—Attended St. James's Church, and heard the Bishop preach an excellent sermon on the vices of the people here. The chief moral failings of the population are

drunkenness, swearing, and most intense selfishness. All this exists in the mother-country, but there the counterbalancing elements exist to a greater extent than here.

March 11.—Gold is selling in Melbourne at 3*l.* the ounce.

March 18.—Took my first stage out of Melbourne towards my district. At night the landlord and his wife, both very drunk, fought so furiously, that I was obliged to separate them by force. During the fray, all the little children came clustering round the mother, taking her part. One sturdy urchin boldly attacked his father, by kicking his shins and the calves of his legs.

March 19.—Gave some serious advice to the landlord about the scene of last night, and afterwards rode to Kilmore to breakfast. Slept at the Mac Ivor Inn, where I heard from one of the Bendigo diggers that the goings on there are lamentably immoral.

March 21 (Sunday).—Arrived at Maiden's Punt on the Murray, after a ride of thirty-two miles, in four hours and a half. Held Service immediately, and then rode on ten miles farther to another inn, lower down the Murray, and held a second Service.

March 23.—Had a thirty-four miles' journey to ride, and discovered at the last moment that my new horse, bought in Melbourne, obstinately

refused to lead. Time wore away in vainly endeavouring to conquer his obstinacy. The end was that I had to mount the obstinate one, and lead my other. I rode eighteen miles, under a hot sun, in one hour and a half. Stopped half an hour, and then rode the remaining sixteen miles in one hour and twenty minutes. The repugnance that I have of losing my way in this country would cause me to make any sacrifice to avoid being out after dark at night.

March 24.—Employed myself the greater part of the day in teaching my obstinate animal of yesterday to lead.

April 10.—Went with two magistrates and the head constable of the district to examine the corpse of a man, which has just been discovered on the banks of the Edward River. As we approached the spot, we came upon a dog, who, on seeing us, slunk into some bushes, frightened. Immediately afterwards we saw the body lying prone, with the head partially submerged in a little pool of water. As it had been dragged from a place some yards off, where two or three people had been camping, I suggested that it was possible there might have been foul play, although the corpse was so placed as to give a first impression that the man had, in the last state of exhaustion from want of food, dragged himself down to the water-side to drink, and

there had died. On closely examining the body, we found that part had been devoured—probably by his glare-eyed, guilty-looking dog; and on turning round the head, which was resting on the arm, we discovered a tremendous fracture of the right parietal bone of the skull. Thus it is certain that a murder has been enacted here.

April 12.—Rode with a magistrate into Moolamon, to hold an inquiry with regard to the murdered man. We elicited the fact that, about ten days ago, three men from the diggings had passed the night here, and talked about having a quantity of gold about them. In the morning they went away together, accompanied by a dog, in the direction in which the body was found. We likewise were informed that the second day afterwards two men on horseback, leading a third horse, and having no dog with them, were seen going at full speed across the spacious plain, which extends to the Murrumbidgee. Thus it is pretty evident that the three must have camped by the side of the Edward; and, during the night, that the two murdered the one for his share of the gold. They then arranged his body in a studied attitude, to make it appear that he had died of exhaustion; and placed his head to rest on his arm, so as to conceal the fracture. And this deceit would have succeeded, if I had not particularly requested that the head should be

lifted up. The murderers have, however, got clean off; and in such a wild, unsettled country as this, all researches will be useless.

April 20.—Hear that a hut-keeper, going from one hut to another on this run, has lost his way, and not been heard of. He started the day before yesterday in the morning.

April 22.—As I was mounting a horse, lately bought, he suddenly put his head between his legs, so as almost to meet his tail, and bucked his back up, so that I was shot off like an arrow from a bow. Luckily, I broke no bones. I believe that an inveterate buckjumper can be cured by slinging up one of the four legs, and lunging him about severely in heavy ground on the three legs. The action they must needs make use of on such an occasion somewhat resembles the action of bucking; and after some severe trials of that sort, they take a dislike to the whole style of thing. An Irishman on the Murrumbidgee is very clever at this schooling. It is called here "turning a horse inside out." No treatment can be too severe for a horse addicted to this abominable and incomprehensible vice. And nearly all buckjumpers are good horses in other respects, which makes the whole thing the more provoking. Not long ago I witnessed a professed jockey mount a very fine horse. He mounted with great care, for many horses do

their best to throw their riders before they can put the right leg over the saddle. The horse allowed him to get on, and then set off at a furious gallop, stopping short every now and then to buck. The man sat beautifully for some minutes. But at length the furious beast made the extraordinary movement of turning short round to the left, bucking fearfully as he turned. The consequence was, that the man had a most tremendous throw; and we all ran up, thinking that he must be killed. To our surprise he got up, and began, though reeling a little, to look stedfastly for something on the ground. To our questions, as to whether he was hurt, and what he wanted, he coolly replied that he was looking about for his pipe, which he had dropped in the fall. The longer a rider sits a horse when he bucks, the worse it is for him when he comes off.

April 26.—Went out with my friend to poison his run. It is thus done. When a beast is killed, a quantity of small bits are cut off the carcase. By means of a sharp penknife little holes are cut in these morsels, and into these little holes pinches of strychnia are introduced. These bits are put into a small bag and taken out on the run. The acting person then, as he rides or drives along, throws to the right and left this meat. At night the wild dogs come, eat it all up greedily, and ere long die. But the strychnia

has not yet done its work. Wild dogs eat one another, and begin their repast with the entrails of their brothers. Now the entrails of the dead dogs contain the strychnia, which is so strong, that after passing into the second dog it will kill him too, and, as I have been informed, even a third. Thus the poor sheep call poison to their aid against their terrible enemies.

May 19.—The rain has fallen in torrents all day, and my condition is wretched enough in such a country, for there is no pastoral duty to attend to, and study and privacy in a poor little wood hut is next to impossible.

May 20.—Rode to Mr. L——'s station, and there I heard of a shocking murder which has quite lately taken place in this neighbourhood. The actors in this horrible tragedy were Edward River blacks; the victim a man of colour from the United States, settled for some years as a pastrycook in Sydney. This poor fellow gave up a remunerative business that he might go to the Port Phillip gold diggings, and was travelling this way in company with a white comrade. He was unfortunately seen by some members of a tribe of blacks belonging to this neighbourhood, who followed him, chased him, and drove several spears jagged with bits of glass through his back, working them up and down in his body as he lay on the ground. His comrade, insane with terror,

ran, or rather flew, to the nearest station, the blacks at first following him with his bundle which he had dropped, and begging him to take it, as they did not wish to hurt him. They then cut up the corpse of their victim into three or four pieces, buried them, and taking up his bundle, as well as the bundle of his comrade, walked very unconcernedly into the store at the Company's station, and gave them up to the storekeeper, saying that they had found them on the road. Now this dreadful crime has arisen from a most lamentable blunder. As I believe I have said before, all the tribes or families of the indigenes which are scattered over the whole face of the country, are in a state of natural warfare with one another. Sometimes alliances are concluded between them ; but without such an alliance, every black who ventures into another territory is liable to be assassinated. Now these stupid blacks mistook this poor American black for one of themselves, and thus considered his life lawfully forfeited. They disdained to touch his property. A black expressed to me to-day great indignation at their stupidity, saying, that they ought to have known the difference between "black fellow" and "white man's black fellow." It may be supposed that the whole country is much excited about this occurrence. The mounted police have been galloping about shooting the wrong people, and

letting the guilty authors of the outrage escape. They have shot a lame old woman, I believe.

May 23.—Held Divine Service at the Doctor's hut at Maiden's Punt. Ten adults and fifteen children attended—quite a refreshing number, in comparison with the very few which usually attend my ministrations.

May 27.—After three or four days of heavy travelling over boggy ground, the horses having scarce anything to eat, I arrived at a station on the Barratta Creek, where I had a fine black swan served up for dinner, stewed. It ate very like rather tough fricasséed rabbit.

May 28.—After crossing the Edward River in a frail canoe of bark, and swimming my horse over two or three deep creeks, I arrived at the hospitable and superior head-station of Mr. G——.

June 1.—My horses have strayed away, so that I am doomed to remain here in a state of inactivity. In the evening I attended a native corrobory; or what would be called by the whites, a *soirée dansante*. The old men sat and smoked, the women drummed on skins, and the young men enacted pantomimic dances. These ballets were of diverse character: some were joyous, others warlike, others licentious, whilst one was funereal. According to their character, so the women chanted. Naked and painted as the

dancers were, they looked like demons as they flitted to and fro among the watchfires. These ballets are not improvised, I find. They are carefully concocted in some other district on the Australian continent, and passed from tribe to tribe until the popular taste gets tired of them ; just as performances of a like description pass from one European nation to another. I found that all the dances I saw to-night had come from the coast of South Australia.

June 10.—Still detained at Mr. G——'s station by the loss of my horses, studying the "Memorable Relations" of that strange writer of fiction, Count Swedenborg. A black fellow told me that a carcase of that wonderful beast the bunyip is lying rotting on a sand-hill nine miles off. On further inquiries I find that the tremendous floods now prevailing would render it impossible for me to get there without much peril and difficulty ; but if I were quite sure that the statement were true I would go, nevertheless. I also hear of a savage, voracious reptile, called the "mindei," which is said to haunt the Billibong plains. It is, so they say, about twenty feet long, three feet in circumference, and has short legs.

June 15.—My horses came back of their own accord, so that I was able to get on ; but the weather is atrocious, and the roads of melted caoutchouc. The longer I stay in this country,

the more hopeless does my position seem. The floods in winter and the droughts in summer render the life of a clergyman one of great difficulty and self-denial. It must be recollected, that riding a horse and leading another over boggy ground for twenty-five miles, is quite as fatiguing as walking ten. And the sole refreshment after such a day's exercise consists of poisonous green tea without milk, lean beef without vegetables, and heavy damper.

June 17.—Arrived at my head-quarters on the Edward. Hear of three men being drowned at Deniliquin, and of the stock-keeper at Kieta being drowned ; and of a woman with her three children, who were bushed for three days and three nights. I also hear that the blacks on the Darling, where I hope to go as soon as I can, have become very insolent lately, and have murdered some white shepherds. The expression used by my informant was, that they had become very “jolly” of late. I see by the journals that an immense immigration is expected from England.

June 20.—Hear of some bushrangers on the Sydney side who robbed a gentleman, stripped him naked, and tied him across a nest of huge black ants, which ate all the flesh off his bones. He was their old master, who, by his severity, had caused them to take to the bush.

June 21.—It having been always the object of

my wishes to visit the confluence of the Darling and the Murray, not only from being informed that the visit of a Minister would be very acceptable to the people of that district, but also on account of various objects of interest to be seen there, I started this morning at half-past nine from my head-quarters on the Edward River for the sheep-station of Canally, on the Murrumbidgee. Yet at the outset some difficulties occurred which might have affected a sensitive mind. My stipend is paid by a certain number of subscribers, among whom the names of the Darling squatters do not figure. My people then seem not altogether well pleased that I should venture a hundred miles away from the limits of the subscription list, although they know that there must be people to be married, children to be baptized, women to be churched, and, above all, a population growing up in a most far-off district, totally destitute of clerical visiting or of religious ministrations. But as I know that my health will not allow me to remain much longer in this extraordinary country, and that after me no one probably will dare to come for a long time, I have thought fit to set at defiance the half-smothered remonstrances of the subscription list, and to do the best I can for my neglected fellow-Christians during the remainder of my stay here. Arriving at the Lake Yanga, we turned to the left, and

found the road intricate and swampy. A cold wind blew too, bringing with it showers of rain ; and although we rode hard, we at one time almost despaired of arriving at our hospitable resting-place before nightfall. If we had not done so, we should have had to bush it. Providentially we regained the track which we had lost for a short time, and leaving the "howling wilderness," with its bleak plains and ragged forests of stunted timber, arrived at six to receive a hearty welcome from the kind-hearted and intelligent proprietor of the run.

June 23.—It has rained without intermission from morning to night. The superintendent has promised to obtain for me against my return the upper jaw of some extraordinary animal, which the blacks describe as a sort of bear or sloth. Towards nightfall we swam our horses over the Murrumbidgee, that we might be ready to start early to-morrow morning.

June 24.—Raining in torrents, without intermission, the whole of the day. Journey deferred until to-morrow.

June 25.—I started from Canally at half-past eight, and arrived at Mr. R——'s station on the Murray at three. The country we traversed is very bad for stock, with the exception of some small plains. Passed on my left a pretty lake of about six miles in circumference, which is fed by

the Murrumbidgee. Although it has never been known to be dry since the discovery of the country, fragments of salt-bush exist at its bottom. The Murray here is at present 200 yards in width, and rolls at a majestic pace.

June 27 (Sunday).—Rode twenty-two miles to Euston, a township consisting of four or five huts and a public-house, situated on a pretty plain, bounded on the north by forest land and on the south by the Murray. We passed on our left the Lakes Proa and Benanee, the latter very extensive, with bold banks all round. As we rode rapidly along an excellent track, a flight of black cockatoos flew past—precursors of rain. Saw several shrubs unknown on the Edward River, and indicative of a very hot climate. At Euston I held Divine Service immediately on my arrival, and had a very well-behaved congregation of twenty persons. Three children of the publican were baptized during the service. I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Cole, the Government Commissioner of Crown Lands for the district, who has fixed his head-quarters at Euston, and who has become justly renowned over the Australian world for his frank hospitality and his excellent salads, in the fabrication of which he seems to have attained a rare skill. And what renders these salads objects of wonder as well as good taste is, that no one can discover where the

vegetable portion of the ingredients comes from ; for Euston is a country which I should conceive would only produce salt-bush and coarse grass one portion of the year, and sirocco and dust the other. It is well not to pry into harmless mysteries. There lay the salad on his hospitable board, in all its exquisite proportions of much oil, little vinegar, hard eggs, anchovy sauce, pepper, salt, &c. What grass or herb would not pass current with such condiments ? Our dinner-party consisted not only of myself and my two friends, squatters, who have accompanied me thus far, but also of Mr. L——, who is on his way to take his Commissionership of the Lower Darling, to which he is just appointed, and a clever young German, a medical man, who is on his way from South Australia to the diggings. The conversation at table was animated and instructive, and turned on many subjects. They discoursed on a remarkable bird found in the district, called the Looa, four of which, Gibbs, the publican, is bringing up, and which I subsequently saw. These birds are every way like a mixture of the pheasant and partridge, and are very fair eating. But they do not hatch their young in the ordinary way. They lay their eggs, carefully arranged in a pyramidal form, placing leaves and herbage between each layer. Then comes rain, and afterwards sun, which causes

decomposition of the vegetable matter. The young birds, then, are hatched by the intense heat that ensues. It is a great boon for the blacks and whites to find an egg magazine. One heap will be composed of many hundreds, in all stages of advancement. As the indigenes prefer eggs with chicks in them, and the whites without, a whole pyramid is soon devoured, and all parties but the parent proprietors, satisfied. I heard also evidence which goes far to prove that the bunyip is but a large and voracious otter.

June 30.—At mid-day started westward, in company with the new Commissioner for the Lower Darling, another gentleman, and two mounted troopers. We thought to strike a sheep-station called Tapaulen by sun-down, but somehow, after passing Mount Dispersion, we missed our way, and travelled onward, onward, until eight at night, without being able to find our desired haven. The wind blew coolly, showers of rain fell, and we would have been content with a fire and some hot tea. But that was not to be. We became entangled in a huge bend of the Murray, and were perfectly non-plussed as to our whereabouts. By and by we smelt fire, which was great joy; and after ten minutes' riding in the direction of the smell, we saw, by the light of the moon, smoke rising among the forest trees. A few minutes then

brought us into a blacks' camp, close to which was a large flock of sheep put up for the night. We soon discovered that we had long passed the track leading to the sheep-station; that if we decided to go there, we should have to ride back six miles, three miles of which would be deeply covered with water, the Murray flood being out; and, moreover, that as all the adult males of the camp were away fishing, we should not be able to obtain a guide. Nothing, then, was left for us but to unsaddle our horses, hobble them, let them loose into the surrounding forest, arrange the saddles for our pillows, and compose ourselves to sleep supperless by the watch-fires of the blacks. We might have killed a sheep from the flock, for they all belonged to our friend at the station; but the trouble would have been great, the fresh meat would have been tough, and there was no bread to eat with it: so we soon gave up that design, and composed ourselves to rest as we best could. This blacks' camp was arranged more regularly than any I had yet seen. For fifty yards extended in a straight direction large pieces of bark, propped slantwise on poles, in such a position that the whole of a human body, except the feet, could find shelter under them. Close to where the feet of the inmates would protrude was a row of watch-fires. At either end of the row were placed, at right angles, large huts

(if such could be called huts), tenanted by the old men of the tribe, who from their position could survey all that passed in the row. This tribe, it seemed, were not so savage but that they were trusted to take care of a flock of sheep, now that white labour, in consequence of the diggings, was so very scarce. But our difficulty was to find a spot where we could place ourselves among the forty or fifty sleeping women and children. Among them we must go, for to sleep in the long wet grass was not to be thought of. But the women themselves did not seem particularly anxious for an increase to their society. They had composed themselves to sleep, and did not wish to be disturbed. After walking down the whole file, looking out for gaps where we could niche ourselves, we espied here and there crevices between the sleeping people. In these crevices we ensconced ourselves, bribing our unwilling entertainers with tobacco. The rest of the night was one of torment to me. Pangs of hunger, the gnawings of innumerable fleas, the passionate outpourings of the youthful blacks, the distant howl of the wild dog, the consequent uneasiness of the two or three thousand sheep, their occasional bleating too, the hissing of the fires as the rain fell upon them, the noise inseparable from seventy or eighty human creatures, many of them children, congregated together,

prevented my slumbers from being anything but very transitory. And every now and then the grim, dirty old woman, who was snatching a few uneasy slumbers near me, would jump up, throw off her only covering, an opossum rug, and trim the fire, or throw a flaming brand with a shrill cry among the uneasy and rushing sheep. And then she would come to my side, and previous to lying down, address a few grunts to me, kindly intimating that she hoped I was comfortable. Thus grimly articulating, she laid down, wrapped her rug about her, and consigned herself to slumber; alas! soon to be disturbed. During one of the pauses in the old creature's activity, a younger woman, who had a most diminutive baby, inquired by signs if I were hungry. I replied in the same language that I assuredly was. She then took from under her head a netted bag, which served her for a pillow, sat up, and began taking out the contents. What these were, I cannot say; rags and dirt, and small morsels of things, seemed the chief component parts. But at the bottom there was a piece of flesh, black and charred from the effects of too-rapid cookery. It had a peculiar smell—not that of decay—to which I took an instant repugnance. With the kindest expression and the most good-natured smile she took it up, gave it to me, and pressed me to eat it. I took it to the fire; looked at it;

smelt it; could make nothing of it; returned to her and asked her, what manner of flesh it was. Was it sheep? no; was it ox? no; was it kangaroo? no. In fact, I named, or rather imitated all the animals of the country, save one, and it was not their flesh. So I returned it with many grateful acknowledgements. But she seemed so hurt that I would not touch it, and used so many amiable entreaties, that I thought of the touching language of Mungo Park, and saw a fresh illustration of the beautiful verses of our great novelist, that woman is in our time of need a ministering angel. The tribe were half starved; the return of the men was looked for with impatience; this poor creature was half famished, and yet she frankly and freely offered me, a stranger, her mite—all that she had, whatever it was, and was very chagrined that I took it not.

July 1.—Arose at sunrise from most uncomfortable slumbers, and proceeded to find and saddle my horses. Regaining the beaten track we travelled on as fast as we could, every now and then catching glimpses of the Murray majestically rolling along. Sometimes we came to fertile flats which the river, in times of great floods, covers; sometimes the road took us over the brow of cliffs 150 feet high, overhanging the waters. From these eminences we could see the impervious Mallee scrub stretching away on our

right, into an unexplored country, as far as the eye could reach. No signs of human beings met our eye, no hut, no blacks' camp, no traces of sheep or cattle. Once or twice, through an opening in the glade, we saw large ponds fed by the Murray, round which flocks of pelican were disporting and washing themselves, with their snow-white plumage glistening in the morning sun. Seeing a black fishing in the river; we rode up to him, hoping to change some tobacco against his fish: but the poor fellow had caught none, and looked as hungry as we did. After passing the Golgol Creek, which is twenty-two miles from the junction of the Darling, and having on our right the Golgol mountains, which seemed to me no more mountains than the Surrey hills are, we turned to our left into an extensive bend of the Murray, and arrived at four in the afternoon opposite the head-station of Mr. J—— But it was not yet given to us to enjoy the hospitality of our worthy friend. The inmates of the hut had to be summoned, blacks had to be shouted for, and a canoe had to be procured and launched upon the intervening waters. We were then passed over the Murray one by one, the saddles, bridles, and baggage last. So we sat down to some green tea, bacon, and damper (nothing else of any sort was at hand), four-and-twenty hours after our time, having ridden eighteen hours since

last breaking our fast. I should have felt the inconvenience of this journey much more if one of my companions, who had been an officer in the Austrian army, had not recited to me at intervals the wondrous ballads of Schiller, with his own translations.

July 2.—I found the hut full of interesting books, among which was Sismondi's "History of European Literature," which I was delighted to get. One of my companions is laid up with dysentery, brought on by his being unaccustomed to such severe exercise. Sent to a station on the Darling, twenty-five miles off, for some calomel and chalk for him.

July 4 (Sunday).—Rode with my kind host to a neighbouring station, where I held Divine Service, and baptized no less than eight children. Four married women were there, with numerous families. The Service consisted of the Lessons, Litany, the Communion Service, and a Sermon. The reason of my finding so large a congregation in this secluded district is, that many people are passing by this route overland from South Australia to the Port Phillip diggings, and many of my attendants to-day were composed of these searchers for gold. Among the children whom I baptized were two belonging to an actor from Adelaide, who was on his way to fulfil an engagement at the Geelong Theatre. By an unaccount-

able fatuity, this poor fellow chose to travel overland, although his wife was near her confinement, instead of making the voyage by sea. He had been already seven weeks on the way; his wife had brought forth a child; his mates had basely deserted him, taking away the two horses; and, as he assured me with tears in his eyes, for many days he had yoked himself to his tilted cart, and staggered along over the miry track, drawing after him his sick, helpless wife, and his three little children. His wife, too, had little or nothing to give the baby, for she had scarce tasted farinaceous food for a month, and was, consequently, in poor health. Giving him as much as I could afford to relieve his wants, I told him to ask the mistress of the station, in my name, to spare him a little flour at her own price. No one would sell him any on the road, for every one feared great scarcity, owing to the disorganisation of all carrier communication. In a subsequent conversation he told me that he, his wife, and eldest girl, were to receive 7*l.* a week from the manager of the Geelong Theatre, and that he was very anxious to get there. I asked him what his *forte* was, and he answered, brightening up, "Why, sir, my *forte*, I may say, is high tragedy. I am great in Richard the Third, in Iago, and Shylock. I have also drawn very good houses in genteel comedy; and sometimes, on

particular occasions, when hands are short, I play clown." As he hesitated a little about giving this last proof of the versatility of his talents, I re-assured him by observing that I had heard that Edmund Kean had played at Swansea, on the same night, Richard III., Paul in "Paul and Virginia," and Harlequin in the pantomime. So, after a little serious conversation, he promising me that his theatrical engagements should not prevent him from accompanying his family to church on Sundays, we parted.

July 6.—My friend measured the Murray, and found it 160 yards across. Five mounted policemen arrived. They are to be stationed here, by order of the Victoria Government.

July 7.—Having procured a black guide, named Mickey, I proceeded across fertile plains, intersected by belts of timber, to Dr. F——'s station, twenty-five miles off, and then, to my great joy, found myself on the banks of that Darling, which I had so long desired to see. I found it a muddy stream of the colour of milk, fifty to seventy yards wide, floating sluggishly between high clay banks—about as unpicturesque an object as possible. It is here fifteen miles from the Murray, and I hear that its present characteristics are maintained for 150 miles upwards. I saw four Darling pigeons, which belong to the young ladies of the house. These Darling

pigeons are extremely pretty doves, with lavender, purple, and gold feathers. I saw, too, a proof that the blacks here are wilder than on the Edward. Visiting the blacks' camp near the hut, I found the young unmarried women sitting without clothing of any description. On the Edward, married women go entirely nude, but not girls. Saw also some wild tobacco growing.

July 8.—Had much conversation with the Doctor, who is a clever, intelligent man. He tells me that the blacks are very wild and troublesome 150 miles up the river, and also that about that distance, or perhaps ten miles further, mountain ranges form about the river. I am also assured, that in these parts there is found an owl which barks like a dog; also a carnivorous kangaroo. I hear, too, tales of the mindei, or great snake with legs, which, as the blacks declare, eats the sheep; although I suspect it is a stalwart black biped that kills and eats them. The aborigines here, too, obstinately persist in their belief of the existence of the monstrous bunyip. I was also shown what was called the blossom of the mistletoe, a delicate crimson flower, like a very attenuated fuchsia. In the course of the day, two gentlemen arrived from an expedition 200 miles up the Darling. The blacks

have become so saucy of late in those parts that they went armed, but found no difficulty. They tell me that Fort Bourke is 500 miles up. No one from these parts has yet gone further, I believe. At night I read the Church Prayers and gave an Exposition to a large society. We slept four in the room, for the hut was crowded with casual visitors. There was some interesting conversation among my room-fellows, sturdy young bushmen, before going to sleep. They talked of tribes of indigenes in the interior, of different characteristics from any blacks which we know. They are poor, wretched creatures, of dwarfish proportions and ill habit of body, who inhabit the dense recesses of the Mallee scrub in the far interior, and who live, or rather starve, upon dead bodies or vermin; or, in fact, anything they can chew. They have scarce any arms, and whatever they do catch, they catch by means of springes. When they are hard-pressed by hunger they devour their children; and as for water, they find it at the roots of the Mallee. The other blacks have the greatest abhorrence of them, and kill them whenever they find them; so the poor creatures retire into their friendly impenetrable Mallee, and live there. They are of the same race with their neighbours, but have physically degenerated from persecution and starvation. None of my inform-

ants had seen any of these unfortunate beings, but they had conversed with blacks who had. They also told me of a bushman, who from the Adelaide side, striking the Darling about 300 miles up, had come upon a beautiful valley, surrounded by lofty cliffs, and watered by many streams, where the blacks told him was plenty of the bright yellow metal of which his watch-chain and seals were composed. But he was so anxious to get on, that he stayed not to search. And they told me that 150 miles up the Darling there is a tree, something like the ash, which has an extraordinary spotted bark to it. Thus discoursing we fell asleep.

July 9.—Put into my valise two bulbs of the beautiful Darling lily, and after bidding farewell to my amiable and clever host and his wife and sister, two sons and two daughters, who had all treated me with so much kindness, I crossed the Darling, and rode about fourteen miles to Mr. W——'s station, a settler on the Ana-branch of the Darling. This is a part of the stream, which abandons its parent ninety miles away and joins it again near here. I found the poor man in great grief, for he has lately lost his wife, and is left with five young children. I scarcely know how he will be enabled to get on at all now, isolated as he is. I baptized the two youngest

children. He told me that the Ana-branch of the Darling has water six months in the year: also that the blacks in his neighbourhood are very wild and troublesome, killing the sheep and spearing the cattle of the squatters. In the afternoon I arrived, after a two-hours' ride, at the Junction Inn, a comfortable public-house, situated just below the junction of the Darling with the Murray, and here I slept. I have now arrived at the western confine of my journey, and to-morrow must turn my horses' heads eastward. Not that I have arrived at the Adelaide frontier: from that I am still sixty miles away; but the great floods, which they say are rapidly coming down the Murray, warn me to get to my head-quarters as soon as possible. I am now 321 miles from Maiden's Punt, the south-eastern point of my district, according to the following distances: From Maiden's Punt (Moama) on the Murray, to Deniliquin on the Edward River, it is fifty miles; from Deniliquin to Moolamon is seventy miles; from Moolamon to Canally station, on the Murrumbidgee, is sixty-two miles; from Canally to Euston, on the Murray, is fifty-seven miles; and from Euston to the junction of the Darling with the Murray, eighty-two miles. During the fatigues and anxieties inseparable from so long a journey, I have been



cheered and encouraged by the good-natured respect which has been paid to me, especially by the lower classes.

July 10.—Before starting on my return, I visited the confluence of the Darling with the Murray. The former does not run into the latter at right angles, but flows side by side with its potent friend for a short space, as if wishing to prove him before entering into his society. At the confluence the Darling has now a width of 160 yards, and the Murray 300 yards. This latter is very grand and majestic, and capable, I should think, of floating the largest ship in the world. It is strange, that the only boats which plough its waters should be ferry-boats and the frail bark-canoe of the savage. Contemplating this grand sight, the object of my wishes for so many years, I came upon a blacks' camp. They asked me to buy some delicate fishes, which were most artistically arranged in leaves, and bound together with osier twigs. These blacks seem an intelligent, fine race, and calculate acutely the value of everything of which they have to dispose. One of them, named Moses, exactly resembles the type of the Assyrian, as portrayed in the Nineveh sculptures. In a few years these sons of the Australian desert will have faded away, and the grand-children of their successors will perhaps

curiously search into the habits and customs of those who held the soil before them. After crossing my horses in the ferry-boat over the Darling, I arrived at nightfall at Mr. J——'s station.

July 11 (Sunday).— Had Morning Service. Among others were present three black police, with a corporal and sergeant. These poor heathens went through the dispositions of posture required by our Service with military precision, although they understand nothing of English, save the words of command, and the few expressions mingled up with the *lingua franca* which forms our only means of verbal communication with them. The police service seems to be the only channel, by which the natives can be made serviceable to the social system which now surrounds them. They make most excellent mounted police, although it is necessary to restrain their ferocity towards delinquents of their own people. To missionary enterprises, I fear, they are completely impervious, on account of their having no reflective capacities. They, however, possess a sort of conscience, which places them in some moral relations above the level of many baptized Christians. They do not every now and then endeavour to subvert the form of government which (however rude) is established amongst them; they do not steal; they make an equal

division of whatever they have amongst one another, so that there are none poorer than their neighbours—no pariahs of society among them; and most of them, ragged or naked as they may be, have a certain rude dignity of carriage, which entitles them to every benevolent feeling on our part.

July 12.—Started for Euston, being a company of four persons with nine horses. After travelling till nightfall, we made up our minds to camp out; but we luckily came upon a shepherd's hut, where we obtained shelter for the night. The shepherd told us, that the Murray floods were coming down so fast that by to-morrow night the hut will be surrounded by the waters, consequently this is his last night.

July 13.—Rode to Euston, having camped and rested and lunched in the middle of the day; a thing I had never seen done before.

July 14.—A number of persons are crossing their drays over the Murray. They tie empty casks to them, to float them, and then tow them to the opposite bank. The bullocks, of course, swim.

July 17.—Turning over a box of worm-eaten books, which I found in a hut on the bank of the river, I discovered among others a translation of Plato's "Timæus." I also found the second part of the "Faust," translated by Reid—a most phan-

tasmagoric sort of drama, in parts quite incomprehensible.

July 18.—Held Divine Service at the inn at Euston, and baptized three children. A worthy squatter from the south bank of the Murray attended Service. He has a most excellent kitchen-garden, the produce of which is sure. But on this side, nothing in the shape of garden vegetation is sure. Just when everything looks in the best order and ready for eating, the north wind will come on, and, like the simoom of the desert, blast and wither all before it. This is what, I fear, will prevent a large population from ever settling on the northern bank of the Murray. What the soil will luxuriantly produce, the hot wind will destroy. I heard to-day of the immense fatigue and danger which the surveyors underwent who, some years ago, surveyed and marked out the boundary between the Adelaide and Victoria territory. They drew a line from the Murray to the sea at the mouth of the river Glenelg, following the 141st degree of east longitude. A great portion of the country surveyed, consists of dense Mallee scrub. Through that, these intrepid engineers had to cut their way, and many times were on the point of perishing for want of water.

July 21.—Rode to Canally on the Murrumbidgee, in company with the proprietor of the sta-

tion. The floods are coming down in such a volume, that my friend was forced to get a black to guide him to his own place. The last two miles lay through flooded ground in the midst of huge bulrushes, which far overtopped my head as I sat on horseback.

July 28.—After much fatigue I returned to my head-quarters, having been absent on my Darling expedition since the 21st of June. Found a letter from the Bishop of Sydney, in which he appoints me to the district of the Surrey Hills in Sydney.

July 31.—This morning, water was found frozen an inch thick on the plains.

Aug. 1.—Gave some clothes to a poor fellow who has lately been lost on the plains, without food, as he says, for eleven days. He is, as may be supposed, in a most miserable state, with a corpse-like complexion. His toes, too, are dropping off from exposure to frost and wet. For one to lose his way in this country, who is not a good bushman, is very perilous. Not long ago, the bones of a man and dog were found near here, who had both perished from starvation. The skeleton of the poor faithful dog was found nestling close to that of his master. The man's Prayer-book was found in his pocket, with his name written in it.

Aug. 3.—Heard a story of a young colonial

lady, who could "talk bullock" so well, that she could do anything with the animals. But subsequently her parents had got rich, and she had become refined and pretentious. One day walking with her lover, a young gentleman just arrived from England, and unacquainted with colonial ways, both in great toilet, she spied one of her father's bullocks in a dray, which had lain down sulky, and absolutely refused to move. The driver, too, was a new hand, and could do nothing with the obstinate beast. The young lady, carried away by the exigencies of the moment, took the whip as in days of old, struck the animal a sharp blow, and cried, "Devil burst you, Ginger! get up!" This delicate *langue de bœuf* had a most magical effect. The recreant Ginger immediately arose, and walked away vigorously with his load. Whether the lover walked away without his, I was not able to learn.

Aug. 10. — Began my journey towards Sydney. My route will lie by Melbourne, and then on by sea. The rainy season is now at its worst; and if I do not make haste, the heavy floods that are coming down the Murray will keep me a prisoner perhaps for months.

Aug. 13. — I was on horseback ten hours, travelling up the Edward. The floods were out, so for hours the water was up to the horses' breasts. I arrived at a public-house in a pitchy dark-

ness, illuminated at intervals by flashes of lightning.

Aug. 14. — On horseback for nine hours. The plains are in a fearful state of swamp. We were obliged to walk the horses for miles through deep water, uncertain too of the exact position of the banks of the river. I never suffered so much from fatigue as I did to-day.

Aug. 15 (Sunday). — Rode on about two hours to a public-house between the Edward and the Murray. The flood being out, the journey was dangerous. Held Divine Service, at which twelve attended, and behaved most decorously. At his earnest request, I administered a pledge of abstinence to a man named Charles Brown, who is going to the diggings. He promised to confine himself to three half-noggins of spirits per diem for the next six months, and that only as a matter of necessity. I made him write out and sign his promise on paper, and then exhorted him to trust in a higher Power for grace to carry out his good intentions. At first, this half-and-half temperance vow seemed ridiculous to me, but on farther consideration I reflected that I had no right to repel any one coming to me with good intentions, that half-temperance is better than no temperance at all, and that the Church should never refuse to meet people half way. The man was pleased at having signed the contract, showed

it to his mates, declared he would keep to it religiously, and ended by pressing me to accept a bottle of wine of him for my trouble. I think he will keep the pledge. He could have had none but honest intentions in coming to me, as he did, to administer it. As to his proviso of the three half-noggins, I like him the better for it; it shows candour on his part. Besides, it is impossible to work at the diggings in this inclement weather, up to one's knees in water, without some stimulant.

Aug. 23.—Rode to Maiden's Punt, hoping to cross my horses; but the proprietor of the ferry absolutely refuses to attempt it. I baptized three children belonging to a man who is just starting for the diggings. He insisted on paying me. I said that our Church did not sell the Sacraments. He said that the clerk must be paid. I answered, that there was no clerk. He then said, roughly, that he did not wish anything from anybody, not even the Church, without payment. I told him that, in the present case, there was no other alternative. He then went away in a rude manner.

Aug. 25.—Find that the man, whose children I baptized yesterday, has gone away at daybreak, and left a packet for me. On opening a very dirty bit of white-brown paper, tightly twisted, I found at least three ounces of small nuggets of

pure gold in it. So he gained his point after all. Visited the camp of a remarkably fine tribe of blacks, who are temporarily located here. They have twenty-five canoes with them, and about a hundred lean, mangy, barking, wolf-like curs.

Aug. 28.—Incessant rains and tremendous floods. Hear that many squatters in my district are thinking of leaving their head-stations on the banks of creeks and rivers, and of retiring into the back plains. I conceive that, if ever there should be great simultaneous floods in the Murray and Murrumbidgee, nothing can save the settlers and stock of the intervening plains from being swept away.

Sept. 9.—After waiting sixteen days on the banks of the Murray, I am able to cross the swollen river, my horses having been swum over yesterday. Getting into a small boat, two men pulled me up the river some way. We then entered a creek; then punted over a lagoon, until we came to the spot where my two horses were grazing, hobbled. Thus I leave the district where I have but very unsatisfactorily performed my clerical duties during the space of sixteen months;* for, during that time, I have been not unseldom confined by the weather or state of the roads to some solitary hut in thorough inaction. For instance, during the 243 days which elapsed be-

* For the Cure to which the Bishop has transferred me.

tween May 20, 1851, to Jan. 18, 1852, 159 only were spent in ministerial work, while 84 were passed doing nothing. And then, the huts are so small and inconvenient, that retirement and quiet study are out of the question. My calculation with regard to the weather in this country, according to my experience, is as follows: Incessant rains, resolving the tracks into glutinous swamps, prevail from about June 8 to Sept. 23 = 109 days; droughts and heats of summer—extreme heats, I mean, such as to render travelling disagreeable, and almost impossible—prevail from December to the end of March; heavy floods—rendering travelling intricate and very dangerous, the more so, as the watercourses are very numerous—prevail from September to November, at least sixty-six days. Then, it must be recollected that the various paddocks are short of good feed for seven or eight months in the year. In short, unexceptionable good travelling in the Edward district, so far as climate, feed, and absence of floods are concerned, I found to exist only from Nov. 20 to about Dec. 10, a period of twenty days. All the rest of the year is chequered by some difficulty or other. Whoever my successor may be, I hope he may be gifted with excellent health, great capacity for enduring fatigue on insufficient nourishment, and, above all, a patient, meek disposition. And he must not expect a

very high appreciation of the sacrifices he makes in coming into such a country. Many of the squatters are not gentlemen, but rather people who will broadly hint that, having paid a certain sum towards a clergyman's support, they expect to get something for their money in the shape of so many visits a-year, be the weather what it might. I imagine that the best mode of extending clerical ministrations to this district would be to send an express itinerant minister, with a surrogate's license, twice or thrice a-year over the whole country, from Albury as far as the Adelaide frontier. A permanent residence would be found very unsatisfactory to any clergyman, on account of the inaction to which, at all times, he would be subjected from the state of the weather, of the roads, and of the floods. If I were asked, if any of the vast tract of country which composed my district were capable of any other use than the pasturing of sheep and cattle, for which it is admirably adapted, I should be inclined to answer in the negative. For colonisation I should consider it unsuited, because I do not think that grain could be raised to support such a population. The soil is by no means unfertile; but the hot wind from the desert, blasts and withers everything. Crops might be raised in the alluvial soil, which lies in the close proximity of the rivers; but then care must be taken that the grain be cut and carried

before the floods come down, because this alluvial soil to which I allude is, in fact, the bed of the numerous lagoons which border the water-courses. The climate is particularly healthy; and under the influence of the dry, pure, transparent atmosphere, men and horses are capable of undergoing great fatigue. Kangaroo, and emu, and bustards, called wild turkeys, abound on the plains; wild fowl and cray-fish about the lagoons, and fine fish in the rivers; but the squatters are too indolent to take advantage of so much fine game, and prefer eating salt beef and smoking strong tobacco at their fire-side, in the midst of anticipations of bouts of intemperance during the next wool season, at the hotels of Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide. Having mounted my horse, I rode southward.

As many feel interested in perusing thermometrical observations, I produce two series, the first taken in December, 1851, the second in August, 1852, both of them taken from a thermometer placed in a bedroom in a head-station, not far from the Murray, in S. lat. 36° and E. long. 145° :—

Dec. 20	ranging from 78° to 86°			
21	"	"	79	" 88
22	"	"	80	" 94
23	"	"	86	" 106
24	"	"	80	" 90
25	"	"	82	" 94

Dec. 26 ranging from 85° to 102°

27	„	„	80	„	85
28	„	„	70	„	80
29	„	„	70	„	88
30	„	„	76	„	90
31	„	„	59	„	73

Aug. 12 „ „ 45 „ 50

13	„	„	41	„	45
14	„	„	39	„	45
15	„	„	38	„	44
16	„	„	37	„	49
17	„	„	39	„	52
18	„	„	41	„	54

Sept. 13.—On my road I met a vast number of persons going to the diggings, in every description of vehicle, and with cattle completely used up by the boggiess of the roads.

Sept. 18.—After sleeping at the inn called Vinges', and paying a pound sterling for a night's lodging for my two horses, I started for Melbourne, a distance of twelve miles. To describe the state of the road accurately would be impossible. Let us imagine four feet of pitch half cooled, and we should arrive at some idea of this dozen miles of black loam trampled into a deep mud by the hoofs of innumerable beasts. Woe to the rider who lets his horse stand still a moment with his forelegs together in this glutinous mass. It would be difficult to get him out, even with dismounting. And what dismounting! I met twenty-four bullocks drawing a dray, and

with difficulty they slowly progressed. And quite pitiable it was to see poor families on their way to the diggings in a cart drawn by one horse. There were the children extended on the bedding, screaming, while the lean horse stood still in the mud, motionless as a statue, and the father and mother, bogged up to the knees themselves, were vainly pushing behind. Every now and then came showers of rain to damp the little remaining ardour of these searchers for gold. At times suspicious-looking characters passed me, armed to the teeth, who looked with a covetous eye on the quantity of baggage I had on my spare horse. This colony was the most desirable of all which the Crown possesses. How changed now! No more tranquillity and good-fellowship between the grades of society. All is confusion, selfishness, license, and subversion of all respect for worth, talent, and education. Brawn and muscle are now the aristocracy, and insolently bear their newly-assumed honours. In fact, we have here the French Revolution without the guillotine. When I arrived in Melbourne, I found the streets full of a dirty, disorderly mob of people, many of them tipsy, who seemed to take a delight in setting the laws of decent behaviour at defiance. At the hotel where I dined, the waiter was a young gentleman who had passed his "little go" at Trinity College, Cambridge. He told me

that the quantity of English sauces which the people consumed with their beef and mutton was something stupendous ; that he had remonstrated ; that they had answered him impertinently ; that he had kicked two men down-stairs ; and that his master, unmindful of his own true interests, had given him warning on this very account. I told him that I thought his family would be more satisfied at his undertaking some other employment than that of waiter at a Melbourne restaurant. I believe it was a former proprietor of this inn who assumed a lion as his crest, with the motto of "*Noli irritare leonem.*" His name was Lyons, a Hebrew by birth.

Oct. 2.—Met in Collins Street a coarse-looking young woman, very gaily dressed, with a fine baby in her arms, who, to my surprise, recognised me with a loud voice, as the Minister who had baptized her child in the bush. She wore a French bonnet of a delicate lemon colour, with a white lace veil ; a common cotton coloured handkerchief tied round her red neck ; a new green silk dress, sufficiently short to show coarse, puffy legs and ankles, clothed with dirty socks, and thick winter boots laced up in front. She had a short and stocky figure, and from the redness of her complexion seemed to have just risen from dinner. When she found that I rather shrank from the warmth of her greeting, she said, " Don't you

recollect me as hut-keeper at the head-station of —, and that you christened my baby, and wouldn't take anything for doing it? And now I have got plenty of money and wish to make you a present." I interrupted her by asking her what she meant by walking about town without her husband, dressed in that way? "Oh!" she answered, "my husband knows all about it; he is gone to the diggings for the second time, to get some more gold." "Did he do pretty well on his first visit to the diggings?" I asked. "Well, thank God, he did very fairly; he got 700*l.*, and he has given it all to me to take charge of till he comes down again." This young woman, six months before, was a raw, red-haired, savage Scotch maid-of-all-work, at a sheep-station 200 miles in the interior, married to one of the shepherds. Her husband and she had left service, gone to the diggings, and found this great prize. She was now roaming about Melbourne, amusing herself, and rendering herself entirely unfit for the only thing nature ever intended her for—hard labour. She finished a very voluble harangue in answer to some advice I gave her, by praying me to pay her a visit next morning, that she might give me a handful of nuggets. But this is one only of a thousand strange things which are occurring. A lady told me yesterday that she had just lost an excellent maidservant, who one

day was followed about by a digger, who proposed himself off-hand to her, and backed his arguments so opportunely by a heavy bag of gold which weighed down his pocket, that the girl when she came back, showing her mistress the gold which the lover had given her to keep, confessed that she was engaged to be married so soon as a license could be procured. And this marriage affair goes off thus. After the ceremony is over, and the officiating minister has received generous proofs of the prodigality of the contracting parties, the couple and their friends drive to St. Kilda or Brighton, with a suite of fortuitous applauding acquaintance. The toilette of the ladies is something preposterously extravagant. Their blue satin bonnets and white ostrich feathers oppress their heads; their crimson satin dresses blaze upon squat bodies, which have been submitted for the first, and probably the last time, to the screwing-in process of powerful stays. Next to the dress come the heavy boots laced up in front. The coachman wears blue and white ribbons; so do the horses; so even does the whip, nay, even the spokes of the wheels. During the journey, which takes half an hour to an hour, English porter, beer, and champagne are drunk by the driven and the drivers. On their reaching the inn, an expensive banquet is served, and the most expensive liquors which

the colony affords are circulated in profusion. Evening comes on, and everybody accumulates drunkenness on himself. Night arrives, and the whole party gallop back to Melbourne in the most hopeless state of intoxication, having squandered a sum which I dare not here name, for fear of encountering incredulity. A week is spent by the married pair in all these delicate outpourings of first love, and then satiety having intervened, and the gold-bag having diminished, the new bride awakes one morning without her partner at her side, and discovers that he has bolted to the diggings. She suffers great misery, and ultimately discovers that her partner having got more gold has married again in some other place, and that, in fact, he has had two or three consorts before herself. So she too, partly out of spite, partly from destitution, resolves to marry again. And thus the lower classes go on setting the marriage laws at defiance, to the utter despair of the clergymen, who see the inextricable social confusion prevailing around them, without the power to remedy it. It may be supposed that the publicans reap a rich harvest from so much social disorganisation. So fast are immigrants arriving, that this class of people have their houses crowded to suffocation, and sell their poisoned, adulterated liquors at fabulous prices. But even respectable landlords cannot prevent their houses

from being the scenes of low debauchery. Not long ago, a party of diggers were sitting drinking in the tap of a country inn, whilst a party of squatters were dining in an adjoining room. A strange idea seized the diggers: "Bring here," they shouted to the barman, "three dozen of champagne, and a large tub!" It was brought. "Now knock the tops of the bottles off, and pour away into the tub!" It was done. "Now get three dozen of sherry, and three dozen of porter, and mix it all up with the champagne!" That was done, too. The party then divested themselves of their boots and socks, sat round the tub, and washed their feet in the mixture, amid shouts of laughter and drunken cries. In a quarter of an hour they again called the barman, and bid him take the tub, with their compliments, to the swells in the next room, that they (the swells) may drink to their health in it; adding, "the swells have had it their own way long enough; it is now the poor man's turn." In the midst of all this social turmoil, the Colonial Government, although a little taken aback, acts, on the whole, with that firmness and good sense which British gentlemen always show in cases of emergency. And the press, too, setting apart a little too much party violence, nobly seconds the cause of order. The difficulty now is to get a sufficient police force on foot to check the disorder which prevails,

for men who come to dig gold will not act as policemen unless very well remunerated. A horse patrol has been established, the privates of which receive 8s. per diem, exclusive of rations and lodgings.

Oct. 4.—Paid the stabling for my two horses. They were charged ten shillings a-night each. On my remonstrating at the dearth of the price, I was told by the livery-stable keeper that I might think myself very lucky in getting off so cheaply, for that, in two or three days, he was going to increase the price to a pound a-night. This is on a par with having a short time ago paid 2*l.* for shoeing my two horses.

Oct. 11.—Embarked in a steamer for Sydney, and paid 12*l.* for a passage of three days. As we steamed down the bay, we passed three vessels full of immigrants sailing up into the land of promise.

Oct. 14.—Arrived off Sydney Heads at noon, and immediately entered through narrow and lofty portals of rock into the tranquil harbour, with its innumerable bays and coves, inlets and beaches. This diversity of the natural formation of the harbour is exquisitely graceful and pretty; yet all is spoilt by the frame of this beautiful picture—I mean the masses of unpicturesque timber, with its expressionless dull-green foliage, with which the shores are clothed and the circum-

jacent heights are crowned. Apart from this great defect, Sydney Harbour is perfect for its beauty. And near each pretty inlet and glittering miniature beach, are to be seen stately mansions, rising in the midst of pleasure-grounds. And the waters of the bay are most intensely blue; and this blue is here and there chequered by rocks or small islands, which give the charm of diversity to the whole. A man-of-war and some fine merchant-ships were lying at the various anchorages with which the bay abounds, and their sails, partly unfurled to dry from the night's rain, glistened in harmonious contrast between the deep azure above and the deeper azure below. Passing with difficulty through the busy crowd on the wharves, I put up at Petty's Hotel, which seems very good and very dear.

Oct. 15.—Visited the various points of interest which Sydney affords. George Street is a street which, for its length, its width, its good houses, wealthy shops, and busy thoroughfare, would do credit to any European capital. Of course there are some inequalities in it, indicative of a new country. There is the squalid cottage by the side of the stately warehouse. But the *tout ensemble* is most satisfactory to a reflecting mind. When I looked on the wealth, activity, and well-being existing around me, and beheld

the squares and terraces where the higher classes reside, and Government House, and the churches and public buildings which stud the city; and wandered through the exquisite Park and public gardens, with the long avenues clustering with roses; and watched rolling by me the well-appointed private and public equipages, my mind could not help reverting to sixty or seventy years ago, when the savage indigenes of the district had to give place to bands of white convicts, scarcely less savage, and certainly more terrible than they. Sydney, like the greater Rome, took its rise from the soil of crime. One was at the commencement as much a *refugium peccatorum* as the other. There are in George Street the walls of the unfinished Anglican Cathedral, the state of which does no credit either to the city or our Church. In the burying-ground hard by is a very curious epitaph, which I discovered and copied. It runs thus:—

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF J. JUSTICE, WHO DEPARTED
THIS LIFE APRIL 20TH, ANNO DOMINO (*sic*) 1804.

A constable & chinea Mender but
Death his Genius has suspended
His chinea broke o well a day
And crates of Ware His turnd to clay.”

I also visited the Roman Catholic Church; a plain, spacious building. That religion seems here in a flourishing state. The Romanists have

an Archbishop (Count Polding) and a Suffragan Bishop (Davis), besides a very large staff of priests.

Oct. 17 (Sunday).—At the extremity of the district allotted to me stands a large building, with an imposing façade, called the Darlinghurst Court-House, where the criminal sessions are held. As there is no church yet built, the Chief Justice, with much courtesy, has permitted me for the present to hold Divine Service in this place. I accordingly began my ministerial duties at eleven o'clock this morning. I occupied the whole of the judge's platform. The congregation occupied the seats allotted to the jury and the functionaries of the court, and also several rows of benches, which were placed where the barristers' long table usually stands. In front of me stood the prisoners' box, like a huge pew, surmounted by strong iron spikes. Behind that, too, was a large space (space allotted for the promiscuous public), available for my congregation; and above that was a heavy gallery, capable of containing two or three hundred persons. About seventy attended, which was very satisfactory, considering that the district, as a regularly defined Church district, is new, and that it is considered to be chiefly populated by persons dissenting from the tenets of the Anglican Church. I felt rather nervous at the beginning of the Service, seeing

where I was. Standing, as I did, close in front of the judge's chair, I had on my right the box whence the word "guilty" had been so often dispensed by the foreman of the jury; a little beyond was the box appropriated to the governor of the gaol. On my left was the witness-box, and the space allotted to jurors in waiting; whilst before me frowned like a fortification a huge pulpit, in which so many prisoners had heard the pleasing sounds of acquittal, or convicted criminals, the solemn tones of the judge pronouncing sentence of death. Although I believe that most of those who assisted at the Service were drawn together more from curiosity than any other motive, their behaviour was most exemplary. As I have declined to employ a clerk, a few of my friends responded with an audible voice; and the Offertory, which I have introduced at this commencement of my career, and do not intend to relinquish, yielded to the Church Fund 22s. I anticipate great comfort and assistance from two most worthy inhabitants of my district, Mr. E—— and Mr. G——, who hold common-sense, unexaggerated views concerning the doctrines and discipline of the Anglican Church.

Nov. 2.—To-day I walked in the Government Domain and gardens. It is impossible to conceive any site more favoured by nature, and more gracefully arranged by art, than this. The

Domain is a spacious park, occupying a peninsula, round which the waters of the bay sleep or fret as the humour takes them. Here are spacious roads, winding paths, open grass-plots, mimic forests, all combined with exceeding good taste in comparatively a small space ; whilst here and there, on some eminence, are commodious seats, shaded by some venerable patriarch of the woods, where, sitting, I enjoyed an extensive view of the lake-like expanse of waters around, " dimpled with smiles," and inhaled refreshing breezes from the cool south. And this is no lifeless prospect. Lofty ships under a spread of canvas, swift-moving sailing-boats, and tiny row-boats, pass and repass with unceasing activity, and give an increased interest to a scene perfectly beautiful, even without this extraneous aid. And just below me, in a small bay, was a commodious swimming-bath, so fitted up that sharks may not annoy the bather ; for even here the translucent waters harbour those demons of the sea. Not long ago some persons were bathing close to the baths—unfortunately, not in the baths—and a large shark seized one of the swimmers by the top of the thigh, so close to the shore that he was scarce out of his depth. His companions came to the rescue, and pulled him back by the body into his depth, the fish still retaining his hold. Then commenced a terrible tussle and

pull—two men against a shark for the body of an agonised human creature. They were victorious, for they pulled the poor fellow out of the grasp of his monstrous persecutor; and yet the shark was not altogether vanquished, for he kept his teeth so closely shut that all the flesh of the thigh and leg remained in his mouth. The poor human sufferer died on the bank immediately afterwards, with the whole of his limb denuded of flesh and muscle. It had been actually dragged through the clenched fangs of his relentless enemy. From the Domain I entered into the garden. This, too, is laid out with much taste, and contains rare trees, and plants, and shrubs. There are long alleys entirely arcaded with roses, which shade the path, and at the same time shed forth an unspeakable fragrance. Here is a grand Norfolk Island pine, with its graceful foliage shooting out in heavy masses near the trunk, and then gradually diminishing as it rises most straightly, stage above stage, to an immense altitude, where it finishes in a spire-like point. Here, too, I saw a very fine Moreton Bay fig-tree, with its large-spreading leaves close to the ground, affording an infinity of shade. Here, also, I saw a most curious and gigantic creeper, clasping the lofty wall in its bizarre embrace. Long was it before I could tire of strolling through the verdant and well-kept

alleys of this enchanted spot, and I thought that, whatever unpleasantness might, from divers causes, be inseparable from a life in Sydney, this Government Domain and garden of Armida ought to reconcile one to a long residence here. Indeed I have been told that many Indian officers prefer spending their leave in Sydney to going home.

Nov. 8.—The Sydney people seem to be taken with exciting theatrical announcements, just as their kinsmen in the old empire. The performance of to-night is —

TEN THOUSAND TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCKS;

OR,

THE GUNNER AND THE FOUNDLING.

FOLLOWED BY

GLENDOWER OF SNOWDON;

OR,

THE ROCK OF DEATH.

Nov. 9.—In passing through the public garden, on my way to bathe, I walked through an alley nearly a quarter of a mile long, entirely hedged and arched over with jasmine and honeysuckle: the air absolutely reeked with an overpowering fragrance. I then visited a most sterile sandy tract, lying at the southerly extremity of my district, the Surrey Hills. Such a scene of desolation I never witnessed. A large tract of sand extended as far as the eye could reach.

This sand, blasts of the south winds have raised into hill-like masses, which year after year continue advancing, little by little, burying houses, encroaching on the surrounding cultivation, and even intruding on the public roads. As I toiled over these hills, twice my foot struck against the chimney-tops of buried substantial cottages, long since abandoned to the invading "restless mass," thus onward moving day by day. If some means be not taken to arrest the progress of this advancing sand-plague, I do not exactly see why, in the course of many lustres, Sydney may not share the same fate as these cottages. Much is talked about arresting its progress, but nothing is done, because the danger is gradual, not imminent: nevertheless, it is danger. The most feasible plan for stopping these masses would be to plant them over with a certain shrub of the country which takes most kindly to a sandy soil. This remedy is so simple and inexpensive that I am at a loss to conceive why it has not been already resorted to.

Nov. 11.—Having become a subscriber to the "Sydney Morning Herald," which, from the talents and respectability of Mr. Kemp, its proprietor and editor, its temperate views of things, its numberless advertisements, and the care with which it is got up, may well be placed on a level with any European journal, I amused myself by

tracking the tone of surrounding society in some of the advertisements. The following are some selections:—

**“MALCOM'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AMPHI-
THEATRE, YORK STREET.**

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

“The admirers of grace, strength, and agility, may visit Malcom's celebrated and fashionable place of amusement, where every variety of performance, melo-dramatic representations, on Arab steeds of the purest blood, by Malcom's not-to-be-equalled artistes, British and foreign (*sic*). The house having been recently decorated in first-rate style, the most fastidious may venture to while (*sic*) away a dull hour without the slightest apprehension of immorality. See bills of the day.—J. MALCOM, Proprietor.”

“TO MUSICIANS.—Wanted, a Pianist, one accustomed to a concert-room; also, a Comic Singer, and a Steady Man to drive a Coach. Apply at the Crown and Kettle, York and Bank Streets.”

“SERVANTS WANTED.—Male or Female, old or young; any country, colour, or religion, for seven miles from Sydney. The very highest wages given, but first-rate good characters will be called for. No lazy humbugs need apply at 360 Pitt Street, to B. C. Rodd.”

“THE NAG'S HEAD (corner of Castlereagh and Goulburn Streets).—S. Robertson (late of the Nag's Head, Pitt Street), begs leave to inform the public and his friends that he has removed to the above house, which he has spared no expense in fitting up in a *recherché* and first-rate style. The wines, spirits, ales, &c., are of the best qualities to be procured the colony; but, above all, S. R. requests that his friends will

try and appreciate the following *iced* beverages, which he is determined to have at a minute's notice ready for distributing during the summer months, viz.

Sherry cobblera.	Mint juleps.
Gin cocktails.	Brandy smashes.
Stone fences.	Doctors.
Spiders and no flies.	

"These delicious, cooling beverages, so well known and valued in warm countries, shall be totted up in such a style as to please the palate of the most finished epicure.

"Port, sherry, champagne, and most of the delicious wines of the south of France and Switzerland, can also be had.

"Board and lodging, and in fact every requisite that a good licensed house ought to have, will be found abundantly at the Nag's Head."

Nov. 13.—Was introduced to an English gentleman, who has just arrived from his travels among the New Zealanders. He told me many interesting facts of this fine and vigorous race, who are as far superior to the Australian indigenes as the English are superior to the modern Greeks or Italians. He told me that they call the Methodists by a long name, which being interpreted means, "Sweet-is-the-word-of-the-preacher," because they (the preachers) dwell more on their own sins than on those of the congregation.* The Romanists they call Amenikous, because they require the people to say Amen so often. If the wife of a native preacher presume to go to sleep during his sermon, or to

* I write this as it was told to me.

find fault with his doctrines, he excommunicates her forthwith. This seems a judicious exercise and application of the marital prerogative.

Nov. 16.—Rode to South Head, one of the portals of the Bay, and gazed from a cliff 250 feet in height, over the waste of the Pacific waters, which stretch away without let or hindrance as far as the Antarctic Pole. Returned by Vacluse, the beautiful seat of Mr. Wentworth, one of the Australian magnates, and Alexandria.

Nov. 20.—Made one of a great crowd who ran down to the battery to see the "Great Britain" come in on her first voyage to Sydney. She looked huge and majestic. I thought of the strange career of this noble vessel. Built in Bristol, she seemed doomed to inactivity; for the narrow dock-gates refused egress to her enormous bulk. Ashore for a year in Dundrum Bay, her fate seemed inevitable, until she was rescued from her perilous position at an enormous trouble and expense. To-day I saw her grandly steaming, after a prosperous voyage, into a harbour of the far Antipodes—a moving monument of the dogged perseverance and indomitable energies of the British people.

Nov. 21 (Sunday).—At Divine Service to-day at the Court-House, observed, to my sorrow, that gaily-dressed people predominated in the congregation, and that few of the lower classes at-

tended. Most of these former come from a neighbouring district, called Woolloomoolloo. They come early and get the best seats. If the Court-House obtain the reputation of being a fashionable resort, farewell to the object for which I was placed here—that of ministering to the spiritual wants of a poor and neglected population. For the British lower orders of society, than whom a more haughty race does not exist in any part of the globe, will not amalgamate with what are called “the better classes” at church; and for this reason, that they will not allow their shabby appearance to be placed in contrast with the comfortable and well-to-do appearance of others, whose parents, probably, have been one of themselves. It is not immorality or infidelity which keeps the lower orders of English away from Church; it is pride, and perhaps not altogether a useless pride—not, indeed, that any pride is excusable which leads us to forego the means of grace: but it is that feeling which stimulates them to better their condition in life, and raise themselves out of the slough of poverty and obscurity. Thus originate that intense activity and unceasing progress which prevail in our social universe. Dined with the Rev. G. K——, a most worthy and zealous incumbent here, who for seven years was a missionary clergyman in West and South Australia. He told me, that

once as he was travelling by the sea-side, he was nearly perishing of thirst, no fresh water being near; so he dismounted, undressed, and stood up to his neck in the sea for ten minutes. This relieved his thirst much, and by repeating it at intervals he was enabled to arrive at the next station.

Nov. 22.—Went with a party to Botany Bay, the part of New South Wales which was first occupied by our convict establishments in 1787. It was soon abandoned for the site where Sydney now stands. After traversing six miles of sterile soil, we arrived at the Sir Joseph Banks Inn, where we left our horses, that we might walk to Botany Heads. During a thunder-storm we took refuge in the Coast-Guard House, where we were hospitably received and entertained. From this tower is enjoyed an extraordinarily fine view of the neighbouring heights, and the ceaselessly-moving waters of the Pacific.

On a well-adapted spot stand plain monuments, erected to the memory of La Pérouse and Le Receveur. They bear the following inscriptions:—

À LA MÉMOIRE DE
M. DE LA PÉROUSE.
CETTE TERRE,
QU'IL VISITA
EN MDCCCLXXXVIII.
EST LA DERNIÈRE
D'OÙ IL A FAIT PARTIR
DE SES NOUVELLES.

ERIGÉ AU NOM DE LA FRANCE
PAR MM. DE LA BOUGAINVILLE
ET DU CAMPIER, COMMANDANT
DE LA FRÉGATE THÉTIS, ET LA
CORVETTE ESPÉRANCE, EN RELÂCHE
À PORT JACKSON.

HIC JACET LE RECEVEUR,
EX F. F. MINORIBUS ORTUS
GALLÆ SACERDOS,
PHYSICUS IN CIRCUMNAVIGATIONE MUNDI
DUCE D. DE LA PÉROUSE.
OBIT 17 FEB. 1788.

The chief of the Coast-Guard told me that he delighted in catching sharks; and that when he got one he took out his liver, which is very large, and laid it in the sun. The heat would cause it to run away into oil, which was very fine and pure, and afforded him light for all the winter months.

Nov. 24.—A great storm to-day of thunder and lightning. Hail, or rather jagged masses of ice, fell as large as small hens' eggs. They fell with great force on the trottoir, some bounding up again to a great height, some smashing into a thousand pieces.

Nov. 29.—Went to the Immigrant Dépôt, and saw thirty young women, who have just arrived. They looked a very ordinary, coarse-bred set. The ladies complain that they are not good for

much ; that they are idle, saucy, and take to bad ways. I am perfectly assured, that in a new country like Australia, where the numerical preponderance lies so much on the men's side, anything in the shape of a woman is better than nothing ; but yet it would be well if the voyage could be made the channel of instilling moral and religious culture into these poor, neglected women : instead of this, it often becomes the means of corrupting them.

Dec. 1.—I went to a choral meeting held in St. James' School, where were sung by amateurs, madrigals, glees, catches, and choruses of the sixteenth century and later, with excellent effect. In the programme I saw the names of Dowland, 1588 ; Cavendish, 1598. Among the musical pieces I heard " Hard by a Fountain," composed in 1534 ; " Sweet Honey-sucking Bee," by Wilbye, 1600 ; " Come, gentle Spring," music by Haydn ; " Hark, the Curfew's solemn Sound," by Attwood ; " Merry, merry Elves we be," by Smith.

Dec. 7.—Sat in the Court-House to hear the criminal trials. One of the prisoners was very saucy, and cross-examined the witnesses with great effrontery. The Judge (Dickinson), in speaking to the Crown Prosecutor, used the term " out-and-out."

Dec. 10.—News arrived in Sydney by the

"Chusan" of the death of the Duke of Wellington.

Dec. 14.—Having scruples about receiving aid from Dissenters towards a church which I am endeavouring to have built in my district, I consulted on the subject a high ecclesiastical authority here—(not the Bishop, who is in England)—for I think that a delicate sense of honour is compromised by receiving assistance from persons whose opinions we condemn, and whom we have pre-determined not to assist in return. In the colonies, Church matters cannot be carried with such a high hand as at home. Even the Church of Rome in Australia is not the Church of Rome in Rome, or Naples, or Spain. Adapting herself with wonderful tact and knowledge of mankind to the moral characteristics of the races which she sways, her bands becomes more elastic as she draws them round the freedom-loving common-sense members of the Anglo-Saxon race. In theory "*semper eadem*," she is in practice "*semper mutabilis*," and Proteus-like. The liquefaction of S. Januarius' blood and other modern Romish miracles would not go at all in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide; therefore they are not attempted.

Dec. 15.—Went on board a small cutter just arrived from the South Seas under the American flag, and bought some spears and tomahawks

which had been obtained from some of the islands. On board there was a poor girl crouching, motionless as a statue. In the evening I was told that the American captain took her as she was swimming round the ship near Savage Island, and kept her for his pleasure, and now is trying to sell her along with his other "notions," as he expresses himself.

Dec. 22.—Attended a flower-show in the Botanical Gardens. All the Sydney fashionables were there, the ladies very grandly dressed in vivid colours, not too well contrasted. The flowers were few, but rare and curious. In the evening I presided at a public meeting about Church matters at the Court-House, which was very well attended. Six clergymen were present, and two reporters, one from the "Herald," the other from the "Empire." I put seven resolutions to the meeting, which were carried unanimously, and everything went off most satisfactorily. The difficulty we labour under is to build our church at the advanced rate of wages. It will cost three times more than it would have cost before the discovery of gold.

Christmas Day.—Assisted at the early Communion at Christ Church, a church which, for the solemnity of its numerous services, and the devout behaviour of its crowded congregations, ranks as the first in Australia, and second to none in England. The incumbent's name is

Walsh, and this gentleman has immensely forwarded Church matters in Sydney. No less than ninety-eight persons partook of the Blessed Eucharist this morning. Of course, the sentence accompanying the distribution of the elements was pointedly addressed to each individual, according to the not-to-be-evaded rubrical command,—“And when the Minister delivereth the bread to *any one*, he shall say,” &c. &c. &c. I then had my own Service, and afterwards attended Christ Church Afternoon Service. At seven I dined at the hospitable table of Sir Alfred Stephen, the Chief Justice, where, in a midsummer heat, I endeavoured to realise the fact, that we were celebrating the Festival of the Nativity of our Lord.

Dec. 26.—Buried a little child at the Cemetery. Having no umbrella during the Service, I suffered much from the heat. This cemetery is not at all well kept.

Dec. 31.—Thermometer 107° in the shade, from two to four, P.M. Having purchased a horse, I bought to-day a saddle for him, also maize, bran, hay, and straw. The saddle cost me 6*l.* 10*s.*; the maize, 6*s.* the bushel; bran, 2*s.* the bushel; hay, 14*s.* the hundred weight; straw, 1*s.* 9*d.* the bundle. The keep of the horse for two days at a livery-stable cost me 18*s.* Thus in Sydney one's purse perspires as well as body.

Being determined to have a choir of boys to take the musical part of the Service, I engaged a gentleman lately arrived from Ireland to teach the little fellows the science of music, and to lead them on Sundays. They are to have two lessons, of two hours' duration, two evenings in the week. Our limited finances will not justify me in giving this gentleman more than 26*l.* a-year to begin with, but I hope to be able to increase it soon. Assisted at a Midnight Service at Christ Church. The church was crowded to excess, and all went off very well, in spite of the almost unendurable heat. The idea of ushering in the new year with public prayer and supplication is so perfectly in accordance with Christian tenets, and so sound and unexaggerated, that I am surprised that the custom is not more general than it is.

Jan. 1, 1853.—Preached at Christ Church, on the Circumcision of our Lord, to a very good congregation. Perused a paragraph in a newspaper, which is one of the terrible episodes inseparable from life in the Australian bush:—“Some parties travelling along the Molong Creek, when near Gohamma Hill, came upon the dead body of a man. It had been dragged about ten yards down the brink of the creek, and was frightfully mutilated, having been nearly stripped of flesh by the native dogs. His name and the manner of his death remain a mystery.” It is

most probable that the poor fellow had been murdered for the sake of plunder. We have now a great many Californian adventurers here, and they have the reputation of being very reckless, hesitating at nothing, however desperate. A few days ago I went to the swimming-baths, and found everything in confusion, for a man had plunged into deep water, although he could not swim, and became quite senseless before he could be dragged out. After a good deal of rubbing and administering of restoratives he came to himself, and the first words he uttered were, "I thought I was a gone'coon;" and then he added a few more horrible expletives. He was from California.

Jan. 22.—Among my sick, is the wife of a small tradesman. She complains bitterly of the gold diggings, for she says that they have seduced her husband away from a very fair business, and given him nothing in return. In fact, she is so badly off that I must assist her. This gold mania affects the steadiest people with roving propensities. People say that the sight of the rich virgin gold cropping out from the soil after a hard dig, is something too exciting to be described. And this hunting for the precious metal is as uncertain as a lottery. Two men will have two pits side by side. One man will get three or four thousand pounds' worth before he

has dug twenty feet, whilst his neighbour will go down a hundred feet and find nothing. Again, the latter, in disgust, will sell his pit to the former for a trifle, and go away to other ground. The new occupant will dig two feet further and find a great isolated lump of pure gold, weighing, perhaps, fifty pounds. It is this gambling and uncertain nature of the operation which renders it so fascinating and so demoralising. Yet it is impossible not to recognise in this great migratory movement of races in search of gold, the hand of an All-wise Providence working by secondary causes. Fertile regions lie unexplored and unoccupied in one quarter of the globe, overcrowded populations starve in another. Powerful inducements are required to stimulate these starving and unquiet masses to traverse a waste of waters, and occupy regions teeming with every wealth; and under Providence a powerful inducement is found. That lump of gold—the metal which men most covet—found by a poor black fellow as it cropped up above the soil near Bathurst, has entirely changed the destinies of Australia. Three years ago this wonderful country was so coolly looked upon at home as a haven for emigration, that few people availed themselves even of Government free passages, and cultivation of the finest land in the world went on slowly for want of means. Now large ships, with crowded

living freights, fill the harbours of Adelaide, Sydney, and Melbourne, the population of which last city has increased in eighteen months from 25,000 to 100,000. Not many years ago, the same cause made the fertile desolate California to become the drain of the restless spirits of the over-populated United States, seaboard, and the results in the two auriferous countries will ultimately be the same. Enormous populations will grow up quite unconnected with the diggings, and apply themselves to commerce, agriculture, and the arts. Christianity will have diffused its blessed influence over countries once inhabited by the grizzly bear or the almost equally savage man, and thus the moral universe will advance with slow and solemn steps to that glorious consummation prophetically set forth by Isaiah, — “The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

Jan. 24.—Went on a visit to an Australian gentleman's house in the Vale of Mulgoa, forty miles from Sydney. He lives in a spacious mansion surrounded by a most fertile estate, which yields him everything that a family can require. His table is admirably served, and his equipage, save in some little details imperceptible to most, is certainly equal to the turn-out of any country English gentleman. He has ten acres near the house laid down with Rhine, Hermitage, and Por-

tugal vines. The wines turn out very well, but roughish and tremendously strong. They are also capricious, and get pricked all of a sudden without any assignable cause. My hospitable friend consumes all that he produces, and is most liberal of his wine to all his retainers, who have with great good taste taken to like his wholesome wine rather than the poisonous importations from England, called spirits, beer, and wine. I am glad to say that the rising Australian population are particularly sober, and probably will take, in time, to a moderate consumption of their own country wines.

Jan. 25.—Visited Richmond, a town that lies close under the first range of Blue Mountains, where, in a beautiful cottage, surrounded by a small and fertile estate which yields every necessary of life, live two sisters, ladies who are the kindest and most hospitable people in the world, gladdening surrounding society. I was introduced to the clergyman and surgeon of the district, both excellent men. I wandered in the spacious garden of my friends, where, amidst the odour of an avenue of orange-trees, and the fragrance of roses and honeysuckles, jasmine, carnations, and the thyme borders, I admired under a pure, elastic atmosphere, the rugged, serrated summits of the not distant mountain range.

Jan. 27.—While I was visiting the wool-press, and looking at some young horses, a thunder-storm came on. It was quite terrifying to see the forked lightning darting like fiery arrows amid the surrounding forest, levelling huge trees, and accompanied, not followed, by roars of thunder. We feared for the premises, but, thank God, they were spared. Two miles away, a barn was consumed by the fiery javelins of heaven.

Jan. 28.—Rode to see a fine view of the Nepean river, which here leaves the Mulgoa plain, and flows through densely-wooded heights of mighty altitude. We stood upon a rock called Gibraltar, and looked down a thousand feet, watching the clear river steadily flowing beneath us. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten. In the evening I dined at the house of another Australian magnate, whose rooms were adorned with pictures and statuary, and whose dinner was served, setting aside some trifling discrepancies, quite faultlessly. At night some German vine-dressers attached to the estate came in, and sweetly sang, without accompaniment, songs of the Fatherland.

Jan. 29.—Rode into Sydney, and on the way experienced the effects of the day before yesterday's storm. The road was cut up by the rain-torrents, and huge trees, some rooted out of their

sockets by the hurricane, others blasted by the lightning, lay scattered round us, or impeded our path.

Jan. 31.—Made a great many ministerial calls in my district. Find that the Sydney ladies will not take the trouble to make their toilet in early morning. So, when I call at one or two o'clock, I have to wait twenty minutes or half-an-hour, and then they come down looking rather flurried and fragrant of soap.

Feb. 1.—Was present at a meeting of the Diocesan Society. There was very much irrelevant talk, and very little, if anything, done.

Feb. 2.—I took Morning Service at Christ Church, it being the Feast of the Purification.

Feb. 9.—Having determined to give an Evening Service every day in Lent, I began this evening (*Ash Wednesday*) in Mr. D——'s school-room, which has been kindly lent me for the purpose. Twenty persons attended, which is a very good beginning.

Feb. 16.—Having been appointed Chaplain to Sydney Gaol, I entered on my functions there to-day.

Feb. 20 (Sunday).—Took my first Service at the gaol this morning at nine. In the middle of a long corridor against the wall is a pulpit arranged, from which the Prayers are read and the Sermon is preached. In the body of this

corridor, to the right and left of the Officiating Minister, are arranged the prisoners. A thick veil divides the males from the females. Everything went off with great order and decorum, but I felt very gloomy at seeing so many criminals congregated together, with their short hair and sad-coloured prison clothes, and at hearing the occasional clanking of chains.

Feb. 23.—Gave a full Service at the gaol, and afterwards had certain prisoners brought in, one after the other, to the cell which is appropriated to me. I had a very satisfactory interview with four men, who spoke frankly and honestly, without making any attempt to deceive me by over-profections. Some women whom I saw, were very disgusting people in every way.

Feb. 25.—Hear a great deal of indignation expressed at the revelations which have been made concerning the gambling which has been going on during the outward voyage of the "Cleopatra," a fine, gaudily-ornamented steamer, just arrived from England. They say that French hazard was played every evening on board; that some of the players were professed sharpers; and that several passengers were victimised to a large amount. Whether this indignation be well-founded I know not, for I find that the most exaggerated statements find a ready currency in the colonies. Yet I think that no captain of a

ship is justified in allowing his cuddy-table to be nightly occupied by parties playing at games of chance.

Feb. 27 (Sunday).—At nine A.M. I gave a full Service at the gaol ; at ten I opened the Sunday-school, and catechised ; then I had full Service at the Court-House, which was finished at one ; I then gave Exposition to some sick prisoners in the gaol infirmary ; at half-past two I dined with the worthy governor of the gaol, Captain Webster ; after that I attended the Sunday-school, which is opened to-day for the first time in the afternoon ; and at seven officiated at the Evening Service in the Court-House. Everything in my district progresses most satisfactorily. The Services at the Court-House were very fully attended, and at the Sunday-schools no less than forty children were present, many of whom, if they were not with me, would be running about the streets. And then I make it a *sine quid non* that all the children accompany me from the school-room to church in due order, two and two. This proceeding not only makes an effect in the eyes of Dissenters, who, until now, have had it all their own way here, but it prevents the children from sily getting away and going to chapel, or somewhere worse.

Feb. 28.—Had a very small congregation at my Lenten Service this evening, owing, I believe,

to a large tea-drinking going on in a Methodist chapel hard by.

March 1.—The dust in Sydney and the suburbs is perfectly frightful to-day. It fills the nose, eyes, and mouth, until the victim is nearly choked.

March 3.—A certain woman who had prayed me to visit her on her sick-bed, and professed to have become aware of the errors of Roman Catholic tenets which she had formerly held, to-day insolently ordered me out of her cottage, asserting that she had returned to the true faith. Without entering into the vexed question of the demerits of Popery, and the comparative perfection of Anglicanism as representing a visible Christian Church, I can assert, as a practical person, speaking from experience, that I have the greatest possible suspicion of Roman Catholic people who profess to see the errors of their religion and wish to “turn,” as the lower classes express themselves. None of the pretended “conversions,” to which I have been witness, have turned out satisfactorily.

March 22.—Having occasion to make use of a hackney-coach for three hours, I had to pay 15s. for it. Sydney is rapidly becoming as dear as Melbourne.

March 26 (Saturday in Passion Week).—Gave a full Evening Service in the school-room, as I have done every evening this week. Many have attended, some few Wesleyans.

March 29.—A man is in gaol charged with murder; the charge he, of course, denies, and begs me to busy myself about his defence. So, to-day I have been exerting myself to get *alibi* evidence for him. It would be a terrible thing for me to have to attend him on the scaffold, even if he were guilty; much more so, if I considered him to be innocent.

March 31.—Bought one of Alexander's Harmoniums at an auction-room in Sydney. I will place it in the Court-House, the singing master will play it, and I hope to get up a choral-service. I buy it on my own account for 19*l.*, and on Sunday I will propose that the congregation take it from me for 18*l.* I am sure they would do it, if it cost double.

April 2.—Spent the morning at the gaol, visiting the men and women's side. One of the men came up to me very consequentially, and held out his hand, saying, "I am glad to see a brother clergyman, sir." I asked him who he was; and he turned out to be some popular dissenting preacher—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Independent, I forget which—who had had three years' imprisonment given him for raising money at a pawnbroker's on some casks of tallow, which on examination turned out to be full of sand, with tallow ingeniously arranged at the tops and bottoms. Of course he made out that the jury were wrong, and that his brother-

ministers would not assist him out of jealousy. I do not like his manners at all: but, at his earnest request, I took some voluminous papers and promised to look over his case. A female prisoner begged some money of me. Her time will be up very soon, and she wants to obtain support till she can obtain a place. I, who know that, though she is an excellent cook, she is a drunken, depraved woman, gave her what she wanted, praying her to abstain in future from her bad ways. She promised me most solemnly that she would. Find everything very clean and orderly at the gaol, and the turnkeys—at least the men turnkeys—decent, respectable people. The Governor of the gaol is a gentleman; he is severe and just, and seems to be universally esteemed and respected.

April 3 (Sunday).—We tried the Harmonium to-day, the singing-master playing, and the boys chanting the Venite, the Psalms, the Te Deum, the Jubilate, and the Versicles, between the Commandments. All went off admirably. I advertised after the Nicene Creed the state of the case to the congregation, and begged those who wished to contribute to the purchase of the instrument to put their names down on a paper after Divine Service. The result was that 20*l.* were subscribed in five minutes, being 2*l.* more than required. I always find that the laity, if they are treated with candid confidence, will do

anything for the Church. My choir is composed of the sons of small tradesmen, and they are little fellows who have distinguished themselves in the Sunday-school. They have two music lessons a-week, of two hours each, and are expected to sing very correctly. I make them little presents at times, and have got together a small circulating library for them. They are very proud of their position, and induce other play-fellows to come to school and church; and then, in time, the careless parents, too, are shamed into coming also. These twelve boys' and four men's voices, two bass, one tenor, the other counter-tenor, made a very good effect to-day. Hitherto we have been chanting without accompaniment, a very good exercise for the boys.

April 4.—The woman to whom I gave the money on Saturday, called at my house to-day with a terrible black eye, and in a very uproarious state of drunkenness, to thank "the Minister for his good advice and his kindness to her when she was in trouble."

April 6.—Attended the criminal sessions at the Court-House. Left abruptly, for some disagreeable case came on in which Chinese were mixed up. These people are the most abominable sensualists in the world, and I cannot conceive it to be any advantage to any country to be so overrun with them as Australia is.

April 9.—Sat in Court ten hours, watching the trial of that man for murder. I was the more interested in the case, because I had endeavoured to procure, at his earnest request, some *alibi* evidence for him, and I was not quite satisfied with the result of my investigations. After a very long trial the man was acquitted. His behaviour in the dock was bold and audacious. In the Court I recognised an individual who, a few years ago, fled from his country for speculating with the funds of a public institution, of which he was secretary or treasurer. These speculations ultimately induced immense losses. What admirable means do our colonies afford to faded characters for turning over a new leaf! This gentleman, instead of passing his life in penury and disgrace in the cheap purlieus of Boulogne, Paris, or Brussels, is now in a position for making a brilliant career in a new country. If successful in his profession, he can accept office under the Government and become one of the Ministry: if unsuccessful and soured, he can enter the Opposition and embarrass the ruling powers under the guise of patriotism: nay, as time wears on, it might come to pass that he may sit in the presidential chair, guiding the destinies of the Great Australasian Republic.

April 20.—In the evening I was introduced to a young lady, the daughter of an English

gentleman by a New Zealand mother. She was of a rich brown colour, with luxuriant hair, and seemed possessed of much intelligence, modesty, and amiability. I heard her play some difficult operatic German music, with much correctness and feeling.

April 27.—Saw a small cottage sold for 1630*l.* that a respectable English family would not live in. But a respectable family here must be content to live in it, and be content to pay a high rent for it. New South Wales is suffering all the disadvantages of a gold-producing country, such as rise of rent, provisions, wages, and universal confusion, without as yet reaping any corresponding advantages.

May 14.—A great many people are ill with the influenza. Illnesses here are much more rapid in their progress than in England; and people recover with great rapidity as soon as the crisis is passed. I have known persons to be in excellent health; then on the point of death, attended by two doctors; and then recovered again, though looking a little pulled down—all in the space of three or four days. I do not consider Sydney a particularly healthy place. The air is relaxing and causes great nervous irritability, and the people look nesh and creamy, and are continually liable to derangements. The doctors are always on the run, and some of them

make excellent incomes. One of them is said to make three or four thousand a-year. He is said to have been sent out of England twenty or thirty years ago for being concerned in a duel.

May 20.—Was introduced to Lord H—— S—— and Lord S—— K——, who, accompanied by a clergyman, are wisely visiting Australia.

May 25.—To-day came out to Sydney the melancholy news that our venerable Bishop is dead. His loss is a great blow to the colony, and especially to the clergy, to whom he was a benefactor, a teacher, and a friend. We attribute his death to the hardships he sustained in crossing the isthmus of Panama on his return home. For instance, his mule got bogged, became restive, and threw him heavily.

May 26.—Went to a concert. Haydn's "Surprise" was deliciously played. The audience behaved remarkably well, and applauded in the right place.

May 31.—Had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Lewis Filmore, who has come out here as the correspondent of the "Times." This gentleman has made the best translation of the first part of the "Faust" that we have.

June 1.—Rode out to Cook's River, near which I visited two very old people, gipsies, from whom have sprung a very numerous tribe—no less, I am informed, than seventy or eighty souls.

June 7.—Attended a Diocesan Meeting, which was much more fertile in desultory conversation than practical resolutions.

June 9.—Gave the Sunday-school children a tea-drinking. Seventy attended, a number that I have never yet seen on Sundays. They were regaled with a magic lantern afterwards, to their great glee.

June 15.—Visited the gaol. There is a great emulation among the prisoners as to who is to be my clerk. Have some difficulty in deciding.

July 4.—Attended a large public meeting in St. James's school-room, in aid of the funds of the Sydney Cathedral. The Bishop of New Zealand, who has touched at Sydney on his way to the islands of the Pacific, presided. I was much struck by his noble bearing and his irresistible eloquence. He put me in mind of a New Zealand chief haranguing his followers. He used much action, and exquisitely modulated his voice. He told us how the New Zealanders would spare no sacrifice in erecting a house of God, and then appealed to the generosity of the Sydney people, who had suffered their Cathedral to remain so long unfinished. He quoted with great effect those noble lines of Wordsworth :—

“ Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ”

His appeal was irresistible. 600*l.* were subscribed there and then, and we are filled with hopes that a great reproach to Sydney will be wiped out.

July 6.—Dined at the same table with twenty Polynesian boys and two Maré girls, whom the Bishop of New Zealand, after educating them in the College at Auckland, is taking home in the Missionary yacht to their respective parents. They all seemed well-behaved, intelligent young people, and regarded their protector and his good lady with feelings akin to adoration. After dinner they set to at cricket with great energy. Future Church chroniclers will say great things of this Bishop Selwyn. His successful labours as a missionary and humaniser of savage nations will cause him to be ranked as one of the great spirits of the age.

July 19.—Attended a Missionary meeting, at which were present the Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle. The Bishop of Newcastle's see extends to the northward of Sydney, embracing Moreton Bay and Wide Bay. He is a bishop less known in England than the other Australasian bishops, yet he is one of the most successful. Some of the bishops are disliked by their clergy, others by the laity; but this excellent prelate is appreciated and beloved by both clergy and laity: by the former, because he acts to them

as a brother, and not a hard taskmaster; by the latter, because he acts towards them with judicious firmness and the most entire good faith. "Our bishop," many have told me, "is a fair man and straightforward, and in all his ecclesiastical arrangements we can depend on him." An excellent character this of a man, who from the nature of his diocese has an immense deal of ecclesiastical organisation to do. His personal energy, too, is great; and often fifty, sixty, and seventy miles a-day are traversed on horseback by Bishop Tyrrell.

July 21.—A prisoner died in the gaol hospital from aneurism of the aorta.

July 22.—Visited several sick persons. Many people are ill, owing to the extraordinarily sudden changes of the atmosphere. Influenza is now raging for the third time during the last nine months.

July 30.—The Bishop of New Zealand left Sydney in a vessel called the "Gratitude."

Aug. 6.—Rode on horseback to Botany Bay and La Pérouse's monument. I was out three hours altogether, and I was charged fifteen shillings for the hire of the horse.

Aug. 10.—Had my usual Wednesday Service at the gaol. There are four men here, escaped convicts from Norfolk Island. They got away from the island in a boat, after drowning one

or two of their keepers. They then plundered of her provisions a small schooner, which was lying in the offing, and directed their course, as they thought, for Port Phillip. But they much mistook their course, for they sighted land in the Moreton Bay district. They endeavoured at first to coast along; but being short of provisions, soon desisted from that, and took to the bush. Soon news arrived from Norfolk Island of their escape, and they were tracked and hunted like wild beasts, both by the white settlers and black police, until, worn to skeletons, they surrendered, and were marched to the nearest township, whence they were ultimately forwarded to Sydney, there to await their trial for robbery and murder. I had an interview with one. He was a shortish man, of prodigious muscular development, and he was introduced to me heavily ironed. He recounted to me the whole of the story with great calmness; and on my exhorting him not to live as one without hope, he answered, with a melancholy air, that for his part he was without hope, both in this world and the next; that he had so suffered at Norfolk Island, and subsequently, that he felt quite desperate, and that he did not care what became of him. He said that the discipline at the island was so severe, and the breaches of discipline were so rigorously punished, that the place was intolerable;

that for the slightest noise, smoking at forbidden hours, want of respect to turnkeys, &c., the term of imprisonment was prolonged—a term of weeks and months, unknown to the culprit; so that a man, originally condemned for three years, might, for a series of peccadilloes against prison discipline, almost unnoticed by himself at the time, subject himself to a detention for five years. He was anxious for information on two points: one was, if they were to be tried only for piracy, or for piracy and murder; the other, how the gaol lay with regard to the cardinal points and the sea. I could not answer one question, and would not the other.

Aug. 15.—A lady, who lived four years at Norfolk Island, her husband being chaplain to the prisoners, told me that the island is a paradise. The climate is perfect, and the island is composed of miniature hill and valley, diversified with streamlets, and shaded by groves of that most beautiful pine-tree which takes its name from the locality. As she had a beautiful garden, and convict labour *ad libitum* to cultivate it, she and the other ladies, officers' wives, found themselves very comfortable.

Aug. 21 (Sunday).—Most satisfactory congregations in the morning and evening at the Court-House. 284 attended at the first Service; 152 at the second. The choir-boys sang admir-

ably, being very distinct and very correct. Their singing far exceeds every other church singing in Sydney. The congregation are learning to accompany them in the Psalms. I grieve much that the shaken state of my health, consequent on my privations in the bush, will compel me soon to relinquish all that I have worked up here with so much labour, and to return to England.

Aug. 22.—Employed a great portion of the day in endeavouring to find a ship on the point of sailing for Bombay or Singapore. At last I engaged a passage in a stout Bremen ship, bound for the latter place. I believe she will sail in three or four days. Before leaving this favoured land, I cannot think that I have done my duty unless I strongly propose emigration as the panacea for all the social evils which prevail in the overcrowded mother-country. If I were asked to name the remedies for all the sufferings occasioned by poverty, which too many of our country people have to endure, I would answer that the first is emigration; the second, emigration; and the third, emigration. I am not alluding to emigration to Australia in particular, but to any of those numerous colonies which are scattered over the globe, and which are the brightest jewels of our crown. There is no want, of whatever class of society, which emigration does not meet. Health, riches, political eminence, a most

liberal form of government, employment, the comforts of life, and, above all, a veil of oblivion over the failings, follies, even crimes, of a past life, await those who land on our distant colonial shores; whether it be the poor noble—the unappreciated professional man—the ruined tradesman—the artisan out of work—the starving agricultural labourer—the reformed thief—or the wretched little *gamin* of the streets. Is a man weakly or consumptive? let him go to the Cape or Australia. Is he poor? he will find riches there. Is he ambitious? then he will find Legislative Councils easy of entrance. A Democrat? he will find a form of government democratic enough to please a member of “the Mountain.” A criminal? the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans act as a Lethe to the past; and people out there will not inquire too closely about the antecedents of a man who is a reformed character, and who does to others as he would be done by himself. Is a man almost tempted, in a discontented, scoffing spirit, to laugh to scorn those beautiful words of the Psalmist, “happy is the man who has his quiver full of children?” let him emigrate, and he will scoff no longer, but experience that children are, indeed, “a heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.” Do young people of small means wish to marry, but are precluded by straitened cir-

cumstances? let them marry at once, and go out, not wait at home till they can afford an expensive establishment; which often means, waiting until the freshness of youth has passed away. No such thing as "ruin" awaits them there. If one thing fails, another can be taken in hand. Embarrassment will take place at first landing, but patience, prudence, and perseverance, will at last conquer all difficulties, and carry a man onward towards the summit of his hopes. And then the atmosphere is so pure, so light and buoyant, that none of the accesses of low spirits, so common in the mother-country, when one encounters a reverse, are felt. In fact, the whole man becomes physically and morally regenerated; and he feels an independence with regard to surrounding influences that he never felt before.

Aug. 25.—Sailed out of Sydney Heads in a ship bound for Singapore.

Aug. 26.—Find that I have every reason to be satisfied with the captain, who, with his crew, are from Bremen. He seems to be an excellent sailor, and has gone through an infinity of adventures, having been engaged in the slave-trade, assisted in the Portuguese civil war, and held a high command in the ephemeral German navy. Thus he has German orders, Portuguese orders, and Brazilian orders. The crew are a very re-

spectable set, and the ship is well sailed, and kept in a most admirable state. The steward was a waiter in an hotel at Antwerp; but having won 5000*l.* in a lottery, he wishes to see the world a little before settling down in his native town as master of his own establishment. My fellow-passenger has been for many years connected with an Australian newspaper, but having acquired a large fortune by land speculations, he is returning home to enjoy it.

Aug. 28.—A calm, placid day. Ship rolling about somewhere off Port Macquarie, without making any progress. One of my companions has been telling stories about his negroes during the passage from Africa to Brazil.

Aug. 31.—Ship making pretty good way, going at eight knots. We are now off Moreton Bay. Captain told me, that the only way to penetrate safely into the interior of Central Africa is to assume the calling of a slave-merchant. He says that the population take an interest in the traffic, and thus the traveller can be passed onward from tribe to tribe in a rude palanquin; whilst they cannot comprehend the idea of a man travelling for the sake of science. His instruments, too, excite the suspicion of some, the cupidity of others. The chiefs think they are for magical purposes; the lower classes admire their beauty and glitter, and covet their possession. He

knows a Jew, a slave-merchant, who has twice made the journey from one of the Portuguese colonies, in about 10° S. lat. across the continent to Mozambique; and he himself travelled due east in the interior for forty days. He, however, caught a bad fever from inhaling poisonous night exhalations on the banks of a river, and was forced to return. As he went professedly as a slave-dealer he was treated with great respect, and was borne onward night and day, without delay, through various districts, on the shoulders of four stout negroes; while, as darkness came on, five or six others preceded him, waving torches and shouting to scare away the beasts of the forest. He says that the inland tribes are not nearly so barbarous as we imagine. They not only have laws, but they obey them. The men cultivate the soil in the neighbourhood of the villages; and on market-days the women swarm in from the country, decently clothed, with hair elaborately parted and arranged, carrying baskets of produce, carefully packed. Shells are their currency, and they will take in a buyer if they can.

Sept. 5.—Heavy winds all day. At night we had an awful thunder-storm. A pitchy darkness enveloped all, save when it was cleft and torn by jagged flashes of forked lightning, which struck the seething ocean in all directions. We, how-

ever, providentially escaped. A booby came and took refuge on our jib-boom.

Sept. 9.—The captain very coolly announced to me that he had altered his intention, and did not intend to go to Singapore, but that he should go to Batavia, in Java, instead. He promises, however, to pass me on from Batavia to Singapore.

Sept. 10.—Still lamentable cross-winds. For ten days the wind has blown steadily from N.W., and we want it from S.E. We were taught to expect the S.E. trades in this latitude (20° S.). The captain, who is not very well victualled, has promised to kill a pig for some time past; but as he is not very generous, has hitherto failed to do it. This morning, however, he has fulfilled his promise, and for the following reason, as I think. A shark has been following the ship for the last four-and-twenty hours. Now sailors will tell us that a shark following a vessel is a sign of an impending death on board; and our captain, who shares in the superstition of his brotherhood, has, I believe, sacrificed his long-withheld pig as a propitiatory sacrifice to the voracious maw of our persevering follower. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." All are now satisfied except the immediate victim. The shark evidently is, for he snapped up the offal and disappeared. The captain is satisfied,

for he has evaded destiny at a cheap rate. The passengers are satisfied, too, for they have something savoury to eat; and the crew cannot fail to be content. The captain has placed all the roasting-pieces of the pig into boiling vinegar for five or ten minutes. By that means, he says, the meat will keep fresh for a month, and when roasted, will yield but a slight taste of the vinegar.

Sept. 11.—Observed the mate tying his pocket-handkerchief in a peculiar manner to one of the ropes aft. He told me it was for a fair wind. I asked him when it would come. "Tomorrow morning, at eight o'clock," he answered.

Sept. 12.—At eight o'clock this morning, when I came on deck, I found that the wind was shifting round to a good quarter. At nine it was entirely favourable. All are in good spirits. The captain told us, with a great deal of glee, how he had once, when loaded with slaves, tricked an English cruiser, by running in among shoals and reefs, where the cruiser dared not follow.

Sept. 14 — Had a conversation with my fellow-passenger about the Colonial Press. He tells me, that to push a paper into notice in the colonies, the best plan is to oppose with virulence the Government, and, above all, the Governor, in whom should be lavished every species of

vituperation and personal calumny. If the Governor regards all these attacks with silent disdain, it is a great misfortune for the paper; but if he loses his temper, chafes, and commences legal proceedings against the paper, the paper's fortune is made. The editor, proceeded against for defamation, must defend his own cause, and boldly become his own barrister: he must scarcely confine his behaviour in court within the bounds of decency; he must browbeat and insult witnesses as he cross-examines them; and in his defence he must, to show his varied attainments, diverge into matters totally irrelevant to the subject. Above all, he must impress on the jury that the object of the present prosecution is not such an humble individual as himself; no, it is a powerful combination of a corrupt Government (of which the judge is *ex officio* a member) against the civil and religious liberties of the colony, and a verdict against him will insure an age of tyranny and oppression to a young and flourishing state. After detaining the court with this stump eloquence for five or six hours, my friend continued, the defendant will sit down with an exhausted air, feebly flashing forth the indignation of a wronged and oppressed individual; the judge will, as in duty bound, charge dead against him; the jury will, unless they are a perjured set, give a verdict against him; he

will go to prison ; an indignation meeting, composed of the scum of the population, will be held ; the Governor and governing authorities will be assailed with the grossest ribaldry ; a few pounds will be collected ; fresh subscribers will come forward — some out of sympathy, others struck by his pluck and talents ; from the prison the paper can be continued ; and when he comes out he will be received with open arms, and his journal will have attained a firm and respectable footing. After our conversation had ceased, I could not refrain from marvelling that the newspaper press should have attained to its present omnipotence among such a people as the British, seeing that it is an anonymous and irresponsible institution. This great engine for influencing the minds of men can, for its unbounded power, be only compared with the Church of the middle ages. The pulpit of the present times is but a puny infant at its side : whom it will, it casts down ; whom it will, it raises up : even the most powerful quail beneath its censure. It is a

“ Power moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air we breathe ;
A power that never slumbers
All eye, all ear — nowhere, and everywhere,
Entering the closet and the sanctuary.”

And it is a power as anonymous as the Venetian

Invisible Three, for the publisher's name at the end of a newspaper throws not the least light upon the identity of those "ready writers," who with their pens influence society and individuals for good or evil. And it is an irresponsible power, for it is amenable to no organised tribunal. The priest is educated for the Church, and is liable to ecclesiastical discipline; the lawyer is under high judicial control; the soldier must submit himself to strict military discipline: but the Press, which exercises a despotism more complete than the Church, the Law, or the Army, requires no organised education, is subjected to no legal check, except the law of libel, which may so easily be evaded as to be equivalent to no check at all. Strange anomaly! that a country so systematic and order-loving as England is, and requiring that everything should be fair and above-board, should submit to be dictated to by a secret power, which, if not necessarily bad, is by no means necessarily good, and yet far removed from all direct and immediate censure and control, except the fickle popular cry.

Sept. 15.—Saw a sail astern. As the captain wishes company through Torres Straits, he slackened sail for her to come up. She proved to be the "Homer," the captain of which, I believe, had no charts of Torres Straits,—an American

barque hailing from Boston. Captains agreed to go through together in company. South-east trades still blowing strong, with a heavy swell.

Sept. 16.—Arrived at midnight nearly off Torres Straits, as we imagined, and then lay-to, as the entrance is obscure and dangerous.

Sept. 17.—We did not arrive off Torres Straits until three P.M. On our left we saw the wreck of a large ship lying high and dry on a reef, with her back broken—*turpissimum omen!* On our right we saw a low sandy island, crested with black rocks, and inhabited by innumerable birds. It is called Rainer's Island. On it I saw three huts, and a round tower or column, roughly built of stones, seventy feet high. This is a beacon proclaiming the entrance of the Straits. We anchored at sunset thirty miles within the Straits, urged on by the south-east wind blowing freshly. Saw sand-banks and breakers all around us. I understand that the lamentable wrecks which occur in these Straits arise chiefly from careless reckonings being kept. Ships come un-awares on their entrance during the night and get aground.

Sept. 18.—After a tempestuous night we weighed anchor at sunrise, and proceeded on our dangerous route. Two more ships have joined us; so that now we are—one Hollander leading the van; then ourselves; then the Yankee; and in the rear

two Hamburgh ships. Anchored a little before sundown; for, sailing due west as we are, the beams of the setting sun dazzle the eyes of the man at the helm, so that he can no longer distinguish shallow from deep water by the colour.

Sept. 19. — Weighed anchor at daybreak, and proceeded. On our left is the low, sandy coast of Australia, where we saw two huge fires lighted by the natives. At ten A.M. we passed on our right a dangerous reef, scarcely perceptible, opposite to Hannibal Island, which lies on our left, close to the shore. The channel here is about five miles across. Passed off the mouth of a fine Australian river, called Escape River, which is twice as wide as the Yarra at Melbourne. Twenty miles farther on, we came to Newcastle Bay, where we anchored for the night. This is a fine bay, and, as I hear that there are rivers flowing into it, would make a good locality for a settlement. During the day I saw a sea-snake idly floating along. It had no fins, was of a whitey-brown colour, and must have measured in length six feet at the least.

Sept. 20. — At daybreak all five ships weighed anchor and started. At nine A.M. we passed Cape York, a bold promontory, standing far out into the sea. Soon after, passed between Possession Island and Prince of Wales Island. Saw four Australian natives in the distance; three entirely naked, and one with an opossum rug on. When

they perceived us, they fled into the bush swiftly. On our left were a succession of pretty bays and small islands, clothed with green shrubs. Behind rose in gentle undulations picturesque hills, well wooded and seemingly fertile. Sea calm and bright. The navigation is still difficult and perilous. The captain scarcely takes his eyes off his charts from sunrise to sundown. He is indefatigable in his carefulness. In the evening four blacks came on board from Prince of Wales Island, called in native language Moorález. They were a plump, muscular, intelligent set, carried bows and arrows; and their canoe, a hollowed tree, was fitted with outriggers. These outriggers, which enable a frail bark to encounter a heavy sea, simplify the problem of the peopling of these remote parts. The Prince of Wales Island people were originally immigrants from the coast of Australia, twelve miles off.

Sept. 21. — Weighed anchor at half-past six and proceeded through a tranquil sea, with Prince of Wales Island on our right and Wallace Island on our left. Calms rather baffled us, and we could catch no fish. At last, about two P.M., we passed eight miles to the left of Booby Island, and thus emerged with the blessing of God, after four days' anxiety, from the redoubtable Torres Straits, the most dangerous and difficult navigation in the world. The captain's conduct has been

admirable throughout. At Booby Island there is a provision-dépôt, kept up by voluntary subscription, where shipwrecked crews can procure food. Every ship passing within sight of the island is expected to leave in a stone-building which is there, a cask of pork, or beef, or biscuit, or anything the captain can spare. There are no inhabitants in the place. It must be borne in mind, that people shipwrecked in the Straits endeavour to betake themselves to the Dutch islands of the Eastern Archipelago. To land on the right in New Guinea, or on the left in Australia, would be certain death, for the natives are ferocious cannibals. The captain wondered why steamers do not run from Singapore to Sydney by way of the Straits, it being a shorter and calmer passage than by Cape Leeuwin on the western coast of Australia. There would be little or no risk for a steamer in the Straits, unless she were grossly mismanaged; and if a settlement were formed at or near Newcastle Bay, there would always exist a refuge in case of disaster. Having got out into the open sea we anchored no more at night. Towards sunset we saw nine ships in the distance.

Sept. 22. — Went on board the Hollander, the name of which is the “*President Verkoutren*.” She is in a very dirty state—rather extraordinary for a Dutch East India Company’s ship.

Sept. 25.—Hear that we are about 400 miles from Timor and 1400 miles from Batavia. Saw two sea-snakes, a fathom long, wriggle by the ship.

Sept. 28.—Our course lies between the island of Timor and a long, dangerous bank, running in a straight line for nearly 100 miles.

Sept. 29.—Got clear of the bank, and ran along the irregular and precipitous coast of Timor, famous for ponies. The heights seemed well wooded, but we could not see much on account of the mist. This island formerly belonged jointly to the Dutch and Portuguese, but now, I believe, the former have bought the latter out.

Oct. 10.—At ten A.M. we came in sight of Java Head, a huge promontory, thickly timbered. On our left was an island, called Prince's Island, precipitous and picturesque. Thus we entered the Straits of Sunda, having the large island of Sumatra on our left, and Java on our right. A strong breeze and current carried us in quick succession by the Friar, Second Point, Welcome Bay, Third Point, to Pepper Bay, where we anchored for the night. On our left towered the huge peak of the island of Pulo Crokatoa.

Oct. 11.—At ten A.M. two Malay boats came off, with poultry, yams, bananas, ananas, tobacco, and a beautiful hare in a cage. The whole was

bought for three dollars. The hare, with its large, liquid, lustrous eyes, its long, fine ears, its most slender limbs, was put upon the deck to run about ; but it refused all nourishment, and began to mope. At noon we emerged from the Straits of Sunda, which are ninety miles in length, and rounded Point Nicholas and Saleyra. Passed by Kaly. Mountains most precipitous and bizarre, all inhabited and cultivated, and all indescribably picturesque. At night we anchored near Man-eater's Island. The thermometer has been 87° in the cabin to-day.

Oct. 12. — A dull, hazy morning. After lying becalmed for some hours only fifteen miles from Batavia, off Amsterdam Island, which is low, and covered with verdure to the water's edge, a breeze sprung up and took us to within four miles of Batavia. The whole roadstead is covered with low islands, seemingly of great fertility, but I understand that fever and death have established themselves there. After dinner I descended the ship's side into a prow, a long narrow boat with a large sail, and a stiff breeze impelled me rapidly towards the shore, where, having arrived, the boat entered a sluggish river or canal, and after sailing two or three miles between low muddy banks, arrested her progress opposite the Custom-House. After I had arranged some necessary business, I

rode in an open carriage, drawn by two diminutive ponies, through the crowded streets of Batavia, to the fashionable "west-end" suburb, called Rijswijk or Rijwoek, where I dismounted at the Java Hotel, a palatial edifice, surrounded by extensive grounds.

Oct. 13.—Rode in a carriage into the crowded city. I found it impossible to avoid being intensely excited at the novelty of the scene. The houses were most bizarre, and the streets were crowded with never-ceasing streams of Chinese, Malays, Javanese, Islanders, Creoles, and Europeans, all attired in every variety of costume; whilst at quick-recurring intervals this mass of humanity would be disturbed by small carriages tearing along, drawn by ponies not much larger than big dogs. An immense trade of comestibles was going on in the streets—delicate comestibles, such as pickles, preserves, hot peppers, and small fish in pickle; also curry, and rice, and vegetables, creams, tea, pastry; all at three doits each (sixty go to a shilling). And as each seller shouted and each buyer shouted, the noise was deafening. The seller carries his wares in trays attached to a bamboo stick, and his cry is that of an earnest cat. In the evening I went to the races, which were held in King William's Plain; some Sydney horses ran, ridden by jockeys dressed in English

style: but the most amusing part of all was the pony-race, a race of a most motley group of animals, ridden by a still more motley group of riders, some most grotesquely dressed. The catastrophes which befell horsemen and horses from the start to the winning-post were incessant, and universal laughter reigned around, from the vast assemblage of human beings of many races which were there. Some riders were dressed in masquerade fashion. The winner, if I recollect right, was got up as a wild Indian of the prairie. A very sumptuous dinner was served at the table-d'hôte dinner of the hotel. Batavia is very full, owing to the Exposition being held now, and also to the races. An intelligent German, who sat by me at table, said that the Javanese and Malays are very skilled in the compounding of subtle and slow poisons.

Oct. 14.— Was introduced at the Concordia Club-House, which is in Waterloo Plain. Saw a great many well-dressed Dutch gentlemen there: also several Rajahs from the country, who have come up to the Exposition at the expense of Government. The price at my hotel is, I find, 5 guilders (10s.) a-day, exclusive of wine and beer, but including Hollands gin; and indeed the people are eating and drinking from morning to night. It requires a strong constitution to go

through a day here. The following is the *réglement* :—

Des Morgens van 5 tot 8 ure, koffij of thee mit beschuit (in de kamer)	8	„	9 Déjeûné
Wordt om	.	8 ure Gescheld.	
Middags	.	12½ à la fourchette	
Wordt om	.	12½ ure Gescheld.	
Namiddags	.	6½ Dîné	
Wordt om	.	6½ ure Gescheld.	
Avonds	.	7 „ 8 Thee.	
	8	„ 12 Grog van Geneva.	

This means, that after bathing in a spacious bath at the bottom of the garden, just before sunrise, and returning to your room, you receive at the hands of the servant tea or coffee with biscuit; that from eight to nine there is laid out in the *salle à manger* an excellent breakfast; that at half-an-hour after noon you sit down to an abundant *déjeûner à la fourchette*, consisting of fish, meats, poultry, fruits, vegetables, curries, eggs, oysters, sardines, and other appetising things; that at five there is always a good cup of tea to be had; that at six, gin and bitters are served; that at half-past six comes the great event of the day, dinner; and such a dinner! with every comestible one can conceive, and many more, clustering round beautiful vases, filled with fresh, fragrant flowers, whilst innumerable lights

of cocoa-nut oil, shrouded in ground-glass lamps, throw an air of subdued splendour over the scene; that after coffee is served, tea is announced in another room, and afterwards one is at liberty to drink Hollands gin until midnight. I suspect that this profusion is a passing spurt on account of the Exposition. If it is not, I cannot conceive how the landlord can be remunerated at five florins a-day. About thirty sit down to dinner, and seem very abstemious as to what they drink. Light Bordeaux wine is chiefly called for; also a delicious bitter beer brewed in Amsterdam, which is weaker than ours, and has a more genuine bitter about it. It is much less expensive also. What I have just written is a programme of a day at the Java Hotel in Batavia; and although, owing to the tropical heat which prevails here, the bodily juices are undergoing constant evaporation, and require constant renovation, yet I cannot but think that the renovation carried on here is rather of too overwhelming a nature to be exactly conducive to robust health.

Oct. 15.—After taking a bath at sunrise, I went over the stables attached to the hotel. There were fifty ponies there, eating cut grass. These active little creatures travel at a great pace during the burning heat of the day, but they are not very enduring, and it is not well to work them more than three times in the week,

and then not more than for ten or twelve miles. Thus the number kept is prodigious. A merchant well to do in the world must have eight or nine pair. He will require two or three pair to go into town to his counting-house daily and return ; whilst his wife and family, for airing and making calls, and society, cannot do well with less than five pairs. They cost from four to eight pounds each, and are not expensive to keep. Mares are not used here. The stronger Timor breed costs more, and requires better keep ; whilst the stout Macassar cob of fourteen hands, is much used for the saddle, requires attention, and fetches a comparatively high price. Some few rich people possess Sydney horses ; but they cost a great deal — 1200 florins perhaps, and do not thrive wonderfully well. Visited some Chinese stores, where I saw second-rate European goods for sale at very high prices. Drove through the Chinese quarter, where are houses built in every conceivable style, many grotesque, all picturesque, and quaint beyond description. I entered into the fine residence of a rich Chinese merchant. At the door glared two stone monsters : the interior was scrupulously clean, and contained very little furniture ; gold and vermilion were not spared as embellishments, and on the walls were poor French or English engravings, not coloured. The more private apartments I did not see. I

hear that there are no less than 60,000 Chinese in Batavia and the environs. The Dutch government, with its usual good sense, has appointed and salaried certain Chinese officials, with the titles of Colonel and Major, whose duty it is to grant permission to Chinese immigrants to land in Batavia; and who are made personally responsible for the behaviour of their compatriots. A hundred years ago, the Chinese in the island, waxing rich and insolent, rebelled, and were massacred to the number of 12,000 by the Malays, who also abound here, and are very jealous of the Celestial people. The Chinese are the acutest people in the world. Their perceptive and reflective faculties are most highly developed; and all this wonderful intelligence is unaccompanied by any moral or religious principle. The depravation of their moral tastes is excessive. It would be well if our young colonies would act as the Dutch act—refuse admittance to too many, and keep those who are permitted to land under strict surveillance; otherwise mischief will spring up one of these days. These Chinese immigrants, who are the off-scourings of the Chinese empire, come over unaccompanied by women; but in process of time the more respectable form connexions with Malay women, and educate their children as Chinese. At least I have been given to understand so. Some of these people are

enormously rich, and hold sugar and coffee plantations in the interior. The Chinese here do not undertake laborious callings, but are merchants, shop-keepers, money-changers, pedlars, and barbers. They live by their heads rather than their hands. They love to gamble, smoke opium, and attend theatrical representations, where men and women, disguised under extravagant and ridiculous dresses, perform interminable dramas, of which no one but themselves can comprehend the beginning or understand the end. These people in general are simply and cleanly dressed. They have a straw-hat with a narrow brim, white tunic, loose white trowsers, white stockings, and shoes. Behind them hangs the tail to the heels, sometimes assisted with false hair and black ribbon. An umbrella is an indispensable appendage. I am not able to learn exactly what the religion of the Chinese is, but I believe it is a mixture of Buddhism, Unitarianism, and Devil-worship. Whatever it may be, it brings forth fruit which we, as Christians, would decidedly call corrupt.

In the evening a merchant, who has lived in Batavia many years, took me to a Javanese feast. I was anxious to see an assemblage of pure Javanese, for in the streets of Batavia I had seen an infinity of Malays and Chinese, but comparatively few of the Javanese race.

About a mile from the hotel we diverged from the main road, and made our way by the uncertain light of the stars along a path surrounded and overarched by luxuriant Eastern vegetation, towards the spot where innumerable lights showed us that the kampong, or village, of the giver of the feast lay. These kampongs are villages set apart in the vast suburbs of Batavia for the Javanese and Malay population. Between the well-macadamised roads, where are reared the palaces of the Europeans, live in quiet rural retreats, communicated with by shady lanes, an innumerable coloured population, in their kampongs (the great Chinese kampong is in the city proper); and very delightful it is to leave the dusty road, turn up a verdant pathway, and at the end of a long perspective discover a cluster of pretty, clean, bamboo cottages, each in the middle of its little plot of Indian corn, and almost concealed by the refreshing shade of cocoa-nut and banana-trees. On the present occasion, close to one of these cottages, canvas had been stretched from tree to tree across a verdant alley, and two rows of tables were laid out, loaded with sweetmeats, conserves, cakes, fruits, and tea-cups. Among the fruits the stately-looking pine-apple, or anana, was not forgotten, which is here sold for about twopence, or less. Beyond the tables an open square space was

- appropriated to the dancers, and close on that was a wooden platform raised dais-like, on which sat the master of the feast, his three wives, and intimate friends. As soon as the master of the feast espied my friend and myself standing at the lower end of the tables among the crowd, he hurried down, and bowing very courteously, led us up between the tables, through the dancers, to the dais, where he begged us to sit down in a chair. He then pressed upon us tea and sweetmeats, to which last we helped ourselves with a silver instrument like a bodkin. The dancers were then ordered to begin one of their best dances. They were four, two men and two women; and they danced in an insufferably graceless and monotonous manner, hoisting their legs up high at a very slow pace, then dropping them equally slowly, whilst their hands hung flaccidly before them like the paws of standing bears. It looked to me like a quadrille dreamily glided through by persons under the influence of opium, who had just sufficient energy left in them for the lift of a limb or contortion of the body. The musicians sat cross-legged, beating a small range of notes on brass plates with little knob-sticks; others beat drums of bamboo; others pieces of wood, arranged like the glasses of an harmonicon. The wives of the master of the house sat all the time very demurely, scarcely moving a muscle of

their expressionless countenances ; and looking very much like the female figures depicted on our china. The assembled multitude—all Javanese, with their mild, respectable faces—sat watching the monotony of the dance with extraordinary intensity. When the dancing was finished all sat down to the feast, and I left. The long tables; the bamboo torches; the raised dais at the further end, sparkling with lights; the barbaric music; the swarthy multitudes, with their restless, flashing eyes; the huge leaves of the trees round about, scarcely swayed by the evening breeze; and the bright, calm, earnest stars over all, formed a most impressive scene. All present were pure Javanese, who in Batavia love to spend their money in feasting one another.

Oct. 16 (Sunday).—Attended Divine Service at the chief Dutch church in Batavia. It is built after the model of the Pantheon, and is a very imposing edifice. Over the entrance is a fine organ, and in face is a huge pulpit with a huge sounding-board. In the centre of the area sat the women on chairs, and in pews clustered along the walls were the men, all very grave-looking and decorous. I observed a school of Creole girls there. The Governor and his lady were there, sitting under a canopy of state. The Service consisted of praying, singing, and preaching, the former unaccompanied by kneeling. The

psalmody was exceedingly well sustained by the male portion of the congregation. Two collections were made during the Service; one for the poor, the other for the Minister. Not understanding Dutch I could form no opinion of the sermon, but I am told that the Calvinist ministers here preach Socinianism to slender auditories. The congregation to-day was certainly wretchedly small, but I am told that this arises from the clergyman not being a popular preacher. On Saturday the Sunday preachers are advertised; people know whom they are going to hear, and a poor man who does not take the popular fancy draws but a few admirers to his preaching. There are two other Dutch Protestant churches, in one of which the Service is held in the Malay language. Returning from church, I saw a Chinese wedding-party. The bride, bridegroom, and relations, preceded in two carriages and four, with red plumes waving on the roof; the friends followed in no less than thirty-eight carriages and pair. The galloping, shouting, and dust, were something overwhelming.

Oct. 18.—Went over the Exposition, where are collected the produce and manufactures of Java and the surrounding islands under Dutch sway. The building was vast, the articles exposed, numerous, and the ticketing incorrect and embarrassing. This exhibition, like all exhibitions,

is tiring to the eyes and legs. Saw more than 100 specimens of wood, some remarkably beautiful in grain, and some very close-grained and heavy. These woods were very interesting to examine: some pieces were as hard and heavy as iron. Saw there also some small nuggets of gold from Borneo; some enormous nutmegs; excellent green tea, opium, coffee, tobacco, spices, indigo, good refined sugar, and a model of outriggers to be applied to large ships. It would be impossible to detail a thousandth part of the costly products of Netherlands India, which I saw amassed under the interminable roof of the Exposition. From all I hear, Java must be an all-producing paradise, inhabited by ten millions of amiable people; and the Hollanders, if they had carried out their once entertained idea of leaving their swamps to their relentless persecutors, and emigrating with their household gods *en masse* to this island of the blest, would have made no bad exchange. What much struck me at the Exhibition, was the orderly behaviour of the Asiatics who were there. The Malays swarmed in the building, dressed in divers modes. The head-dress of the men consisted of folds of muslin, or a coloured handkerchief folded round, or a straw-hat, or a wooden hat gaily japanned, something like an inverted punchbowl. As for their body-dress, some had linen tunics, some jackets, some

•

nothing at all. For their lower extremities, some wore loose trousers down to the ankles, others tight drawers extending no further than the knees. None had shoes. As the material of these dresses is gaudily coloured, the infinite variety of patterns has a most droll effect. The Malay women had no head-dress, but wore their abundant black hair drawn tightly back over their foreheads, and twisted into a back-knot, where it is fastened by a pin of a certain value. Their dress consisted of a loose white linen tunic pinned over the chest, and a long white petticoat. Nor had they shoes. They walked with dignity, and behaved with propriety. I saw likewise many Javanese Rajahs from the interior with their attendants, and was much struck by their gentleness, politeness, and quiet intelligence. They were of a light bronze colour, rather than black. Some of the high-bred Javanese ladies are, I am told, well-educated, extremely handsome, and scarcely darker than a dark European woman. These gentlemen at the Exposition were wrapped round the loins with costly cloths down to the heels. They were girded with a valuable sash, in which, at their back, they wore daggers with jewelled hilts. They had velvet jackets braided with gold; and wore a velvet cap resembling our jockey-cap, with, however, a larger and deeper rim, and a hole at the top, to allow their long back hair, confined

with a costly comb, to protrude. In the vast extent of the building were stationed two sets of Javanese musical instruments, consisting of metal plates, or vessels arranged in musical scale, and beaten with sticks. These instruments are very costly, having a liberal admixture of silver. The music produced is liquid, bell-toned, monotonous, and melancholy. The oratorio of the "Creation" was played at the theatre to-night by amateurs, in aid of some charitable institution. The vocal and instrumental execution left nothing to be desired, and the building was crowded to excess.

Oct. 19.—A mixed assemblage sat down at the table d'hôte to-day. There were a Javanese prince, an African prince, a captain of a Dutch regiment, an engineer, a doctor, a Hanoverian nobleman turned merchant, a captain of a coasting steamer, and a sugar-planter from Madagascar. The captain of the steamer had a little Papuan boy, his servant, standing behind his chair, who, with his tiger-cat eyes, which were like diamonds set in black enamel, watched his master's countenance, and anticipated every want. The boy had been picked up somewhere in the neighbouring islands, and his master would have been glad to get rid of him for a small consideration. The New Guinea people are esteemed the most savage, untameable people in the world; so that it would be a perilous thing to bring the

little fellow to England. The planter had been ten years without seeing an European in Madagascar, where an unlimited number of slaves had been allotted him. I conversed much with him, but I felt a repugnance to him, for there were many dark things written in his face.

Oct. 20.—Bought some books at the shop of Lange, the chief bookseller in Batavia. He says it is not true that the Dutch, who trade with Japan, go through the form of trampling on the cross every year. Permission to trade with Japan is put up to auction every year by the Dutch Government. The last permission sold for 4000*l*. He told me that the Javanese are a quiet, refined, and lovable people.

Oct. 21.—The Europeans in Batavia visit in the evening at eight o'clock. After sunset the Malay coachmen lay aside the inverted punch-bowl hat, which they wear on their heads during the day, and assume the European hat. When a visit is to be made, two servants jump up behind on the foot-board carrying huge torches. The coachman smacks his whip, the ponies start off at a furious gallop, and the two men behind wave their torches, and shout, and yell, in proportion to the speed of the ponies. As the suburbs are frequently crowded with these equipages, the effect is most embarrassing to the pedestrian.

Oct. 22.—Hear that the Mohammedanism professed by the Javanese is of a mongrel character. Hindoo traditions have still firm hold upon them, in spite of the teaching of him of Mecca. A resident in Batavia told me some strange stories of Madame ——, a celebrated German traveller. They went to show, that when a favourite pursuit develops itself into a passion, every other consideration is often disregarded, even that of scrupulous attention to toilet arrangements, which we of England consider the peculiar characteristic of the softer sex. Impelled by an adventurous and fearless spirit, this lady, when roaming in the island of Sumatra, beyond the limits of Dutch civilisation, fell among a savage people called the Battas. They immediately determined on baking and eating her. Her sensations may be imagined rather than described, whilst their rude, improvised earthly oven, was a-preparing. At last the heated hole was ready for the victim, and the hungry savages requested her to undress previous to the gastronomic immolation. Seeing that the poor creature was tardy, they roughly assisted her in this operation, until she stood unclothed on the brink of the terrible pit. But when the instant barbarians saw that she was thin, old, angular, muscular, and above all, innocent of soap for many a day, or, to speak more plainly, a willing victim of unmitigated neglect, their appe-

tites ceased, their culinary enthusiasm abated; they had not the stomach to cook her and eat her; but they bid her clothe herself and be gone, giving her by signs to understand that her dirt had saved her life.

Oct. 23. — It being my intention to go to Buitenzorg to-morrow, a town forty miles from Batavia, where is the country residence of the Governor-General, I applied to-day for my passport, and obtained it. The Government is very jealous of the movements of European strangers in Java. At dinner, somebody accosted me with "So you are going to see Java?" I answered, "Am I not in Java now?" "No," was the reply; "we call this Batavia, not Java."

Oct. 24. — At daybreak I started for Buitenzorg in a light carriage, drawn by four ponies. A Malay coachman drove, and behind, on the foot-board, stood the two horsekeepers, one to each pair. Soon emerging from the suburb, I travelled at full gallop along a good macadamised road, bordered by fine trees. At the side of this road ran a narrower road, not macadamised, which is appropriated to the traffic of the native population, and which was crowded by a swarthy crew, clad and unclad, all in a state of intense activity. Met long strings of two-wheeled carts, having a light wicker tilt, excellently well arranged, drawn by small, docile oxen, fine in limb and fet-

lock, and small of hoof. Crowds of natives passed, carrying the produce of the country, either on their heads or attached to long bamboo sticks laid across their shoulders. Every now and then I came on groups of people reposing under the spreading foliage of some giant roadside tree—fathers, mothers, and their little ones, in every attitude of exquisite unconscious grace. Here and there, at the side of the road, were pretty Malay wood cottages, with overhanging roofs, surrounded by cultivation sufficient to satisfy all the owners' wants. Fine country-houses, seated on eminences, with large estates lying round them, were not wanting. The swampy parts of the country were taken advantage of for extensive rice-fields, the irrigation of which was carefully and ingeniously managed. About every seven miles the horses were changed, and with reason, for the sun of Java is powerful; and we were travelling over ten miles an hour, including stoppages. The pace was a full gallop, never degenerating into a trot. The rest-stations were very extensive buildings, comprising bed-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and stabling for thirty or forty horses. In these localities shelters are thrown across the road; so that the traveller finds a refreshing shade. I hear that all the Java main roads are excellent, and that the arrangements for travelling by post are extra-

ordinarily good. Those who wish to travel from Batavia to any principal town of the island, whether to Cheribon, Samarang, or Sourabaya, have only to go to the *post-bureau*, and pay the required sum, and they will be hurried in a carriage-and-four, without stopping, to the place of their destination, at an expense of 11. for ten miles. I found the starting of a relay to be rather a nervous operation, for the four fresh ponies behaved as if they had never been introduced to each other before, and acted in unison only in one point—that of going sideways, and backwards instead of forwards. However, after screaming, plunging, kicking, and sitting down on their tails, when by blows and pushes from four or five experienced horsekeepers, each a larger animal than the quadruped itself, they are persuaded to move in the right direction, the little creatures fly rather than gallop, till they arrive, all panting and exhausted, at the next station. After travelling about eighteen miles over the sultry plain I felt the more bracing mountain air; and, indeed, in the distance, I could easily distinguish the mountains, at the base of which lay Buitenzorg, the country retreat of the rich people of Batavia. As the land became more undulating, the picturesqueness of the journey increased. At times I crossed rapid streams, over bridges carefully roofed in; then were to be seen groves of cocoa-nut trees,

studding the landscape here and there; then cottages nestling amid their own little groves: in front were the wooded mountains, chequered with the most marked effects of light and shade; passing and repassing in rapid equipages were Rajahs, with the insignia of their rank—a gilt umbrella; or Chinese, posting to or from their plantations; whilst the soft air soughed gently through the luxuriant foliage of the surrounding trees. At last I arrived at a white obelisk, standing sentinel-like to a magnificent avenue of trees, three miles in length, I should think; at the termination of which lay embosomed in the massive foliage of Eastern trees the stately country palace of the Governor-General of Netherlands India. Soon after that the carriage rolled through the main street of Buitenzorg, composed of houses constructed in every style of architecture, and thronged with dusky forms variously clad. In a few minutes the reeking ponies were pulled up at the *Rest-haus*, called the Hôtel de Belle Vue. Entered the hotel by a wide flight of stone steps, at the top of which is a spacious verandah, ranging along the whole frontage of the house. In the centre was a doorway, through which I entered the two saloons, which run all through from the front to the back of the edifice. The first saloon is used as an eating-room; the second as a withdrawing-room. And this second is

furnished with sofas and easy-chairs, and well-polished tables, on which lie instructive and entertaining books; and from it may be enjoyed a view of wondrous beauty. The hotel is built on the brink of a deep and wide valley, with its front facing the main road, and its back looking towards this valley, which separates Buitenzorg from the sloping sides of the mountain Salak. The whole of this vale is watered by rapid brooks, which intersect it in every direction, and is filled up with fine trees of every description, among which those of the palm-tribe predominate. I looked over the heads of these stately guardians of the soil, with their gigantic leaves of inexpressible verdure arching and drooping over one another, ever changing, as fanned by the soft winds, the position of their intertanglements, until my eye rested on the sunny slopes of the mountain which sweep up from the valley. These slopes are succeeded by the bold and precipitous sides of the mountain, rent by earthquakes and furrowed by many a lava-stream in days of old, now clothed with enormous trees and impenetrable jungle; and then, again, this belt of verdure fades away into sterile rocks, which, by a succession of precipices, raise themselves to the height of four or five thousand feet, moulded into five distinct peaks, standing out sharp and clear from the dark blue sky, and form the *dorsum*

immane of Salak, no longer vomiting his fires. This was the scene which enchanted my eyes from the back verandah of the Buitenzorg hotel. I find the inn excellent, as, indeed, I hear all the inns in Java are. The reason is, that they are under Government control, and the Resident of the district would dismiss a landlord against whom well-founded complaints should be made, or who, in his charges, should exceed the fixed tariff. The price here is, five florins a-day, exclusive of wine or beer; and for that we get three excellent meals, consisting of fish, meat, poultry, fruits, vegetables, pastry, and four made dishes. Tea and Hollands gin can be had whenever called for, without figuring as an extra.

Oct. 25.—Went over the Botanical Gardens, or, as they are called, the Governor's Gardens. As the climate of Buitenzorg enjoys a happy medium of temperature, I was able to see assembled in this favoured spot products of the vegetable kingdom, common to the damp and warm alluvial soil of the coast, and the drier and more bracing air of a mountainous district. Laid out in happy symmetry are here to be seen umbrageous avenues of the cocoa-nut tree, the betel-nut tree, the golden plantain, and the rarest ferns; whilst round some vast banyan-tree, or Indian fig-tree, or luxuriant bread-fruit tree, each standing alone in the midst of a little lawn

of its own, commodious benches are fixed, where sitting I could enjoy, secure in impenetrable shade, the laughing landscape around. In one spot sparkle the silver waters of a fountain; in another a graceful temple recalls to the mind, here, at the Antipodes, amongst the worshippers of Brahma and the followers of Mohammed, the undying religion of old Greece. From one point of view I could see the spacious palace of the Governor, with its Ionic colonnades, its imposing terraces, and capacious wings; from another, in a walk winding round the brow of a hill, I could discern a spacious lake, filled with rare aquatic plants, amongst which the sacred lotus of the Hindoos was not the least conspicuous. Under the courteous guidance of one of the superintendents I visited that part of the garden more especially appropriated to the experimental cultivation of plants, shrubs, and trees useful in a commercial point of view. One large area was devoted to various species of the coffee plant, with its laurel-like leaves of a healthy dark green. There was the pepper-tree, too, with its insignificant leaf. Caoutchouc-trees I saw; some very large, pregnant with precious sap. Arrowroot-trees were here in plenty. Much ground was laid out in the cultivation of divers sorts of tobacco. Cinnamon-trees like vast laurels, and odoriferous at certain periods,

were not wanting. The nutmeg-tree, hungry of manure, and requiring incessant care, was well represented here; whilst much trouble had been laid out in an acre or two of the smooth cactus, which is very valuable on account of the bug which it generates. This bug at a certain season is brushed off the leaves, and when dried and pounded becomes the famous cochineal, so useful for dyeing. Of course, the experience gained by this experimental gardening is quickly diffused throughout Java. Thus in this favoured island, under the sage protection of the Dutch, Art assists Nature; not by stimulating, but by restraining and directing her. After leaving the plants, I directed my course to the menagerie of animals. Passing on my right a gigantic banyan-tree, from whose branches drooped down, not creepers or tendrils, but bold little shafts like stalactites from a cavern's roof, which worm their way into the ground, and gradually become firmly fixed there, I came upon a one-horned rhinoceros, lazily wallowing, pig-like, in the waters of a stagnant pool. Then I saw every description of deer which the island produces; then a vicious-looking boar from the Moluccas, with four tusks of most extraordinary formation; and lastly, a pair of gigantic cassowaries. On my way to the gates I saw a funereal monument, erected under a graceful dome, shaded by weeping willows, near

a fountain throwing up translucent waters. Approaching it, I read the following inscription :

“ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF OLIVIA-
 MARIAMNE, WIFE OF THOMAS STAMFORD
 RAFFLES, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF JAVA AND
 ITS DEPENDENCIES, WHO DIED AT BUITENZORG ON
 THE 26TH NOVEMBER, 1814.

Oh thou, who ne'er my constant heart
 One moment hath forgot ;
 Tho' fate severe hath bid us part,
 Yet still forget me not.”

Thus ended my survey of these beautiful gardens, which, indeed, must be considered the paradise of all gardens, both for the beauty of their site and their extreme order and cleanliness. After lunch I ordered a carriage to visit some Hindoo remains, about six miles from the town. I had four ponies forced upon me, although I was alone. The consequence was, that I was hurried at a furious gallop, with no little risk (for the road, not being a main road, was by no means unexceptionable), through a charming country, and had but a poor chance of contemplating at my ease all that lay around me. I observed that maize was much cultivated, and that the lower grounds were carefully appropriated to the growth of rice. Graceful trees of the palm family ornamented and characterised the landscape everywhere. The antiquities which

I came to see lay on the right-hand side of the road, and consisted of two groups, one apart from the other a few paces. Both had been roofed over and railed in. One group consisted of three upright blocks of stone, on two of which I could discern no marks of a chisel; on the third I could detect, rudely carved in relief, the lower parts of a figure, sitting cross-legged. The second group consists of a stone-slab perpendicularly placed, much injured by violence or time, with a long legible inscription sharply cut in it, which turns out to be, I believe, of the oldest form of Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Hindoos. Close by is a stone-slab, lying horizontally, having imprinted on it two human foot-marks, of a woman's or youth's size. This, I am told, has a sacred and mysterious meaning. Probably it commemorates the advent of some god upon earth, or his point of departure from the earth. This put me in mind that in a church in the outskirts of Rome there are foot-prints in marble (of a large size), said to have been the spot where our Saviour stood when he appeared to Peter. The Javanese were, I believe, originally Hindoos, or, perhaps, Buddhists, and the spread of Mohammedanism over the island was not effected until about A.D. 1408, when a noted Arabian chief partly persuaded and partly coerced the mild islanders to accept Mohammed for their

lawgiver, and himself for their monarch. Even now their Mohammedanism is adulterated by many superstitious notions and observances retained from the religion of their ancestors ; they alone of Mohammedans do not adopt the epocha of the flight of the Prophet ; and a few idolaters are still found in the recesses of the mountains at the eastern extremity of Java. Returning to Buitenzorg, I visited some of the streets and lanes, and the market. In the main streets the houses are substantial and spacious, although bizarre, and even grotesque. The lower apartment is mostly used as a shop or store. This chamber is not glazed, and the goods are exposed either side of the doorway on a sort of framework, something like an inclined plane. Here I saw drugs, rice, maize, cloth, hats, ironmongery, tobacco, confectionery, and preserves. In the lesser streets and lanes I found wooden cottages, consisting of a large area, roofed in and divided into a day and night apartment. The market was full of every kind of fruit and vegetable, which this fertile country produces almost spontaneously ; and round stalls and baskets laden with delicious things, of which we Hyperboreans know not even the name, swarmed with ceaseless motion a swarthy crowd of men, women, and children, the latter entirely naked, and wonderfully pretty. As I passed a handsome house,

and looked in through the open doorway, the proprietor, a portly-looking Chinese, bowed very politely, and seeing that I was a stranger, made signs that I should enter. He then showed me his chief room. This had a wooden floor, nicely polished, a few shabby wooden chairs, a very plain table, a wall-paper representing in vivid colours Chinese life, and at the end a smart side-board covered with plate, glass, artificial flowers, and candlesticks: from the ceiling were suspended two gaudy Chinese lanterns. He then took me into another room, quite unfurnished, where he introduced me to his wife, a fat, good-humoured Malay woman, of about thirty. Many salutations were reciprocated; but as they neither spoke nor understood my language, nor I theirs, our conversation was necessarily limited. Beyond this second room was a store-room; upstairs was the women's apartments, approached by a ladder, removable at pleasure. After dinner I gave orders about an excursion, which I hope to undertake to-morrow, up the sides of the mountain, and sat during the gloaming of the evening in the spacious verandah watching the blue lights of the fire-flies as they darted among the cumbersome foliage of the surrounding trees.

Oct. 26.—Started at daybreak, with the intention of penetrating the recesses of the neighbouring mountain, round whose summit at noon

every day I see black thunder-clouds gather, and soon afterwards take their departure. I was mounted on a very small chestnut pony, encumbered with an enormous saddle. The guide walked before. Leaving the inn, I turned short to my right, down a road, on one side of which is the Chinese Cemetery, into a valley, through which ran a rapid torrent, where were numerous swarthy people, of both sexes, bathing and washing themselves. I then emerged into open country, interspersed with water-courses, where were many rice-grounds. Many Javanese were to be seen passing and repassing, with the basin-like hat glittering in the sun, and their dirks behind them in cumbrous sheaths. I am told that the Javanese are permitted to carry dirks, but not the Malays and Chinese; and to order a Javanese, of whatever station in life, to give up his dirk, is a great insult or punishment. Not long ago, a servant who had, without sufficient cause, been peremptorily ordered by his master to give up his weapon, became infuriated, and massacred master, mistress, and three children in the most frightful manner. On the present occasion it was not without great coaxing that I prevailed on a Javanese, who was walking in front of me chatting with the horsekeeper, to allow me to closely examine his creese. In the moist rice-grounds were to be seen bare-

legged men up to their knees in water, driving ploughs drawn by tall grey buffaloes, preparing the land for the reception of the grain. This lasted for two hours, and then we began to ascend the sunny slopes which form the skirts of the mountain. Our way led through green lanes inclosed with high hedges, and arched over with the huge leaves of stately trees, whilst the banks on either side laughed with most bright flowers, growing wild here, but probably only to be seen at home cherished as rare exotics. And every now and then I had to wade my horse through harmless shallow brooks of transparent waters, gurgling among many-coloured pebbles. This was indeed beautiful; but not so beautiful as the scene which greeted me when I arrived on the little plain which lies at the foot of the rugged declivities which lead to the summit of the mountain. In front of me lay Salak with his five rugged peaks, his bold breast girded with inexhaustible foliage, and his granite crest half obscured by a veil of mist, always in motion, and always, kaleidoscope-like, resolving itself into new and indescribable shapes. And when we turned our backs upon the giant, the scene was all changed, yet not less beautiful. Around me were pretty cottages, some built of sawn timber, some of bamboo, with environing verandah sheltered by the capacious roof. In the verandahs

were women spinning and weaving with loom, shuttle, and distaff of primitive construction. Around them sported their little ones, happily unencumbered with the cares of a toilet. In the adjacent gardens were the men, pruning the luxuriance of their fruits and vegetables. Before me, and far beneath me, stretched away the vast fertile, alluvial plain, which ends only at the sea. This was dotted with fine mansions, picturesque villas, pretty villages, isolated cottages, luxuriant groves, verdant paddy-fields, and groups of moving things ill-defined in the distance. On my right were reared the masses of the great mountain Pangerango, piled like Pelion upon Ossa, until lost to view in the thunder-clouds. On my left rose up boldly against the horizon the less lofty outline of the Badcewi hills, which at the distance seemed to mellow into the blue ether which garbed them. Thus I stood in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, looking over an illimitable plain, bounded by the Indian Ocean. Close to me was a pretty country-house of some retired merchant, and it had a beautiful garden ; and there was a field close by full of healthy-looking tobacco, and another growing Indian corn, and another full of vines, and another with some wheat ; and below, in a little bottom, was a small rice-field ; and through this paradise ran a tranquil stream ; and among olive-trees, and

fig-trees, and almond-trees, grew one large tree with dark-green foliage; and as I looked on all this beauty I thought that, whoever should tire of the monotonous turmoil and resultless agitation of European life, would do well to fix his hermitage under the shade of the dark tree on the little plain at the top of the green slopes of the mountain Salak, among the courteous and peaceable Javanese. After indulging myself for some time with the beauty of this scene, I plunged into the recesses of the mountain, and travelled along the bed of a dried-up torrent, overhung by thick masses of foliage. The horsekeeper led my pony, and two Javanese mountaineers walked before, carrying a sort of reaping-hook, with which they lopped off the branches which impeded my way. At last the ground became so rugged that I was compelled to dismount and struggle onward a-foot. The scenery of this mountain forest was very marvellous to me, a stranger to Eastern wonders. Impenetrable jungle rose all around my path, and out of that jungle shot up every description of tree that the East produces, from the stalwart teak to the more delicate and graceful palm.* Trees were below us; trees

* Sir S. Raffles, speaking of a part of Sumatra, says, "The trees approached 160 to 200 feet in height. One tree that we measured was in circumference nine yards; and *this is nothing to one I measured in Java.*"

were on each side; and trees towered above us on the heights which we had yet to climb. And our faces were fanned by huge leaves agitated by light autumnal breezes. Some were saplings, others most hoary monarchs of the forest; some were healthy and vigorous, others blasted, charred, mutilated, riven, felled by thunderbolts. In every conceivable position did they stand, or incline, or lie prostrate. After two hours of striving on foot through this jungle, the ill-defined track terminated abruptly at the foot of a precipice, and the guide intimated that all further progress was stopped. It was in vain that I gave him to understand that he was engaged to take me to the top of the mountain. He either could not or would not comprehend me. So I was forced to return to the more open country, and, scorched and jaded, to take refuge and seek repose in the verandah of a bamboo cottage, where a Malay woman sat spinning. Seeing me exhausted, she ran into the interior of the house and brought out a fine mat, which she unrolled on the verandah, and politely motioned me to rest. I lay down to sleep, whilst she went on with her spinning, murmuring a monotonous chant, greatly incitatory of slumber. After an hour's sleep I arose to depart, and thanked my kind hostess for her hospitality; and she, making signs indicatory of God speed, presented to me a fine rose with.

much graceful politeness. It would be well that we Europeans should take lessons in good-breeding and perfect self-possession from these Orientals. The very indigenes of Australia might teach many of us something in that way. In the evening the pony, the horsekeeper, and myself, came back to the hotel, scorched with heat and faint with toil. Of the three, the pony endured best, admirable little beast as he was. After dinner, whilst I was sitting in the verandah after dusk, a travelling carriage with blazing lamps, drawn by six horses, came at full speed up to the inn. From this carriage descended an Asiatic and an European. One was a Javanese Rajah, returning to his district; the other the Dutch gentleman who acts as Resident with him, or political surveillant. The Rajah wore a velvet cap and velvet jacket, embroidered with gold, whilst from his waist downwards he was encumbered by a costly stuff, wrapped round him, and girded on him by a shawl of great value. But I observed that, as he was in full dress, he wore white European trowsers, carefully strapped down over Wellington dress-boots—a very anomalous addition to his graceful Oriental dress; and which, as soon as he gets home, he will exchange for easy slippers. He bowed very politely to me as he rapidly ascended the steps and went into the house to obtain refreshment. He was short in stature, of a clear olive complexion, and with a

serious and noble expression of countenance. I hear that the upper classes of Javanese are very winning and gentle. They are not considered remarkably clever and acute, but they are kind-hearted, frank, and hospitable, with probably a slight admixture of indolence. While he was within I had much interesting conversation with his intelligent companion. Among other things, he told me that the Upas (poison) Valley is a bare and bleak hole, fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the surrounding soil; that it is about a mile in circumference; and that out of numerous fissures rise quantities of carbonic acid gas, as in the Grotto del Cane at the Lago d'Agnano, near Naples; that one may safely ride across it (I think he told me, that he had ridden across it) on a tall horse; but that any smaller animal, such as a dog, pig, or antelope, would be immediately asphyxiated. He told me that the natives are terribly skilful in the concoction of poisons; and that even the children know where to cull poisonous herbs. Our conversation was interrupted by the determination of the Rajah to proceed, in spite of a violent thunderstorm which was raging; so at nine o'clock, amid darkness and tempest, these gentlemen entered their carriage and vanished as suddenly as they had appeared.

Oct. 27. — Visited a handsome Dutch church, and discovered to my great astonishment that

Divine Service is only held there once a-month. I can hardly believe it, but I can obtain no other reply to my interrogatories.

Oct. 28.—Returned to Batavia with six relays of four horses each, which accomplished the distance, forty miles, in three hours and twenty minutes. I have been much delighted with my journey, and am sure that, although travelling in Java is necessarily expensive, the traveller will be well rewarded by the interesting scenes which he will everywhere behold. In the far interior, I hear, the traveller cannot fail to be enchanted by the scenery and the inhabitants. A pure Javanese village on a gentle declivity, at the foot of which run the crystalline waters of a small river, is a thing of surpassing beauty, I am told. And the bold masses of luxuriant foliage add to the beauty of the scene, whether adorning the distant landscape, or drooping over the roof and verandah of a bamboo hut.

Oct. 29.—Went to the Concordia Club. Hear that there is another club in Batavia, called the Harmonie. Visited the Chinese Cemetery—a large desolate tract, particularly ill kept. Slovenly constructed tumuli are heaped over the graves of the dead.

Oct. 31.—Visited the Dutch Cemetery—an extensive piece of ground, nicely kept. It is planted with many funereal cypresses; and is

filled with monuments, some in good taste. I saw three or four broken columns. One inscription, on grey marble, is covered in with glass.

Nov. 1. — Saw artillery exercising. The guns were small, each drawn by six ponies. Attended Evening Service at the Roman Catholic Chapel. It is a plain building. All seems well ordered there, and the singing was good. I believe there has been some difficulty with their Bishop, who, I hear, has been ordered to quit the island rather suddenly.

Nov. 2. — Went to the General Hospital to see poor Louis, the steward of the ship which brought me here. He is laid up with low fever, caught in the roadstead, which is unhealthy. I was glad to find him very comfortable, lying in a large, well-ventilated room, together with a number of others, suffering from the same indisposition. In this hospital there are beds for 600 patients; and all the arrangements, even the most minute, are excellently good. The cleanliness is exquisite, the ventilation remarkably well managed, and the nurses and servants looked cheerful and experienced persons. In returning, the horses shied at some goats, and took the carriage up a steep bank, overhanging the sluggish stream that lazily rolls through the midst of Batavia. The coachman lost his head; and I jumped out, just as one of the animals was hanging over the water,

scarcely upheld by the traces. However, as the little beast was not much bigger than a dog, I was able to lift him back into his place, and put him right. I observe that, when these diminutive creatures shy, they go off doggedly in the direction in which they first diverge from their course, and there is no stopping them. Not long ago I assisted an elegantly-dressed lady and two little girls out of a wet ditch, where they lay, mixed up with the overturned carriage, coachman, and contumacious steeds, all wallowing in the mud together.

Nov. 3.—Was introduced to an extraordinary person, an Englishman, a sort of adventurer, although with good English connexions, who, from circumstances not necessary to be mentioned here, once held a minor official appointment under the Dutch Government in Java. He gave me much information about the island, which I should fear to reproduce, as I suspect he may be inclined to give an incorrect colouring to things. For instance, the following is one of his stories, which I can hardly vouch for. “He had been,” he said, “a great hunter; but to tiger-hunting he was especially addicted. And not content to go to seek the tigers, he manœuvred that they should seek him, and in the following manner: He used then to get into a tiger-trap, with a double-barrelled rifle, and sit there as bait, waiting for the

beast." I asked him if he did not find it dull, staying there so long? To which he rejoined, that he generally took a book into the trap to beguile the time. I ventured to inquire what branch of literature pleased him best in this critical position? His answer was, "At one time one book; at another, another: but that on such occasions his favourite study was the 'Sorrows of Werter.'" This story is possible, perhaps, but scarcely probable, I should think.

Nov. 4.—In the evening I visited the crowded purlieu of the Chinese quarter, redolent of filth. I was introduced into a small house, where lay extended, on couches, four or five Chinese opium-smokers. It was a wretched sight to see their squalid, idiotic countenances, relapsing or relapsed into death-like inanition. I fancied myself in a charnel-house, surrounded by slightly-animated corpses; and I could not help thinking how much more like Christians the Chinese Government behaved than the English, in being unwilling to receive into their country a noxious, deadly drug, which our countrymen insisted on forcing on them. Thence I went to an open space, where, on an elevated stage, Chinese theatricals were being enacted. All the performance was most monotonous. The *dramatis persone* consisted of an old man, who sat, fast asleep, in a chair all the time I was there, full half an hour.

Then there was a sorcerer, who probably had laid him to sleep. There was a female, too, whom he wished to put to sleep as well; but she would not go to sleep, and there was much gesticulating and scuffling between her and the wizard. Then soldiers, most monstrosly dressed, rushed in to rescue the oppressed damsel; when suddenly, at a stroke of the magic wand, a dragon appeared, vomiting flames: at which the military ran away, followed by the wizard and dragon; whilst the young lady escaped in the opposite direction. And then all this was repeated two or three times, the old man still sleeping. Passing a handsome Chinese house, from which sounds of festivity proceeded, a well-dressed Chinese pounced upon me, took me by the hand, and dragged me into the midst of a marriage revelry, where people were playing at cards, drinking tea, and eating sweets. I was compelled to follow their example, barring the cards. Everything was costly and well-served, and my hosts were remarkably polite.

Nov. 6 (Sunday).—Went to the English Church—"Kirrick," my Malay coachman calls it—to assist the clergyman there. It is a neat, plain, well-ventilated little building, kept very clean, and does much credit to the Minister and his flock. The congregation, English and Americans, amounted, I should think, to sixty or seventy persons, all exceedingly well dressed,

and of very decorous comportment. The incumbent read Prayers, omitting the Litany, and part of the Communion Service; and I preached. The Morning Service was so curtailed, I was told, on account of the heat. I, however, did not find it so hot as I expected. It was very delightful to me, after so long a fast from public worship, to feast on our beautiful Church Prayers, as offered up in the house of God. In whatever quarter of the world we are, however remote, we feel at home, not abroad, when we sit in a church, side by side with our countrymen, and hear the almost inspired language of our Prayer-book enunciated by the Clergyman, clad in the accustomed garb. Old associations crowd upon our memories; our hearts insensibly become softened, in spite of the crust of selfishness and religious indifference which travelling engenders; and when, in the earnest prayer of St. Chrysostom, we put Almighty God in mind of His gracious promise, that when two or three are gathered together in His name He will grant their requests, we realise the truth that we are as near Him at the Antipodes as in our native land; that, for punishment or mercy, He is always at hand—a scourge to the impenitent sinner; but long-suffering and merciful, and one who will never cast out those who make their supplications unto

Him. After the Service, I visited my patient at the hospital. He is nearly well, and speaks with great gratitude of the kind and good treatment which he has received during his illness.

Nov. 9.—Took my place in the “Java” steamer, which starts to-morrow for Singapore, and made arrangements for my voyage. Before leaving, however, this garden of delights, I will note down some memoranda which I have made during my short stay in Java, which I hope will not be found to be inexact. Of the 200,000 inhabitants of Batavia, 1600 are Dutch and about 100 English and Americans. Many of these are rich, and live in fine suburban houses surrounded by every luxury. Both sexes eat and drink a great deal, and lead indolent lives, consequently they become very fat. They dress very well. Formerly the gentlemen were careless and loose in their dress, as in their morals: now that they have European wives instead of Malay women, they are much improved in both. And with improved morals has come improved health; for formerly Batavia was styled the tomb of Europeans, and was sadly afflicted by diarrhœa, dysentery, and low rheumatic fever. Now, attention to sewerage, drainage, cleanliness, diet, and, above all, to morals, has rendered the place sufficiently salubrious. Of course, the city proper, close to the sea, and on a level with its waters, full of shops,

stores, and counting-houses, and teeming with population, is not as healthy as the vast airy suburb Rijwoeck, two miles away. The dust of the streets is laid by being constantly kept watered by Malays, who run about with two large vessels of water across their shoulders having callender spouts. The white people of Batavia are not considered hospitable by the rest of the Europeans in Java. Of course, the presence of a number of excellent hotels in a city tends to obviate the necessity of private hospitality. In Batavia, besides the Hôtel Java, there are the Hôtel Nederlands, Hôtel Batavia, Hôtel de Guillaume II., Marine Hotel, all good. In these hotels the price of living, carriage included, would not be less than 1*l.* sterling a-day. In Batavia, the hottest part of the island, the heat during nine months of the year averages from 80° to 95° during the twenty-four hours. During the three months of rainy season it is less. In the interior it is considerably cooler; and not far from Buitenzorg, two blankets can be borne at night. Tigers abound in Java; 700 were killed last year. Not very long ago one was killed here at Rijwoeck, in the streets. Panthers, too, and deadly snakes, abound. Large bats, or flying foxes, are very common here. Some of them measure across the wings four or five feet. They have heads like foxes, with large staring

eyes, of very unpleasant aspect, have a strong smell, but are quite harmless, except to fruit, of which they eat an amazing quantity. In Batavia there are four or five newspapers, weekly, or bi-weekly, or daily; in Sourabaya, three, of which one is in Chinese or Malay; in Samarang, one; and one in Macassar. But the press in Java is not what is called a free press. The visitors who have attended the Exhibition in Batavia from Oct. 10 to Nov. 1, just passed, are as follows:—Europeans, 3512; Javanese, Chinese, Malays, and Islanders (*i. e.* from adjacent islands), 7853; soldiers, 1477. Money received at the doors, from season tickets and catalogues respectively, 4634 guilders, 20 doits; 1810 guilders; 508 guilders: total, 6952 guilders, 20 doits. In 1852 a census was taken of the population of Java and Madura. The sum total amounted to 9,943,075, in the following proportions: of Javanese, 9,762,682; Chinese, 125,407; Oriental settlers, 28,291; Europeans, 17,285; Slaves, who are not Javanese, but of the neighbouring islands, 9410. The population of Timor may be reckoned as 2,000,000. Of Sumatra I can get no account. And in the above specification of the population in Java I do not know under which heading to class the Malays, who are very numerous. In 1852, 400,000 Javanese were vaccinated, or re-vaccinated. In 1852, the tax

on pilgrims to Mecca was abolished ; so that the number which in 1851 was 74, rose in 1852 to 413. Since 1830, when Belgium tore herself away from Holland, the Dutch have devoted much more attention to Java, which is to Holland, in a commercial sense, that which the dykes are in a physical sense—a safeguard from a universal swamping. Thus they encourage settlers in the country, and let them have enforced native labour at a low rate—about 4*d.* a-day ; and the Government remunerates itself either by taking the planter's produce at a fixed rate below the market price, or by laying a heavy export duty upon it. The whole country is divided into Rajahships, and these Rajahs are feudatories of the Dutch, and are under the political control of a civil officer called a Resident. The Rajah and the Resident arrange about the labour for the planter. The labourer receives his own wages, and may not be punished in any way by the planter. All complaints are made to the Rajah, who punishes as he thinks proper. The Resident sees, too, that every district grows enough rice to support itself, so as to preclude chances of famine. The women, I believe, are not allowed to work, but are left to stay at home to spin, tend the children, and the house. If the Javanese were left to themselves, they would drive their women out to work in the fields, whilst they would lie

about indolently, or go idling with their neighbours, fighting cocks, quails, and beetles. The women, too, of Sumatra, bless the Dutch for lately introducing the same admirable social reforms and just distribution of labour among them. I believe that the Javanese Rajahs are stipendiaries of the Government; and they exercise immediate rule over their subjects. There are two Sultans in Java and Madura, who live in great state, keep a great many wives—some of them most lovely women—live very fast, and get into debt. They are not allowed to leave their palaces and circumjacent grounds without permission from the Resident. I believe that Holland gains a clear profit out of Java of eighteen millions of guilders, which is about equivalent to a million and a half sterling. This has been lost to England owing to the generosity of England, who, after the overthrow of Napoleon, gave this garden of Eden up to the Dutch, greatly to the indignation of that great and good man Sir Stamford Raffles. The government of Netherlands India is without any admixture of the popular element, and the Governor-General, assisted by his Council, consisting of Vice-President, General, Admiral, and four Councillors, has autocratic power over Java and her dependencies, such as Sumatra, Timor, Floris, Macassar, Banca, Bali, Sumbawa, and other islands; holds all the land as Dutch property;

exercises legal, judicial, and administrative functions ; modifies the freedom of the press ; also the right of holding public meetings ; admits, or refuses admittance, at discretion, to all persons wishing to land in Java ; taxes all estates in money or in kind ; wages war, or makes peace. His appointment is for four years, and his direct income amounts to 200,000 guilders per annum : from indirect sources, however, such as rations for servants, and forage for horses, he increases greatly his emoluments. The present Governor lives very quietly, and saves much. He drives four Sydney horses on particular occasions ; at other times, four or six ponies. He has not so fine a palace here as at Buitenzorg. The army of Netherlands India consists of 976 officers and 20,183 non-commissioned officers and privates, of which many are Africans. The cavalry and artillery are mounted with ponies ; and it is a ludicrous sight to see approaching at full very small trot, a tall, fat staff officer, with long sword and white plumes, weighing down beneath his caudal rotundity a small equine quadruped of ten hands and a half. The one animal's tail is half hidden by the dorsal ridge of the other. The war with the islanders of Bali lasted for two years, and was very harassing to the troops. I believe that each soldier is permitted (I did hear, compelled) to attach himself to one Malay wo-

man, who is recognised by Government, and has quarters in or near the barracks. If the soldier is ordered off on a long or difficult service, or dies, or returns home, the woman is provided for by the state. There is also, as I heard, a strange regulation on that score among the negro troops; but it is not sufficiently well authenticated to justify me in repeating it. The war-navy consists of 29 vessels, manned by 2052 Europeans and 559 Javanese, or neighbouring islanders.

As to the island of Sumatra, I hear that it is more fertile even than Java, and that the Dutch are doing their best to bring it to the same pitch of productive perfection as Java; but its immense size, and the warlike nature of its population, interpose innumerable barriers to their wished-for consummation. The chief towns are Palembang and Bencoolen. Slavery is as good as abolished throughout the Dutch dependencies in these parts.

Thus have I given all the information I could obtain regarding Java. I trust that it is correct; but it is difficult to acquire much knowledge from the Dutch here, for they are strangely incommunicative.*

* From an official return it appears, that in the Dutch possessions of Java and Madura the imports in 1853 were 44,280,653 guilders; the exports, 71,692,956 guilders. In 1854 the imports amounted to 63,775,247 guilders, whilst the exports arrived at 74,385,420 guilders. The number of vessels arriving in Java were, in 1853, 2170; and in 1854, 2348.

Nov. 9.—Embarked on board the “Java” steamer for Singapore. The captain is an Englishman. An Arabian diamond-merchant, with his wife and family, is on board, going to Mecca; also an Armenian jewel-merchant of Bagdad, who showed me some beautiful sapphires; also a Creole lady and family.

Nov. 10.—At sea all day, with Sumatra on our left, and, towards evening, Banca on our right. At midnight anchored off Muntok, the chief place in the island of Banca. Banca, I hear, yields to the Dutch government 250,000 piculs (cwts.) of tin per annum. A picul costs seven rupees the raising, and sells for twenty-four.

Nov. 11.—After discharging sixty tons of cargo at Banca we weighed anchor, and continued at sea all day, with the wind ahead and the navigation perilous. We were surrounded by rocks, reefs, and shoals. My Armenian friend from Bagdad drinks a bottle of Cognac brandy every day. He says that he has a peculiar constitution, which requires that quantity. He has the scar of a terrible boil on the face, which, he says, is common in Bagdad and Ispahan, and is produced—so he says—by too greedy a consumption of figs. He says that an Armenian patriarch resides in Diarbekir. He tells me that the people of Bagdad are firmly convinced that

their terrible miseries of 1831 were God's judgments on account of their shameless vices, and that now they are greatly reformed.

Nov. 12.—To-day's sail has been very interesting. Small islands, once nests of atrocious pirates, lay all around us, so that at times we seemed completely land-locked for leagues. In the afternoon we touched at Rhio, an island under Dutch surveillance, producing gambia, of which the Javanese are great consumers. The wife and daughter of the Arabian diamond-merchant have been kept below in their close cabin all this time. He brought up his youngest child, a baby, for me to see. It was a lovely little creature, with large lustrous black eyes. He himself is remarkably handsome and stately. He tells me that his wife is a lady of Java, where he has been settled for many years; but that his father, who is one of the leading people of Mecca, has ordered him to leave Java and go to live with him. "I, of course, obey my father," he said; "but Mecca is one of the most disagreeable places in the world to live in, on account of its intense heat and its want of verdure." In the course of conversation he said, in an off-hand way, that when Jesus Christ prophesied of a Paraclete, or Comforter, that should come, He, without doubt, alluded to Mahomet. To which observation I replied, that I was grieved

to have to differ with him *in toto*; for that I conceived, that when our Saviour promised to send a Comforter on earth, He meant anything but a mighty conqueror, winning dominion at the cost of much blood and human misery, and waited upon by a numerous band of wives and concubines: that by the Paraclete I understood a Holy Spirit, the fruits of which were "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance;" and that I could hardly ascribe all those virtues to Mahomet, however deservedly he might be revered by his followers. But, although I thought this answer very mild, he became very angry, and his eyes flashed fire. We, however, ultimately parted very good friends. During this dialogue the Armenian was interpreter. At ten P.M. we anchored at Singapore, the Byzantium of the East, of which Sir Stamford Raffles, its founder, writing in 1819, says, "My new colony thrives most rapidly. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East, and, as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory."

Nov. 13 (Sunday).—Landed from the steamer. Was told to take care that the coolies did not steal my luggage, they being thieves; and to recollect that I was no longer in Java, where,

owing to a strict Government, the lower classes behave well. Indeed I was told that a Javanese, finding a valuable article dropped on the main road from a passing carriage, will immediately take it to the nearest station. Here, on the contrary, I am told that the natives must be looked after. Went to the English church, where a clergyman, with a very weak voice, was trying to make himself heard by a miserably inattentive and carelessly-behaved congregation. Some Chinese, Hindoos, and Creoles, however, were behaving very well.

Nov. 14.—Walked round the Government grounds, which are prettily laid out on a hill. The population is said to be 80,000, of which a great number are Chinese. The streets are clean and well arranged. Went over the bazaar of a rich Chinese, named Whampou, which is full of most costly things, of which sandal-wood boxes and articles of frosted silver are not the least conspicuous.

Nov. 15.—Visited the Chinese temple. It covers an extensive square space, and is flanked by two polygon towers, ornamented with porcelain. The façade is supported by pillars, with monsters carved upon them in high relief. Two lions guard the door, in the mouth of one of which is a large ball lying loose, so carved there. Entering through the main door, I had before

me a square space, partly uncovered, with deep verandahs on the right and left, in which are shrines containing a god of wood, and looking very wooden indeed. Before me lay the more sacred precinct, on which side half the square is covered in with a lofty roof, supported by strong beams of costly wood, elaborately carved, loaded with gilding, and swarming with grotesque and hideous forms, carefully carved, and resplendent with gold and vermilion. Amongst these forms the dragon is always conspicuous. On stepping under the gorgeous roofing, the outer edge of which is supported by granite pillars, curiously and fantastically carved, I saw before me three great altars, before which lamps are always burning, and costly sandal-wood is diffusing its fragrant odour. Behind the right and left altars are two idols, as large, or larger, than life, in a cross-legged posture. They have strongly marked Chinese features, with a complexion of dark copper colour, and their expression is that of apathetic repose. But behind the middle shrine, which is more highly ornamented than the others, is the figure of a female richly dressed, having Chinese features; and behind her, so close as to almost hold her in his lap, is the gigantic figure of a great god which is called Joss. His features are very large, solemn, and unintelligent. As I looked on the group at a little distance, the

female figure seemed reposing in the very bosom of the great idol. Does she undertake the function of mediator and intercessor with their deity? This great shrine is guarded on either side by figures of tall devils, with gigantic horns, hairy thighs, misshapen feet, clubs, and a huge fork. I should remark, that in front of these three altars there is a sort of preparatory altar, over which a hideous little figure in a warlike attitude is flourishing some description of weapon. Indeed the whole of these precincts is swarming with representations, more or less hideous and absurd, of the spirit of evil; whether huge devils or little devils, or a dragon, or a serpent, or whatever else in the crawling way is unpleasant and unked. All the great altars have their fronts decorated with reliefs in compartments, representing groups of men, women, and animals. The entire building is roofed with porcelain; and on the ridges of the roof ramp dragons of porcelain. All this porcelain is brought from China, as is the granite which is used in the construction and ornamentation of the temple.

Nov. 16.—Observe that the coachmen do not drive the horses from the box, but run by their side with astonishing nimbleness. I hear that to keep a good table in Singapore is dear. Vegetables are by no means plentiful, and the meat is not of very good quality. Singapore is, I

believe, a very healthy place. The tropical sun is tempered by a keen wind, which makes me feel as if I were in a constant draft, and gives me neuralgic pains. Tigers are very plentiful in the district; they swim over from the Malay continent, and attack the labourers in the plantations by jumping on them from behind. The victim dies immediately with the vertebræ of the spine broken, and is then carried off into the jungle to be devoured by the brute at leisure. Singapore, from its position and climate, is rapidly becoming a place of immense importance. The Dutch, jealous of our growing influence in these parts, tried to check it by making Macassar a free port. But it is too late. Singapore is, or shortly will be, the great commercial capital of the far East.

Nov. 18.—Embarked on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers for Ceylon. There are not many passengers, and those we have are chiefly invalids coming home from China.

Nov. 20.—Arrived off Pulo-Penang, which is said to be the most fertile and picturesque island in the world. From the ship I saw that it was mountainous, but mist and rain prevented my making any further observations.

Nov. 23.—Talked much with some intelligent Parsees on board. They do not acknowledge themselves to be sun or fire-worshippers. But

whilst they are worshipping the invisible God they look at the sun or fire, or, in fact, anything bright, as an emblem of His brightness. The very idea of circumcision they abhor. They abstain from beef and pork, and pray often in their temples. They have a regular hierarchy, and their priests are allowed to marry; but their stipends are small, equal to about 60% per annum. Their secret writings are the Zendavesta, a translation of which they study continually. They were banished from Persia by Mohammedan bigotry 300 years ago, and took refuge at first in Surat; now their head-quarters are in Bombay. They seem clean, quiet, well-disposed people, well arranging their own affairs without interfering with their neighbours' matters. They put me very much in mind of our Quakers.

Nov. 25.—We expect to arrive at Point de Galle, in Ceylon, to-morrow. Heat very great. I think we all live too luxuriously; eating and drinking is going on all day in our splendid saloon. Coffee is served at six A.M.; then breakfast at nine; lunch at noon; a sumptuous dinner, with many wines, at four; tea at six; biscuits and spirits at nine. For a seven-days' passage I have paid 154 dollars. I think it would be better to pay less and be less expensively served. A gentleman invalided home from China tells me, that if one has a weak point in the consti-

tution, the climate of China will find it out and aggravate it.

Nov. 26. — At seven A.M. we steamed into the harbour of Point de Galle, in Ceylon. This town is the southernmost harbour in Ceylon; and in times past was strongly fortified by the Dutch. The natives swarming about the port are great thieves, with a decidedly Hebrew cast of countenance; but they are excelled in villany by an indescribable sort of mongrel creature which infests this place, a compound of Hollander, Portuguese, and Malay. The surveillance exercised by the police is, I understand, not very strict.

Dec. 1. — Went to Colombo in a sort of char-à-banc, intended for six passengers but occupied by nine. Started at five A.M. and arrived at Colombo at four. The distance is seventy-five miles. The sea lay on our left; an interminable cocoa-nut forest on our right. The roads are excellent; but the natives looked dirty and neglected, and their huts were many of them half in ruins. Saw two miserable individuals quite white through leprosy.

Dec. 2. — Had the pleasure of dining with the excellent Bishop of Colombo. He is building an elegant cathedral in the Early English style, with internal fittings of satin-wood, beautifully carved by the natives.

Dec. 3. — Drove out to the Cathedral to attend

Morning Service, and received the Eucharist. Breakfasted at the Bishop's residence, and met there Tamul and Cingalese priests and deacons, all intelligent and well-behaved persons. After breakfast one of these gentlemen, a Tamul deacon, did me the pleasure of accompanying me to the Lepers' Hospital, an establishment which has been built and endowed in time past by a Dutch merchant, who, they say, died a victim to this loathsome and terrible disease. After proceeding for some distance in a boat up a large river, we were landed on the estate appertaining to the hospital. The establishment consists of various squares, surrounded by low huts, and having communication one with the other. In these huts the lepers live. I felt very wretched, as thirty or forty of these poor creatures, of either sex, came clustering around me, all afflicted by the horrible disease in all its many stages. All I could do was to give them some money, and bid them put their trust in God. I could not bid them hope, for with leprosy there is no hope; it is incurable: at least, theirs is considered so. Some of them had their noses decayed away; some their toes and feet; others their fingers; and when not decayed, their fingers, feet, and toes were horribly bent and twisted. Two had proud flesh growing over their eye-balls. One poor fellow had his ears drooping down on

his shoulders, monstrously swollen; and huge fleshy excrescences protruding from his forehead, his cheeks, and his chin; and thus he, having completely lost his nose, looked scarce human. They seemed very miserable and woe-begone as they crowded around me. Indeed, unless there were a world to come, and these poor creatures had immortal souls, who could blame them for self-destruction? Strange to say, no pain is felt, as this terrible disease makes its slow progress. The victim, little by little, year by year, rots quite away without pain. But many, many years elapse ere this consummation, so much to be wished, takes place. My amiable guide, who visits here fortnightly or oftener, tells me that the disease first developes itself by the falling off of the eyebrows. I believe that I am the first European minister of religion, not Roman Catholic, who has visited this lazaret-house. My impression on coming away was, that the arrangements of this institution are capable of improvement.

Dec. 4 (Sunday). — Attended St. Peter's church. Heard the Bishop preach an excellent sermon to a thin and carelessly-behaved congregation, in aid of the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The collection was a poor one. A heavy gale blowing all day. Some of the vessels nearly ashore. Colombo is a fine town, kept clean. It has strong fortifications,

which, I believe, were erected by the Portuguese, before the Dutch drove them out. The Government-House is a vast pile of buildings.

Dec. 5. — Started at five A.M. for Candy, where I arrived at five in the evening. For thirty-six miles the route was uninteresting, but afterwards the scenery became mountainous and picturesque. The noble road (constructed by Sir Ed. Barnes) wound under beetling cliffs and over profound water-courses. Masses of fleecy vapour floated upon the rugged crests of the mountains. In a small gully overshadowed by cocoa-nut trees, I saw an elephant at work, removing stones. The huge palm leaves drooped upon the beast's huge back—fit companionship between the animal and vegetable world.

Dec. 6. — Candy is an enchanting place, seated on the banks of a lake surrounded by lofty hills, exuberant of foliage. In this lake is a small island with a building on it, once used for a harem, now for a powder-magazine. A massive terrace runs along the side of the lake, and to walk there and watch the reflection of the trees in the still waters is a delightful thing. Near the lake is a large building, used as a public library; also an immense temple of Buddha, bizarre, and full of barbaric beauty. There is a fine and well-conducted hotel here, barracks for troops, and one of the ugliest churches (Anglican) it has ever been my

lot to see. It defiles an otherwise beauteous scene, as one looks down upon it from a neighbouring height. The streets are well kept, and alive with an active, intelligent native population ; and it is most pleasing and amusing to see multitudes of these people bathing and diverting themselves in the tranquil waters of the translucent lake.

Dec. 7.— Had the pleasure of an introduction to a Mr. Ottley, the excellent and capable representative of the Church Missionary Society at Candy. He drove me round the lake and showed me all its beauties. With mirror-like truth did the still surface reflect the rosy glow of the evening sky, and not less distinctly the forest-clad mountains. Afterwards, as I passed by the front of the Buddhist temple, I heard the sound of tom-toms, calling the people to prayers. So I entered the portals, and came to where numbers of thin and acute-looking priests, clothed in yellow, were offering on trays large white and yellow flowers as an evening sacrifice before the shrines of Buddha. Of shrines there were two, one containing two images, cased with gold ; the other a pyramid, flashing forth by the light of silver lamps, burning fragrant oils, the rays of innumerable gems. The pyramid, surmounted by the representation of a flame, is the prevailing symbol of the Buddhists. The officiating priests received me with much courtesy. A curiously-chased watch

I wore attracted their attention mightily. They clustered round me to examine it thoroughly, and then passed it eagerly from hand to hand; so that the evening rites of Buddha were momentarily neglected, that his priests might scrutinise an English clergyman's time-piece.

Dec. 8.—Went to the National School. About forty pupils were there, natives and Creoles. They sang very nicely. Visited the Botanical Gardens, four miles distant from Candy. They are of great extent, and not particularly well kept.

Dec. 10.—Rode through Gambala to the parsonage-house of the Chaplain of Pussillava, where I slept. The scenery was very picturesque. A deep ravine gaped on our right; and we were splashed with the spray of an infinity of cascades, beautiful to see, which came leaping down the wooded heights on our left. Swift moving clouds enveloped the neighbouring mountains. Our travelling was impeded by a vast number of trains of small thatched carts, each drawn by two oxen. The worthy chaplain was away; but in his pretty deep-verandaed cottage, nestling amidst roses, seated in a locality of surpassing beauty, we found every physical and intellectual comfort.

Dec. 11.—My companion took Divine Service at Pussillava church in the absence of the chaplain. The church is a quiet, unpretending building, kept very clean, and surrounded by an exuberance

of roses, which render fragrant the air. A native catechist was holding a sort of service in the church to some Cingalese, before my friend should begin his. It was most interesting to see the swarthy folk, wrapped in folds of white muslin, crouching before the catechist with piercing looks of intense earnestness, whilst he in a standing position expatiated, with much energy and grace, on the blessings of the religion of the great Healer of souls. The regular Service was very badly attended indeed. A few Creoles and one European family composed the congregation. Our planters, who are by no means penetrated to excess with religious feeling, have a good excuse for absenting themselves from Public Worship just now; for it is the critical period of coffee-picking, during which work is done on Sundays.

Dec. 12.—Made an excursion to an adjoining mountain called Peacock Hill. On our way we passed through a fine coffee estate belonging to three brothers (Israelites) of the name of Behr. The whole of this property is surrounded by a hedge of roses, a most delightful thing to see and smell. The nephew of the proprietors received us with much courtesy, and conducting us over the buildings attached to the estate, gave us every information about coffee cultivation. Saw the process of picking the berry, of washing it and drying it, previous to its being sent to Colombo

to undergo a cleaning process ; after which it is shipped off to England. The heat of the drying-room was 145° , so that I could not stay long in it. The labourers for the coffee-picking come over express from the southern parts of India, just as the Irish come over for our harvest. Their pay is 6*d.* a-day, and they feed themselves. Each gang has its own chief, who is responsible for the behaviour of his comrades. I hear, that if a coffee estate is well managed, it is very profitable ; but if neglected, it will turn out a most ruinous investment. Woe to the proprietor who leaves his estates in the hands of agents ! A healthy plant should be of a rich, ripe, green colour : if the colour should verge on black, it is a sign that the terrible bug has got into it. Afterwards we ascended the mountain by a corkscrew path. Saw the laurel-like coffee-tree planted in the most inaccessible localities. For the cultivating and picking in such places, it is necessary to secure the labourer with ropes. The view from the top of the mountain was very extensive and imposing indeed. On one side, as far as the eye could reach, extended a chaos of mountains piled upon mountains ; on another, a narrow unfertile valley full of rank grass, through the middle of which ran a mountain-stream. Returned to Pussillava by sun-down.

Dec. 13.—Started on horseback at early morn-

ing for Newera Ellia, pronounced Neuralia, the sanatorium of Ceylon. After riding through a pretty country full of coffee estates, we arrived at Ramboddy, eager for breakfast; but we found the *Rest-haus* shut up and deserted; so we had to forage, and by dint of begging and bargaining procured some eggs, a little milk, and an unleavened cake. We had tea with us in a tightly-corked bottle, a most excellent drink for travellers in tropical countries. The term "excellent" expresses faintly my ideas on this subject. After leaving Ramboddy we passed through some very sublime scenery. Around us were lofty hills, partly clothed with jungle and forest, partly cleared for coffee, and profound ravines, at the bottoms of which ran tumultuously the torrents which had leaped in cascade from the adjoining heights. At one point of view we had sight of four noble cascades, all most diverse, all most picturesque, and one at a great altitude. I seemed to be looking at some exaggerated picture, so unearthly and extraordinary was this scene. Crossed a rude bridge, under which bounded a rapid river on its swift way to the abyss below. Some time ago a man, who was in custody of the police for murdering his two wives, jumped over the parapet into the seething caldron, and thus eluded the laws of man. Other bridges we passed over, some of them not in the

best repair. At three P.M. we arrived at Newera Ellia, which is a collection of houses built in a valley 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Although the sun's rays are severe, yet the heat is much tempered by the keen mountain air ; for there are tall mountains, one the Pedro, rising 6000 feet from the plain, all round about. On the gentle slopes rising from the valley towards the surrounding hills, are built pretty cottage residences, with well-wooded grounds about them. The middle of the valley is a swamp, clothed with rank grass, scarce good for anything, having a half-torpid stream running through it. By means of a dam at the lower end of this valley the swamp might be converted into a capacious lake, as was done at Candy by one of the late kings : and then Newera Ellia would be one of the pleasantest places in the world. We were hospitably received by the Rev. Mr. Mooyart the chaplain, a gentleman of Dutch extraction, who took us to see the church, a substantial building, but at present a little out of repair. Saw several invalid soldiers about.

Dec. 16.—Returned to Pussillava. Observed a well-defined blue haze enveloping the distant mountains, and white fleecy clouds floating about in this haze. Some of these clouds looked like stately ships sailing on and within a sea of azure. It was a vision of great beauty, for this

blue haze looked like an ocean, and the tops of the mountains like islands rising out of this ocean.

Dec. 18 (Sunday).— Having yesterday ridden down to Gambala, I celebrated Divine Service at Gambala church this morning. The church is a pretty, neat building, well kept, having a bell, font, raised chancel, and altar chairs. The old clerk was formerly tom-tom player to the last of the kings of Candy; and a good old creature he seemed to be. A congregation of about twenty were present. A gentleman of native extraction drove me into Candy, and gave me much information about the Cingalese. On my way I plucked a leaf from a tree, which is said to be sacred, on account of Buddha having once reclined under it. As we drove along, I observed that all the natives lowered their umbrellas to my friend, he being of royal descent. The priests, however, those gaunt, ascetic men, clothed in loose yellow robes, did not. Well might they look lean, if what I have been told is true, that they eat no food till after sundown. Of course there is a great deal of scandal a-foot concerning the morality of the sacerdotal order of the Buddhists; every priesthood has its calumniators. I hear that polyandry is very common among the Cingalese. Four or five brothers take one woman, and they live together, as I am credibly informed,

in perfect harmony. The children sprung from this alliance claim paternal sympathies from all the brothers. I am told that hydrophobia is very common here among the dogs; but that, although many people are bitten, death very rarely follows. The Buddhist priests can neutralise the effects of the poison; they can even successfully battle with the disease after it has developed itself in the patient. But their entire process is a secret. The bitten person must be conveyed to their temple or habitations, and at the end of a certain time he is restored to his friends cured. Caution and most profuse sudorifics form part of their system; but they use drinks and local applications which are never divulged. The patient is reduced to the last stage of inanition during the healing process. My friend told me that he was bitten by a confirmed mad dog six years ago, and that he was treated partly according to the native, partly according to the European custom. For four weeks his diet consisted of rice-water and vegetables; emetics and purgatives were alternately administered every other day, and the wound was kept open by cautery. As soon as he became moribund, as it were, from want of nourishment, they desisted from their severe treatment, and allowed him gradually to feed up again.

Dec. 19.—An elephant was in the lake this

morning, drawing out of it a sunken barge; and all of a sudden he disappeared as if by magic, the frightened mahout swimming ashore. It turned out that one side of the Candy Lake is enormously deep—a ravine, in fact—and over the banks of this precipice the poor creature slipped, dragging the heavy boat after him, the encumbrance of which prevented him swimming. Mr. Ottley took me to see an image of Buddha, twenty-seven feet long, hewn out of the solid rock. The figure is lying on its right side, with its head slightly raised on its right hand, and the noble and majestic countenance has an aspect of profound meditation. On his head is the representation of a pyramid of flame, gilt. I understand that Buddhism is a pure Theism, the tenets of which Buddha propagated, who lived a thousand years before our Saviour. But yet idol-worship is mixed up with Buddhist worship. Others, again, say, that Buddha is Adam, whose colossal foot-steps on the Cingalese mountain, Adam's Peak, both Hindoos and Buddhists worship. Others say that Buddhism was much modified by the teaching of early Christian apostles, and that the monastic institutions and hierarchy peculiar to the Buddhists took their rise from the followers of Christ. Some say that Buddhism, as pure Theism, is the primeval religion of the East; and that Hindoo mythology and idol-worship are its

corruptions, just as the mythology and image-worship of Roman Catholics are corruptions of the pure Christian scheme. Others, again, assert that Hindooism was the primeval Asiatic religion, and that Buddha was a reformer—a sort of Luther. The religion of Buddha prevails in China, Thibet, Japan, and Ceylon; and a German writer of note (Ritter) in his introduction to the “Histories of the European Nations,” advances the opinion that the Buddhists migrated to the shores of the Black Sea, to Colchis, to the modern Mingrelia, and thence to Thrace, where they laid the foundation of the civilisation of the Pelasgi and Hellenes. I take it that a scrutiny into Buddhism, as to what it is and what it is not, and above all its relative bearings with regard to Hindooism, must be a most interesting, though most difficult task. I could obtain no information on this subject either from clergy or laity.

Dec. 20.—Rode down to Colombo in the public conveyance. Among my fellow-passengers were an English family and their ayah, a Tamul woman, with the baby. This woman was loaded with barbaric ornaments. She had silver anklets and armlets, two neck chains, no end of rings on fingers and toes, and six earrings on her two ears, besides one in her right nostril. Silver chains in her raven hair completed this argentine toilet. This was the woman’s property, which she carried

about her. According to the number of her ornaments will she find aspirants for her hand and heart. In the Australian bush I have seen young black girls on their preferment, with no other clothing than a longish stick passed through the grizzle of their nose. In Europe, also, the same principle prevails ; subjected, however, to certain modifications in the carrying out.

Dec. 21.—To-day, being St. Thomas' Day, the patron saint of the College and Cathedral, there was full Service at eleven. Many swarthy priests and deacons attended. A number of pupils sat down to dinner with us, and afterwards sang some chants very sweetly indeed. I believe that they are much in want of some new chants. It was a most exhilarating sight to see these Indian people, rescued from the demon of Paganism, thus adapting themselves to humanising Christian ways. And all Christian people should gratefully thank our good Bishops, refined and educated men, who leave the comforts of an English benefice, and break up all the associations of their youth, for thus devoting themselves to preach the Gospel of Truth to people sunk in demoralising errors, and that in countries where the climate is by no means congenial to European constitutions. Yet, strange to say, many of the British abroad do not sufficiently appreciate and reverence the motives which induce learned and

discreet clergymen to come out into far-away lands to exercise the arduous duties of the Episcopate. Instead of being supported, they are often thwarted by people, who, baptized unto Christ, live as pagans. Many of our Colonial Bishops are obliged to employ much of their valuable time in warding off the virulent attacks of professing Church people, leagued with the Anti-Church party and a bitter Newspaper Press.

Dec. 22.—Went to see a vast Buddhist temple. It has two large chambers, in one of which is a recumbent figure of Buddha, forty feet long, with a noble countenance indicative of profound contemplative repose, or perhaps of religious ecstasy. On his head he wears a sort of judge's wig, and before him is a glass frame, probably to shroud him in a measure from too penetrating a gaze of the profane. Other representations, too, of Buddha are there, as well as of Hindoo gods. It is this mixture of the two religions which I cannot have explained to me. The walls of the other chamber are crowded with vivid frescos of men and animals. At my request, one of the priests wrote me with a style a few words on a leaf of papyrus, as a memorial of the place; not, however, without hesitation, for he asked me with a sneer why I wished for a memorial of a reli-

gion which I despised. He had the sharp, acute features of the members of the Society of Jesus.

Dec. 23.—Came down to Point de Galle in the public conveyance. My fellow-passengers were an Eurasian gentleman and his daughter from Madras, and a police-magistrate, a Baliol man. Horses very vicious: they nearly upset us three times.

Dec. 27.—Embarked on board a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, bound for Suez. As there were only twenty-three passengers, I had a cabin to myself. Each cabin is made to contain three berths. A Spanish ecclesiastic of high rank, from Manilla, is one of the passengers. He is Vicar-General of the Philippines, and his frank, honest countenance, shows a delightful mixture of good breeding and good nature.

Jan. 1, 1854 (Sunday, Feast of the Circumcision).—The captain sent his compliments to me, and asked me to celebrate Divine Service. Of course I acquiesced. Service began at half-past ten. Nearly all the passengers and officers of the ship attended. I was obliged to sit, owing to the motion of the ship and the swaying of the punkah. The Service consisted of Prayers, Litany, and a Sermon. At half-past seven p.m. I celebrated a full Evening Service. We are now 2140 miles from Aden.

Jan. 3.—At daybreak we were off the island of Socotra, once a coaling station of the East India Company, lying about 450 miles from Aden. It is very insalubrious and sterile, and has but few inhabitants. Tamagrida is its chief village; and a few miserable Arabs, in a state of anarchy, cultivate all that is cultivable. We were twelve hours passing it. High mountains with jagged summits and with sandy slopes at the bases, destitute of verdure, were all that we could see through the haze.

Jan. 5.—At nine A.M. we entered Aden, a mass of rock joined to the mainland by a sandy isthmus. It contains a mosque, an Anglican church (scarcely begun), a Romanist church (nearly finished), cantonments, and some dwellings for British officials. The other buildings are miserable, and an air of sterile desolation pervades every part. Aden, however, is, politically and commercially, a very valuable possession, lying as it does at the entrance of the Red Sea, and we have fortified it with great care. The harbour is secure, and has about four fathoms of water. The population consists chiefly of Africans. I saw troops of brawny negresses carrying heavy burdens; also strings of sour-looking camels, bringing in forage and fire-wood. I rode out into the desert, half a mile beyond the frontier, and encountered a dreary waste of sand

as far as the eye could reach. Had a quarrel with a villanous horseboy, who, as I was alone, tried to rob me. I was obliged to compel him to accompany me to the police-office, but I could get no redress, and I longed for Dutch rule here. The hotel is spacious, airy, and well kept, and from its verandah we enjoyed at sunset the view before us. There was the calm sea, reflecting chameleon-like the fading hues of the sky; ships at anchor; that rock in the sea, "*in guisa di leone quando si posa*;" beyond were the Arabian mountains, mantled with blue haze, with slopes of sand half-way up to the summit. Laden camels with their drivers passing along the beach, having their outlines brought out in sharp relief against the blue waters of the harbour, gave life to this still evening scene. Having completed our coaling we proceeded on our way at night.

Jan. 6.—At half-past nine A.M. we passed through the narrows of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Gate of Tears, forming the entrance to the Red Sea. On our right frowned a group of precipitous rocks, among which the Peak, called Bab-el-Mandeb, was pre-eminent; on our left lay the rocky island Perim, which forms the right side to the wider straits. An Arab pilot came on board, clothed in a long dress of striped silk down to his feet, and having his striped turban tied down with a handkerchief. He carried a huge silver ring on the

little finger of his right hand, and he wore no shoes. He fixed himself on the paddle-box, and there remained attentive and motionless. On our right and left we see chains of mountains — these in Arabia, those in Abyssinia. At half-past one P.M. we passed Mocha, and with a glass saw distinctly the Mosque, the Citadel, and a few Arab vessels lying at anchor. A strong wind blew aft, and the ship rolled. Observed that the twilight was very short. Venus throws her track of light upon the waters like a moon.

Jan. 8 (Sunday).—No land to be seen on either side. Celebrated the Morning and Evening Services. The morning attendance was very good. Divine Service is invaluable for the *morale* of a crowded ship. It gives people something to think about, and takes their attention off from self. We had a hazy sunset, at which time the sea assumed a peculiar reddish tinge, which lasted for twenty minutes. This appearance is common in these parts. At ten P.M. the wind, which until yesterday was southerly, and is to-day fallen, began to blow from the north.

Jan. 10.—No land visible, except an island which we passed on our left; still the same round of good living. People are getting bilious and fastidious; and complain that the cook has not improved since the commencement of the voyage. The fact is that, considering what we really re-

quire as idle people, the whole victualling department is one of extravagant wastefulness. Conversed on religious matters with the Vicar-General of Manilla. He seems a very amiable, liberal-minded man, and did not assume a bitter tone when speaking of Protestantism. But when I told him that I could not find Scripture warranty for the intense ultra-veneration which his Church accorded to the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, he laid his hand on my arm, and seriously said, "I can bear your doubts on every other point but this ; but on this subject I can suffer no disputing. If you knew how she has always been a blessed Mother to me, and on one occasion how she answered my prayers immediately when I was in great straits, you would no longer undervalue her divine excellences, nor wish to diminish the homage due to them." Here the good man's eyes became suffused with feeling, and the conversation, of course, was at an end. Are Protestants sufficiently aware, that the worship of the Virgin is not only an institution of the Church of Rome, but that it springs from the universal tendency of mankind, in all ages of the world, to worship the female principle deified ? The Hindoos worship Pracriti — the Egyptians worshipped Isis — the Phœnicians, Astarte, the "Queen of Heaven"—the Greeks, Cybele—the Scandinavians Freya, and so on. All these

goddesses were symbols of the generative powers of nature. This instinctive worship of nature the Producer, is as strong in the breast of man now as it was three thousand years ago ; and the Church of Rome, ever a calm and acute contemplator of the religious tendencies and wants of mankind, has satisfied all these material longings after the gross worship of the principle of fecundity, by giving to them a more refined and spiritual object of worship, symbolical of every moral virtue, every feminine purity and sweetness, every spiritual fecundity, every Divine Power for aiding and consoling erring and desolate human souls, in the person of a spotless virgin, Mother of the Creator and Saviour of the world.

Thus, if the Papal system were to be broken up to-morrow ; if the vast and complicated machinery of the Church of Rome were to exist no longer ; it may be doubted if the Worship of the Virgin would not still remain deeply rooted in the hearts of her votaries. For it is a human instinct, rather than an article of faith ; yet it is certain that no one who founds his faith on the Canon of Scripture is justified in worshipping aught but the Eternal Three in One.

Jan. 11.—Sailed up the Gulf of Suez, leaving the gulf of Akaba on our right. The Gulf is from twelve to fifteen miles across. Right and left were undulating ridges of rock, with sandy

slopes. About forty miles south of Suez the captain pointed out to me the spot where, according to tradition, the Israelites passed. There is a break in the cliff just there, by which they could descend to the sea-side. I did not see any other gap where they could have done so. This break is called the Valley of Moses. The soundings at this spot give five fathoms, and the width of the gulf there is twelve miles exactly. At four P.M. we cast anchor in the shallow waters of the gulf, three miles short of Suez, to which, amid indescribably disorderly confusion, we were rowed in a barge by four terribly depraved-looking individuals. Suez does not seem a very interesting place; but we were partially refreshed by some weak tea at a bad hotel, and then started for Cairo in omnibuses on two wheels, drawn by four horses or mules. The omnibus I rode in was christened by the rest of the passengers the Polyglott Omnibus, inasmuch as there were six people of different nations inside—an Englishman, Swiss, Frenchman, Spaniard, Parsee, and Eurasian. The travelling was very good; the horses were changed sixteen times in the space of eighty miles; and at three out of the sixteen stations there was a good supper laid. The Peninsular and Oriental Company must injure their passengers' healths by overfeeding them. Thus we travelled over an interminable desert of

sand. No trees were there, no verdure; the soil seemed to grow nothing but rocks, which cropped above the surface. The cold bright moon shed her rays upon us, and the keen winter wind swept across the waste.

Jan. 12.—Arrived in Cairo at half-past ten A.M. Visited the Citadel, and the new Mosque built by Mehemet Ali. From the heights of the citadel I saw new and old Cairo, the many-mosqued, lying beneath me in the distance; the Nile, with banks lined with palaces, floating gently down through its narrow and most fertile valley; and beyond the arid Desert, having on its confines the Pyramids of Gizeh and those of Sakhara, all looking very small. The mosque is of white marble, and glowing with costly decorations. Glass chandeliers hang from the roof, and the pulpit and tomb of the late Pasha are conspicuous objects; the former for its richness, the latter for its simplicity. The building is large and imposing, and its centre dome of striking dimensions.

Jan. 13.—Hear that Achmet, the celebrated sorcerer, performed before a party last night at Shepheard's Hotel. He is a venerable-looking old man of 80. He insisted on being paid before he commenced, and thus obtained between 20 and 30 dollars. After making the accustomed incantations, he failed miserably in describing all

the personages who were mentioned to him. His boy and he made sad blunders indeed. For instance, Mr. Disraeli was described as wearing a dress coat, white waistcoat and cravat, top boots, and moustaches. Went to the slave-market, a very dirty place, where were kept in miserable rooms men, boys, and girls, brought down by slave-merchants from Nubia, Abyssinia, and Galla. They were all very dirty, but seemingly not at all miserable. On the contrary they seemed cheerful, and rather rude, especially the women; for as I was retiring they seized my hand and demanded money, until the master came and gave them some blows with a light cane, at which they ran away laughing. After I left the building I discovered that the small-pox and the itch were raging among the inmates. Afterwards I visited various parts of Cairo, which is accounted the most Oriental city of the East. Scenes of the "Arabian Nights" are re-enacted every day. There is to be seen the stately mosque, with its slender minaret delicately carved, and the narrow street lined with fortress-looking mansions, with gateways of exquisite Saracenic architecture, full of fantasy, variety, and originality. The shops are very small—little boxes, in fact—stored with goods behind. In front, close on the street, is a little stage carpeted; on which the shopkeeper, leaving his slippers below, almost

in the throughfare, sits tranquilly smoking his chibouque or narghilly; and where the buyer must sit also, if he would avoid being trampled under foot by the crowd. And what crowds! what a living torrent of animal life rushes through the narrow ways! Here jostle one another Franks, Arabians, Turks, Egyptians, Nubians, carriages, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, and goats. All is in motion, and rapid motion. Here comes a stately camel sweeping along with outstretched neck, his head in horizontal position, and a supercilious expression of countenance. He has a doubtful-looking eye, and an angry pout on his lip. If he is loaded, *væ viatori!* for he sweeps down all opposition with his protruding burden. If he is crouching down, loading or unloading, *væ viatori!*—for he twists about his long neck in every direction, gnashing his teeth in an agony of rage or pain, and fills the air with cries difficult to describe, compounded of a grunt and a groan and a roar and a squeak. Then comes the gentleman or officer, loaded with gay clothes, prancing by on his high-mettled horse, sitting at ease in the comfortable saddle all covered with housings. Then one sees a sleek, fat mule, carrying a sleek, fat, consequential eunuch—precious companionship!—through the yielding crowd. Then come grave Orientals, merchants, Jews, money-changers, and

hatted Franks, bestriding small active asses. Among these latter the Englishman may be distinguished, by his having the same supercilious touch-me-not expression of countenance as the camel; and by his riding his donkey through the crowd at full gallop. Then there are the women—the better classes—muffled up in the yasmak, going a-shopping, sitting on ass-back *à la fourchette*; the lower classes exposing their masculine, but not unhandsome features, to the gaze of men. There, too, are the sweetmeat-sellers, lauding with loud voice the excellence of their *bonbons*. The air is filled with shouts; everybody is gesticulating; and the expressive Arabian tongue is applied to praying, cursing, blessing, lying, trafficking, and shouting to the animals—all in simultaneous discord. Every animal has a driver, and every driver maintains an animated conversation with his charge. This is but a faint description of the bustle in the streets of indescribable Cairo. I hear that Egypt still keeps up its reputation of being the most licentious country in the world. I find, too, that a great jealousy exists between Cairo and Damascus; especially with regard to the breed of horses. I am told also, that the Desert is a most healthy place for invalids to visit who require change of air. Of course it is necessary to take tents and every convenience.

Jan. 14.—Visited the Pyramids of Gizeh and

the Sphinx. Started at early morning ; and as we proceeded through a labyrinth of narrow streets, the moon poured a flood of light on mosque and minaret, massive palace and sculptured portal. Heard the muezzin's monotonous chant from a neighbouring minaret. Met a group of women going, as I was told, to offer presents at the tomb of Mehemet Ali. A camel bore them, and they wailed lugubriously. Crossed the Nile in a sailing-boat, and drank of the untransparent waters. Found them sweet and pleasant to the taste. The cold at sunrise was intense. Groves of graceful date-trees were scattered here and there, and much land was laid down with wheat. Just beyond the verge of cultivation stands, amidst its lesser fellows, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, and quite close is the Sphinx raising its mutilated face above the sand. In consequence of the enormous bases of these structures, and of there being no other structure near by which to institute a comparison, it is impossible to realise their great height. There they stand alone, sand-embedded, on the verge of a great desert, its untiring sentinels, under the clear, rainless sky of Egypt. It is well to consider this, else one is disappointed by their apparent want of magnitude, or, rather, of height. As I walked along the base of the Great Pyramid it seemed but 100 feet high—it is 476. We

were immediately assailed by Bedouin Arabs, offering their services as guides, each vociferating his own peculiar excellences. This dogging about and vociferation lasted until we left, and entirely destroyed all possibility of thought and reflection, and, consequently, the pleasure which I anticipated from beholding such renowned objects. The Pasha has permitted that the Pyramids shall be a source of profit to a certain troop of Bedouins. The Sheikh fixes himself in the immediate vicinity, arranges everything, and receives on behalf of his tribe one dollar from each visitor. For this he gives guides, and this guiding is undertaken by the whole tribe in rotation. The actual guides then bend their energies to get something out of the traveller on their own account; and this attempt at extortion comes to little short of actual robbery. Their endeavour is to get the traveller into a defenceless position, such as at the top of the Pyramid, or in an inner chamber, and then to commence a system of importunities which it requires a strong mind to resist. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the Sheikh, who remains below, is answerable to the Pasha for everything which transpires, so that there are no real grounds for fear. Trusting myself to two of these people, I commenced the ascent of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, which has a four-sided base of 750 feet

in length, and covers an area of eleven acres. It is formed by a succession of stages, consisting of huge stones, piled one on the other in symmetry. Every upper stage is less in circuit than its fellow below. The visitor ascends by stepping from stage to stage. The stones are of great size, and three or four feet high; so that, unless I had been dragged upward by two stalwart Arabs, one to each arm, I should have found it a work of time to get up at all. When two or three travellers are mounting at the same time, it is the great endeavour of each couple of Arabs to get their man or woman (for women sometimes so far forget the dictates of decency as to ascend) up to the top first, regardless of his remonstrances. This happened when I ascended; and I was almost fainting from want of breath and pains in my sinews, when, after an infinity of struggling, stumbling, and falling, the wild hurrahs of my Arabs proclaimed my victory over my fellow-victims in this extraordinary race. And for this dearly-bought and unwilling victory they demanded "baksheesh," as they termed it. This ascent of 206 irregular steps, or rather layers of stone, each step having a height of from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet, up the side of a pyramid measuring 470 feet in perpendicular altitude, at an accelerated pace, after a donkey-ride of eight to ten miles, and before breaking the morning's fast,

was a most fatiguing operation. From the summit were to be seen the Pyramids of Sakhara ; the Nile flowing through its verdant valley, closed in with desert ; and in the distance the Citadel, frowning upon the city of a thousand mosques. On the area at the summit many travellers' names were engraved. An Arab offered to cut mine into the stone for two piastres. I think he told me, that oftentimes people who did not go up employed him to carve their names on this work of Cheops. Declining this dubious immortality, I engraved a cross on the monument of the Pharaohs, and descended as I best could, dropping painfully from block to block. I had descended by nine A.M. Afterwards I entered the Pyramid by a doorway in the centre of the north side. After creeping down a dark and narrow passage, 100 feet in length, at an angle of perhaps 30°, I was dragged up an inclined plane until I arrived at a chamber, having walls of granite, called the "King's Chamber," or "Sarcophagus Chamber," from a sarcophagus having been found near it. Here the Arabs began a savage dance, which I stopped ; and on my refusing them money which they demanded, showed great insolence ; which I also stopped, by sitting down and threatening to report them to the Pasha. I then entered another chamber, called the "Queen's Chamber," and emerging from the painful gloom went close

up to the Sphinx. Found the face of this monstrous creation more mutilated than I expected. The head and neck rise twenty-seven feet above the level of the surrounding sand. A French antiquarian is now engaged in discovering, if possible, an entrance into the building, which forms a base to the head. After a combat between my dragoman and the Arabs, in which the poor fellow was roughly handled, I turned my back on these monuments of the long ago; trotted through somewhat-grounds; re-crossed "old Nile;" passed the stately palace of Soliman Pasha, the French renegade; entered the gate of Cairo; wound my way through a busy crowd of men, women, asses, and camels; and finally dismounted at my excellent hotel, the Hôtel d'Orient. These Pyramids and the Sphinx are wonderful to see; but all romance, all contemplation, all religious communings, are destroyed by the crowd of debauched assassins which infest the traveller from his arrival to his exit.

Jan. 15.—Rode to Boulac, the port of Cairo on the Nile, in an hour. We then embarked in a commodious steamer for Atfeh, 130 miles down the river, where we arrived in ten hours. The low banks of the Nile are singularly uninteresting here. In some places the Desert swept down close to the river, in others it was visible in the distance. Here and there a miserable mud village

deformed the banks, and sometimes was to be seen a grove of date-trees shadowing some tomb. The river was running at about three miles an hour. In an hour and a half we passed the great work called the barrage of the Nile, constructed by French engineers; and, as some say, a great engineering blunder. At half-past seven we arrived at Atfeh, and were then shifted aboard a large covered boat towed by a steamer, which took us into the Mahmoudie Canal—the canal connecting the Nile with Alexandria. All the very selfish passengers rushed forward and secured for themselves the insufficient accommodation which there was. I could get no place; so I sat out in the moonlight. By and by these selfish passengers came out of the cabin one after the other, all stamping with their feet, blaspheming, and saying that the fleas had got into their very boots. But I had no fleas. So, eventually, they were no gainers by their selfishness.

Jan. 16.—We arrived at Alexandria, a distance of forty-eight miles from Atfeh, by five A.M. Went to see the stables of Saïd Pasha, which were dirty and neglected. He had one very fine horse, a bay, ten years old, for which—so the groom told me—he had refused 800*l*. The stables were a disgrace to a prince.

Jan. 17.—Went and saw the usual sights of the city of Athanasius, such as the Catacombs,

Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, the Pasha's Palace, the Greek Church, the Anglican Church, and the Gardens of a son of Ibrahim Pasha. On the elegant granite column overlooking the sea, called Pompey's Pillar—because Pompey had nothing to do with it, I suppose—three Anglo-Saxons, of the respective names of Button, W. Thompson, and Bland, having affixed their signatures in large black letters, have, by thus defiling an historical souvenir, aimed at immortality. The Pasha's Palace, under an unpretending exterior, is superbly fitted up. In the Anglican Church I conversed with an Italian who was laying down mosaic in the body of the church. It is built in the Byzantine style, and ornamented after the manner of the mosque of the Sultan Hassan at Cairo. It has been seven years in construction, and if its internal fittings correspond with its exterior, it will hold a high rank among our churches for its imposing appearance. The Greek Church is loaded with gilding and decorations. It has some very rare and old marble columns, partly imbedded in a brick wall, and plastered over. A large camp of soldiers is formed here at present. Some of the recruits are very young, twelve or thirteen years old, perhaps; and they stagger under the weight of their muskets. The women here have a very stately walk. They carry their little ones astride upon their left

shoulders. Saw several goats followed by four kids. My dragoman declares that his goat has had six at a birth. The population of Alexandria is under 100,000; and a very motley population it is, composed of Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Negroes, French, German, Italians, and English. Some very strange-looking people are seen about, who look as if they were a compound of all these nationalities. The distinguishing characteristic of Alexandria is its mixture of Oriental and Occidental customs, manners, and architecture. It is a very mongrel place indeed, in every way.

Jan. 21.—Embarked on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer "Ripon," the commander of which, Captain Moresby, is an approved seaman and an excellent man.

Jan. 22 (Sunday).—Celebrated full Service. Eighty persons were present.

Jan. 24.—Arrived at Malta, and stayed there during the night. Going on shore I toiled up many steps in the dark, until I arrived at the principal street.

Jan. 25.—Sailed out of the harbour in the morning. Observed a church built by Queen Adelaide. I was not exactly able to discover its prevailing style of architecture.

Jan. 29 (Sunday).—Passed near Malaga, and distinguished its large Cathedral, and four or five factory chimneys. No trees appear but fruit-

trees on the barren-looking hills which closely back up Malaga. They have been all cut down, as I hear. Soon after saw the frowning rock of Gibraltar on our right, and his brother-sentinel on the African coast on our left, girded with vapour. Rounded the rock, and moored in the harbour for the purpose of coaling. I saw scarce anything of this renowned fortress, for at the end of a long travel the eye gets satiated of seeing wonders.

Jan. 31.—Nearly ran down a Portuguese lugger: her boom was carried away. Entered the Bay of Biscay.

Feb. 1.—On board this steamer we are treated just as sumptuously as on the Indian side. A brass band plays before dinner; a full band after tea, in the cuddy. A programme of the evening concert is regularly issued. This evening we had (I copy from the programme):—

Pietro le Grand	.	.	.	JULLIEN.
Overture to Norma	.	.	.	BELLINI.
Waltz	.	.	.	STRAUSS.
Overture to Zampa	.	.	.	HEROLD.
Songs of the Thames.				
Schottische.				

God save the Queen.

The bill of fare of to-day gives thirty dishes for forty-five passengers, and the gluttonous consumption on the part of some of them is wonder-

striking. Selfish propensities are, I find, highly developed by travelling. Some grave divine (Thomas à Kempis, I believe) says truly, "perigrination tendeth not to sanctification."

Feb. 4.—Landed in the Southampton Docks amid a drizzling rain, thus revisiting my country after an absence of four years and four days. During my absence I have come in contact with numberless individuals of many races of men, and I have found that, however diverse and varied they may be in aspect and physical development, their moral tendencies are precisely similar, and that the vanity and self-love prevailing in the breast of the naked Australian savage, as well as in the breast of the more refined Hindoo and the more energetic European, declare that all are equally descended from the first erring couple, Adam and Eve. Thus, if climate has modified the perfect physical type of the primeval pair in their descendants, it has by no means changed the moral type. In that respect we seem all cast in the same mould. To check the inordinate selfishness of mankind, to prevent the world from becoming a moral chaos, or, in plainer terms, to turn us away from spearing and eating one another, as the wretched Australians do, various religions have been bestowed upon us; and I have found that, in proportion as a religion is pure, and its ministers

faithful, so do the people practising that religion advance towards social and political perfection. As, judging from effects, we may surely assume that Christianity is infinitely superior to all other religious persuasions ; so likewise, judging from effects, we may be permitted, I think, to assure ourselves that that peculiar form of Christianity practised by the body of people who have made the greatest advances in the arts, sciences, and all the humanising virtues of life—a form of Christianity equally remote from tendency to Atheism on the one hand, and to Superstition on the other—is unquestionably the most deserving of our unbounded love and veneration.



Works Published
BY HATCHARD AND CO.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. 16mo. cloth extra, gilt leaves, price 5s.

Also, the Illustrated Edition, 4to. cloth, gilt leaves, 31s. 6d.; morocco extra, 2l. 8s.

Also, the Library Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 8s.

Ethel Woodville; or, Woman's Ministry. A Tale for the Times. 2 vols. fcap. cloth, 12s.

Chillon; or, Protestants in the Sixteenth Century: an Historical Tale. By JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS. 2 vols. post, cloth, 10s.

"A book of considerable ability."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Three Lectures on Education. By the Rev. S. A. PEARS, D.D., Head Master of Repton School. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

"We recommend this little book to the notice of every teacher and head of a family."—*Beacon*.

Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. Edited by the Rev. S. A. PEARS, D.D., Head Master of Repton School. Fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"The tone of these letters is manly, sensible, and affectionate, with a pervading element of unobtrusive religious principles"—*Guardian*.

"These letters possess two valuable qualities—reality and simplicity." *Record*.

Scripture and Science not at Variance; with Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of Genesis. By JOHN H. PRATT, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta, Author of the "Mathematical Principles of Mechanical Philosophy." Third Edition, 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Holy Places; and other Poems. By Mrs. HAY, Author of "The Moral of Flowers," &c. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

"There is vigour and freshness about these poems, combined with much real earnestness of purpose."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"Chaste, sweet, and musical."—*Critic*.

Works Published by Hatchard and Co.

Help to District Visitors: being Plain and
Practical Remarks on some Portions of the Gospels; particularly the Narratives and Parables. With an Appendix of Prayers selected from the Liturgy. By the Rev. W. MAXWELL SMITH, Rector of Lufton, and Perpetual Curate of Tintinhull, Somersetshire. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Old and New Dispensations Compared:
showing in what respects they differ; what things are peculiar to the former; and what are common to both. By WALTER ALFORD, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Muchelney, Somerset. Crown 8vo. cloth, 12s.

"A work of great value."—*Record*.

Sermons to a Country Congregation. By
AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE, A.M., late Fellow of New College, and Rector of Alton Barnes. Eighth Edition. 2 vols. cloth, price 14s.

Light in the Dwelling; or, a Harmony of the
Four Gospels. With very Short and Simple Remarks adapted to Reading at Family Prayers, and arranged in 365 sections for every day of the year. By the Author of "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," &c. Fifteenth Thousand, crown 8vo. cloth, 8s.; or in 8vo. large type, 10s.

Sermons Preached in Country Churches. By
R. DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY, M.A., Vicar of Shiplake, Oxon, Author of "Village Sermons." 12mo. cloth, 6s.

A good volume; we can safely recommend it."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

History of Rome for Young Persons. By
MRS. HAMILTON GRAY. Second Edition. With Illustrations, 12mo. cloth, 8s.

A very ingenious attempt to bring the recent discoveries of the critical school into working competition with the miserable Goldsmiths and Pinnocks of our youth."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

"The clear, lively, and pleasing style of narration is admirably calculated to awaken and sustain the attention."—*Athenaeum*.

February 1859.

Works Published

BY

HATCHARD AND CO.

187 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

ABERNETHY, Dr. J.—Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S. With a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character, and Documents relating to his Religious Views, &c. By GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S. Third Edition, with two Portraits. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

"We recommend it as replete with interest and instruction."—*Record*.

ALFORD, Rev. W.—The Old and New Testament Dispensations compared; showing in what respects they differ; what things are peculiar to the former; and what are common to both. By WALTER ALFORD, M.A. Perpetual Curate of Muchelney, Somerset. Crown 8vo. cloth. 12s.

"Mr. Alford has bestowed a great deal of labour on this volume, and executed his design in a learned and pious manner. He is properly sensible of the intimate connexion of the two Testaments, both as to the inspiring power which pervades them, the substantial oneness of their design, and the continuity of divine operation from the commencement of the one to the close of the other. We recommend the work as a useful addition to an important department of theology."—*JOURNAL SACRED LITERATURE*.

"This is a book of great value on a subject of far higher importance than at first view might appear. The work, it will be seen, necessarily embraces a vast variety of subjects. It is certainly admirably adapted to the wants and requirements of theological students in the present day. We cordially recommend the entire volume. After the work has been carefully read through, as it deserves to be, it is well calculated for standing usefulness as a book of reference."—*Record*.

ANDERSON, Rev. R.—A Practical Exposition of the Gospel of St. John. By the late Rev. ROBERT ANDERSON, Perpetual Curate of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, 14s.

— Ten Discourses on the Communion Office of the Church of England. With an Appendix. Second Edition. 12mo. cloth, 7s.

ANLEY, Miss C.—Earlswood: a Tale for the Times.

By CHARLOTTE ANLEY. Second Thousand. Fcap: cloth, 7s. 6d.

"A pleasing and gracefully written tale, detailing the process by which persons of piety are sometimes perverted to Romish error."—*English Review*."This tale is singularly well conceived."—*Evangelical Magazine*."We can recommend it with confidence."—*Christian Times*.— **Influence. A Moral Tale for Young People.**

Fourth Edition, fcap. cloth, 6s.

— **Miriam; or, the Power of Truth. A Jewish**

Tale. Tenth Edition, with a Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

BABINGTON, T.—A Practical View of Christian

Education in its Early Stages. By THOMAS BABINGTON, Esq. Ninth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

BACON, Rev. H. B.—Lectures for the Use of Sick

Persons. By the Rev. H. B. BACON, M.A. Fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"The Lectures possess two very great recommendations. First,—they are brief, concise, and to the point; and secondly,—the language is plain, free from ambiguity, and scriptural, &c. &c. It may be very profitably meditated upon by the sick; and young clergymen will not lay it down after perusal without having derived some instruction."—*Christian Guardian*.**BATHER, Archdeacon.—Sermons, chiefly Practical.**

By the late EDWARD BATHER, M.A. Archdeacon of Salop. Vols. I. and III. 8vo. boards, each 8s.

Bible Stories, selected from the Old and New

Testament, familiarised for the Use of Children; in Portions. By the Author of "Questions on the Epistles," &c. Third Edition. 2 vols. 18mo. half-bound, each 2s. 6d.

BIDDULPH, Rev. T.—The Young Churchman

Armed. A Catechism for Junior Members of the Church of England. By the late Rev. THEOPHILUS BIDDULPH, A.M. Minister of St. Matthew's, Bristol. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

BIRD, Rev. C. S.—Romanism Unknown to Primitive

Christianity. The substance of Lectures delivered in the Parish Church of Gainsborough. By the Rev. C. S. BIRD, M.A. F.L.S. Vicar, Canon of Lincoln, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Fcap. cl. 5s.

— **The Parable of the Sower. Four Sermons**

preached before the University of Cambridge, in May, 1845. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— **For Ever; and other Devotional Poems,**

particularly Hymns adapted to the Earlier Psalms. Second Edition. 32mo. silk, 2s. 6d.

BLUNT, Rev. H.—Posthumous Sermons. By the late Rev. HENRY BLUNT, M.A. Rector of Streatham, Surrey. Third Edition, with a Portrait. 3 vols. 12mo. cloth, each 6s.

— **A Family Exposition of the Pentateuch.** Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 12mo. cloth, each 6s.

— **Nine Lectures upon the History of Saint Peter.** Nineteenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

— **Eight Lectures on the History of Jacob.** Seventeenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

— **Twelve Lectures on the History of Abraham.** Thirteenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

— **Lectures on the History of Saint Paul.** Eleventh Edition. 2 Parts. 12mo. cloth, each 5s. 6d.

— **Lectures on the History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.** Twelfth Edition. 3 Parts. 12mo. cloth, each 5s. 6d.

— **Discourses upon some of the Doctrinal Articles of the Church of England.** Ninth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

— **Sermons preached in Trinity Church, Chelsea.** Seventh Edition. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

— **A Practical Exposition of the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia.** Fifth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

— **Lectures on the History of Elisha.** Fifth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

Boswell, Rev. M.—Baptism, considered in its Nature and Effects. With an Appendix, containing an Explanation of those Passages of Holy Scripture which relate to the subject. By the Rev. MARTIN BOSWELL, M.A. formerly Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. Fcap. cloth.

Bow in the Cloud: a Memoir of M. E. H. By her SISTER, Author of "Ellen Mordaunt." Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A simple, but touching biography. It records the trials and the consolations of one whose father died after a lingering illness, shortly before the period of her own dissolution; and whose mother survived this shock for a few months only. The experience of sorrow is thus sketched, under no ordinary circumstances, by the only surviving member of the family. There is nothing of maudlin sentimentalism in the book; it conveys some weighty lessons to the Christian reader."—*Liverpool Courier*.

BRADLEY, Rev. A.—Sermons, chiefly on Character: preached at Hale, Surrey. By the Rev. ARTHUR BRADLEY, M.A. Perpetual Curate of Hale, and Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

BRADLEY, Rev. C.—Sermons, preached chiefly at the Celebration of the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. CHARLES BRADLEY, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecknockshire. Third Edition. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— Practical Sermons for every Sunday and Principal Holyday in the Year. Fourth Edition. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

— Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Glasbury, Brecknockshire, and St. James's Chapel, Clapham, Surrey. Ninth Edition. In 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— Sermons on some of the Trials, Duties, and Encouragements of the Christian Life. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— Sunday Questions for Families and the Junior Classes in Schools. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

BURTT, J.—*Exempla Necessaria*; or, Elementary Latin Exercises on all the Parts of Speech, and the Substance of Syntax; containing English Words and Sentences to be turned into Latin, Latin into English, and numerous Examination Questions to be entered on with the Accidence. With an Introduction. By J. BURTT, Teacher of Latin, &c. Third Edition, much enlarged. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

CANTERBURY, Archbishop of.—A Practical Exposition of the New Testament, in the form of Lectures, intended to assist the practice of domestic instruction and devotion. By JOHN BIRD, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 9 vols. 8vo. cloth (each volume being a separate work), price 9s. each.

— Christian Charity; its Obligations and Objects, with reference to the present state of Society. In a series of Sermons. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth, 9s.; or 12mo. 6s.

— Apostolical Preaching Considered, in an Examination of St. Paul's Epistles. Also, Four Sermons on Subjects relating to the Christian Ministry, and preached on different occasions. Ninth Edition, enlarged, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

CANTERBURY, Archbishop of.

— Sermons on the Principal Festivals of the Christian Church: to which are added, Three Sermons on Good Friday. Fifth Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— The Evidences of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception. Seventh Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.; or fcap. 3s.

— A Series of Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character. Eighth Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.; or 12mo. 6s.

— A Treatise on the Records of the Creation, and on the Moral Attributes of the Creator. Sixth Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

CHAMBERS, Miss A.—Comfort in Sleepless Nights. Passages selected by ANNE CHAMBERS. Royal 8vo. (large type) cloth, 3s. 6d.

Christ our Example. By the Author of "The Listener." Eighth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

Contents.—1. In the Object of Life—2. In the Rule of Life—3. In his Intercourse with the World—4. In the Condition of Life—5. In his Sorrows—6. In his Joys—7. In his Death.

Christian Observer, conducted by Members of the Established Church. Published monthly, price 1s. 6d.

Christian Sympathy; a Collection of Letters addressed to Mourners. 32mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

CHURTON, Rev. H. B. W.—Thoughts on the Land of the Morning; a Record of Two Visits to Palestine, 1849-50. By H. B. WHITAKER CHURTON, M.A. Vicar of Icklesham, Sussex, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Chichester, and late Preacher of the Charterhouse. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. Crown 8vo. with numerous illustrations, cloth, 10s. 6d.

CLOSE, Dean.—Miscellaneous Sermons, preached at Cheltenham. By the Very Rev. F. CLOSE, D.D. Dean of Carlisle. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. boards, 21s.

Common Sense for Housemaids. By A LADY. Third Edition, corrected. 12mo. 1s.

Companion to the Book of Common Prayer of the United Church of England and Ireland. 24mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Consistency. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Sixth Edition. 18mo. boards, 2s. 6d.

Constance and Edith; or, Incidents of Home Life.
By a CLERGYMAN'S WIFE. Fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"This is one of those simple quiet tales of English domestic life which afford pleasure to youthful readers; its tone is religious and moral, lessons being also conveyed on useful practical points in regard to behaviour and conduct. It is a tale that may be safely and with advantage put into the hands of children."—*Literary Gazette*.

"A well-intentioned and pleasant tale, really consisting of 'Incidents of Home Life.'"—*Spectator*.

"The story is sufficiently varied in its incidents to sustain the attention of the readers throughout."—*Morning Post*.

"This is a pleasing book for young people, and, as such, we are glad to recommend it."—*Church of England Magazine*.

"This interesting tale will become a great favourite with both parents and children."—*Morning Herald*.

COURTENAY, Bishop.—The Future States, their Evidences and Nature : considered on Principles Physical, Moral, and Scriptural, with the Design of showing the Value of Gospel Revelation. By the Right Rev. REGINALD COURTENAY, D.D. Lord Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

COUTTS, Miss BURDETT.—A Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things, offered and awarded by Miss Burdett Coutts at the Whitelands Training Institution. Second Edition, greatly enlarged, 8vo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

CRUDEN, A.—A complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; or, A Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible. In Two Parts. To which is added, A Concordance to the Apocrypha. By ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M.A. The Ninth Edition. With a Life of the Author, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A. 4to. boards, 1l. 1s.

CUNNINGHAM, Rev. J. W.—Sermons. By the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M. Vicar of Harrow, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Fifth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. bds. 1l. 1s.

— Six Lectures on the Book of Jonah. Fcap. boards, 3s.

— The Velvet Cushion. Eleventh Edition. Fcap. boards, 5s.

DRUMMOND, H.—Social Duties on Christian Principles. By HENRY DRUMMOND, Esq. M.P. Fifth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

EDELMAN, Rev. W.—Sermons on the History of Joseph. Preached in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Wimbledon. By the Rev. W. EDELMAN, Perpetual Curate of Merton. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

— The Family Pastor; or, Short Sermons for Family Reading. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EDMUNDS, Rev. J.—The Seven Sayings of Christ on the Cross. Seven Lent Lectures. To which is prefixed, a Gospel Harmony of the Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. With Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. JOHN EDMUNDS, M.A. formerly Fellow of the University of Durham. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

— Sermons, preached for the most part in a Country Church in the Diocese of Durham. Second Series. Fcap. cloth, 5s. 6d.

"The Sermons contained in this volume are generally sound and eminently practical, and admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are published—to be read in families to children and servants on the Sunday evening."—*John Bull*.

Eighteen Maxims of Neatness and Order. To which is prefixed an Introduction by THESSA TIDY. Twenty-fourth Edition. 18mo. sewed, 6d.

ELLIOTT, Rev. C. B.—The Rev. C. B. Elliott's *Horæ Apocalyptice*; Abridged for the School-room, and for Family Reading. Second Edition, revised and corrected. With a Recommendatory Notice by the Author of the "*Horæ Apocalyptice*." Fcap. cloth, 5s.

Far off: Part I.; or Asia and Australia Described. With Anecdotes and numerous Illustrations. By the Author of "*Peep of Day*," &c. Fifteenth Thousand. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

"We have sometimes met clergymen who are in the habit of endeavouring to promote the Missionary cause in their parishes, who would be thankful for such a little book as this. It seems to us just the sort of book that might be read out to a class of young persons, either in National Schools or otherwise, and which would be certain to interest them exceedingly."—*English Review*.

— **Part II.; or, Africa and America Described.** With Anecdotes and numerous Illustrations. Ninth Thousand. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

FENELON.—Extracts from the Religious Works of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. Translated from the Original French by Miss MARSHALL. Eleventh Edition, with a Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

FINCHER, J.—The Achievements of Prayer.

Selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. By the late JOSEPH FINCHER, Esq. With a Testimony to the Work by the late James Montgomery. Third Edition. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

— The Interposition of Divine Providence.

Selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

FORSYTH, Rev. J. H.—Sermons by the late Rev.

JOHN HAMILTON FORSYTH, M.A. Curate of Weston-super-Mare, and afterwards Minister of Dowry Chapel, Clifton, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Thomond. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. EDWARD WILSON, M.A. Vicar of Nocton, Lincolnshire. Third Edition. 8vo. cloth, with Portrait, 10s. 6d.

"The character of Mr. Forsyth is one which we greatly admire," &c.—*Christian Observer*.

GARBETT, Archdeacon.—Christ on Earth, in Heaven,

and on the Judgment-seat. By the Ven. JAMES GARBETT, M.A. Archdeacon of Chichester. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, 12s.

"No one can read these volumes without great delight and profit."—*Christian Observer*.

— Parochial Sermons. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth, each 12s.

— Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King; being a

Vindication of the Church of England from Theological Novelities. In Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford, at Canon Bampton's Lecture, 1842. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth 11. 4s.

— The Beatitudes of the Mount. In Seventeen

Sermons. 12mo. cloth, 7s.

"There is a depth and a solidity in these discourses, which favourably distinguish them from so many of the superficial productions with which the press is teeming. The reader cannot but feel that he has something worth thinking of presented to him; and the more he ponders them the greater will be his profit."—*Church of England Magazine*.

GIBBON, E.—The History of the Decline and Fall

of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. New Edition. 8 vols. 8vo. cloth, 31.

GIBBON, Bishop.—The Sacrament of the Lord's

Supper Explained; or, the Things to be known and done to make a worthy Communicant. With suitable Prayers and Meditations. By EDMUND GIBBON, D.D. late Lord Bishop of London. New Edition, Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

GIBSON, Bishop.

— Family Devotion; or, an Exhortation to Morning and Evening Prayer in Families: with two Forms of Prayer, suited to those two Seasons, and also fitted for the use of one Person in Private, &c. (Reprinted from the Eighteenth Edition.) Fcap. cloth, 2s.

The Gipsies. Dedicated, by permission, to JAMES CRABB, the Gipsies' Friend. Fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

GOODE, Rev. F.—The Better Covenant practically Considered, from Heb. viii. 6, 10-12; with a Supplement on Philip. ii. 12, 13, and Notes. By the late Rev. F. GOODE, M.A. Fifth Edition. To which is added, A Sermon on Jer. xxxi. 31-34. Fcap. cloth, 7s.

GOODE, Rev. W.—The Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist; or, the True Doctrine of the Real Presence Vindicated; in opposition to the fictitious Real Presence asserted by Archdeacon Denison, Mr. (late Archdeacon) Wilberforce, and Dr. Pusey: with full proof of the real character of the attempt made by those authors to represent their doctrine as that of the Church of England and her divines. By WILLIAM GOODE, M.A. F.S.A. Rector of St. Margaret, Lothbury. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth, 24s.

— Aid for Determining some Disputed Points in the Ceremonial of the Church of England. Second Edition, 8vo. cloth, 4s.

— A Vindication of the Doctrine of the Church of England on the Validity of the Orders of the Scotch and Foreign Non-Episcopal Churches. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

— The Doctrine of the Church of England as to the Effects of Baptism in the case of Infants. With an Appendix, containing the Baptismal Services of Luther and the Nuremberg and Cologne Liturgies. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth, 15s.

The Gospel of Other Days; or, Thoughts on Old and New Testament Scriptures. By the Author of "Seed Time and Harvest." 18mo. cloth, 2s.

"We heartily welcome the little book As a sound and eminently practical compression of a great subject into a very small compass, we can heartily recommend it."—*Bickersteth's Weekly Visitor*.

GRAGLIA, C.—A Pocket Dictionary of the Italian and English Languages. By C. GRAGLIA. Square 18mo. bound, 4s. 6d.

GRIFFITH, Rev. T.—The Spiritual Life. By the
Rev. THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. Minister of Ram's Episcopal Chapel,
Homerton. Eighth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

— Live while You Live; or, Scripture Views of
Human Life. Sixth Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— The Lord's Prayer, contemplated as the Ex-
pression of the Primary Elements of Devoutness. Second Edition.
Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

— Confirmation and the Baptismal Vow: for
Catechumens, Communicants, Parents, and Sponsors. Fourth Edition.
Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

— Confirmation; its Nature, Importance, and
Benefits. Fourth Edition, 4d.; or 3s. 6d. a dozen.

— Our Baptismal Standing practically Con-
sidered. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

— The Lord's Supper; its Nature, Requirements,
and Benefits. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.,

GRAY, Mrs. H.—History of Rome for Young
Persons: With numerous Wood Engravings. Second Edition, corrected.
By Mrs. HAMILTON GRAY. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, 8s.

"A very ingenious attempt to bring the recent discoveries of the critical school into
working competition with the miserable Goldsmiths and Pinnocks of our youth."—
Christian Remembrancer.

"The clear, lively, and pleasing style of narration is admirably calculated to awaken
and sustain the attention."—*Athenæum*.

— Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Con-
stantine: being a Continuation of the History of Rome. 1 vol. 12mo.
with Illustrations, 8s.

"So many applications are made to us for histories suited to a period of life when
the mind is beginning to develop its power, and to find satisfaction in connecting the
past with the present and the future in human affairs, that we are induced to recom-
mend these volumes, which, however widely circulated, have not half the circulation
which they deserve. They are clearly written. They neither minister to childish im-
becility, nor take for granted a measure of knowledge which cannot be lawfully expected
of the young. They present the page of history as it really is—not a series of dry
details, nor of gorgeous spectacles, but with enough of plain fact to instruct the under-
standing, and of romantic incident to kindle the sympathies and affections."—
Christian Observer.

"We have no hesitation in saying, that this is one of the best histories of the Roman
Empire for children and young people which has come under our notice. Mrs. Hamil-
ton Gray has made herself acquainted with at least some of the more important ancient
writers on the subject of which she treats, and also with the criticisms of Niebuhr and
other modern investigators of Roman history."—*Athenæum*.

"It may be recommended as a clear, rapid, and well-arranged summary of facts,
pointed by frequent but brief reflections. The book is a very good compendium
of the Imperial History, primarily designed for children, but useful for all."—*Spectator*.

"It would be an erroneous impression to convey of this volume, that it is written
solely for schools and children. In reality it is an abridgment far more likely to be use-
ful to grown-up persons, who can reflect upon the working of general laws, and make
their own observations upon men and things. A striking characteristic of the book is
the impartiality of its political tone, and its high moral feeling."—*Examiner*.

GRAY, Mrs. H.

— **The History of Etruria. Part I. Tarchun**
and his Times. From the Foundation of Tarquinia to the Foundation
of Rome. **Part II. From the Foundation of Rome to the General**
Peace of Anno Tarquiniensis, 839, B.C. 348. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth,
each 12s.

"A work which we strongly recommend as certain to afford pleasure and profit to every reader."—*Athenaeum*.

— **Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in 1839.**

Third Edition. With numerous Illustrations, post 8vo. cloth, 11. 1s.

"Mrs. Gray has won an honourable place in the large assembly of modern female writers."—*Quarterly Review*.

"We warmly recommend Mrs. Gray's most useful and interesting volume."—*Edinburgh Review*.

GRAY, Miss A. T.—The Twin Pupils; or, Educa-
tion at Home. A Tale addressed to the Young. By ANN THOMSON
GRAY. Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

"The story is well planned, well varied, and well written."—*Spectator*.

"More sound principles and useful practical remarks we have not lately met in any work on the much-treated subject of education. The book is written with liveliness as well as good sense."—*Literary Gazette*.

"A volume of excellent tendency, which may be put with safety and advantage into the hands of well-educated young people."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

GRIMSTON, Hon. Miss.—Arrangement of the Com-
mon Prayer-Book and Lessons. Dedicated, by Permission, to Her
Majesty.

The peculiar advantage of this arrangement consists in having the entire
Morning and Evening Services printed in a large clear type, in two portable
volumes, one for the Morning and the other for the Evening.

The following are the prices:—

	£	s.	d.
Royal 18mo. morocco, elegant	1	15	0
Ditto plain	1	10	0
Ditto calf, gilt leaves	1	5	0
Royal 32mo. morocco, elegant	1	4	0
Ditto plain	1	1	0
Ditto calf, gilt leaves	0	16	0

HANKINSON, Rev. T. E. — Poems. By THOMAS EDWARDS HANKINSON, M.A. late of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Minister of St. Matthew's Chapel, Denmark Hill. Edited by his Brothers. Fourth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 7s.

— Sermons. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

HARE, Rev. A. W. — Sermons to a Country Congregation. By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE, A.M. late Fellow of New College, and Rector of Alton Barnes. Eighth Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, price 14s.

"They are, in truth, as appears to us, compositions of very rare merit, and realise a notion we have always entertained, that a sermon for our rural congregations there somewhere was, if it could be hit off, which in language should be familiar without being plain, and in matter solid without being abstruse."—*Quarterly Review*.

HASTINGS, Rev. H. J. — Parochial Sermons, from Trinity to Advent. By HENRY JAMES HASTINGS, M.A. Honorary Canon of Worcester, Rural Dean, Rector of Martley, Worcestershire. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

HATCHARD, Rev. T. G. — The Floweret Gathered; a Brief Memoir of a Departed Daughter. By T. GOODWIN HATCHARD, M.A. Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford. Third Thousand. Square 16mo. 1s.

"This is an account of one of the lambs of Christ's fold, who exhibited the truest simplicity and natural character of a child, united to unwavering trust in and love to that Saviour, who took her early to himself. It is calculated both to interest, and, we trust, greatly to profit, our young friends, as a pattern of early piety."—*Church of England Sunday-school Monthly Magazine for Teachers*.

"No one can rise from the perusal of this little volume without feeling deeply interested in the lovely character of the dear Addie."—*Jewish Intelligence*.

"This is a touching little narrative for the young. Few will read it without a full heart, and the shedding of a tear of sweet sympathy with 'The Floweret Gathered.'"—*Children's Jewish Advocate*.

— Thanksgiving; or, The Wave-Offering and the Heave-Offering. A Harvest Sermon preached in Havant Church, on Sunday, August 20, 1854. 8vo. price 6d.

— The German Tree; or, a Moral for the Young. Price 1s.

— Feed My Lambs: a Lecture for Children in Words of One Syllable; to which is added a Hymn. Seventh Thousand. 32mo. 3d.; or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

HATCHARD, Rev. T. G.

— Food for my Flock: being Sermons delivered
in the Parish Church of Havant, Hants. Fcap. cloth, 5s. 6d.

"These Sermons are marked by unaffected piety, great clearness of exposition, and a direct plainness of style and purpose which render them pre-eminently practical."—*Britannia*.

"A set of plain, spirited discourses, which are not unlikely to disturb the repose of the drowsy, and to send home simple truths to the hearts that heed them. The Sermons are, besides, scriptural in their doctrinal views, charitable in temper, unpolemical, rather asserting the truth than contending for it."—*Christian Observer*.

HATHERELL, Rev. Dr.—The Signs of the Second

Advent of our Blessed Lord, collected from the words of Jesus and applied to our own times. In Twelve Sermons, preached during the season of Advent, in the years 1856 and 1857, in the Church of St. James, West-end, Southampton. By JAMES WILLIAMS HATHERELL, D.D., Incumbent. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

HEY, Mrs.—The Holy Places, a series of Sonnets;

and other Poems. By REBECCA HEY, Author of "The Moral of Flowers," "The Spirit of the Woods," "Recollections of the Lakes," &c. &c. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

HIFFERNAN, Rev. J. M.—Sketches from Our

Lord's History. By the Rev. J. M. HIFFERNAN, A.M., Author of "Characters and Events in Scripture," "Watch unto Prayer." Fcap. cloth, 5s.

Hints on Early Education and Nursery Discipline.

Sixteenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hints for Reflection. Compiled from various Au-

thors. Third Edition. 32mo. cloth, 2s.

HOARE, Rev. E.—The Scriptural Principles of our

Protestant Church. By the Rev. EDWARD HOARE, A.M. Incumbent of Trinity Church, Tonbridge Wells. Second Edition. 12mo. cloth, 3s.

— The Time of the End; or, the World, the

Visible Church, and the People of God, at the Advent of the Lord. Third Edition. 12mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

— The Communion, and the Communicant.

18mo. 3s. per dozen.

HODGSON, Rev. C.—Family Prayers for One Month.

By various Clergymen. Arranged and Edited by the Rev. CHARLES HODGSON, M.A. Rector of Barton-le-Street, Yorkshire. Abridged Edition. To which have been added, Prayers for Particular Seasons.

Amongst the Contributors are His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Rev. Chancellor Raikes, the Ven. Archdeacon Sandford, the late Rev. J. Haldane Stewart, Rev. Charles Bridges, Rev. C. A. Thurlow, the late Rev. E. Bickersteth, &c. &c. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Holidays at Lynmere; or, Conversations on the

Miracles of our Lord. By a LADY. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES F. MACKENZIE, M.A. Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. 18mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

HOPE, Dr.—Memoirs of the late James Hope, M.D.

Physician to St. George's Hospital, &c. &c. By Mrs. HOPE. To which are added, Remarks on Classical Education, by Dr. HOPE. And Letters from a Senior to a Junior Physician, by Dr. BURDER. The whole edited by KLEIN GRANT, M.D. &c. &c. Fourth Edition. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s.

"The general, as well as the medical reader, will find this a most interesting and instructive volume."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"A very interesting memoir to every class of readers."—*Christian Observer*.

HOPE, Mrs.—Self-Education and the Formation of

Character: Addressed to the Young. By Mrs. HOPE. Second Edition, Revised. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Parents and teachers will gain many useful hints from the perusal of this volume."—*Record*.

HUME and SMOLLETT.—The History of England,

from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Death of George the Second. By D. HUME and T. SMOLLETT. 10 vols. 8vo. cloth, 4l.

JACKSON, Rev. F.—Sermons. By the Rev. FRE-

DERIC JACKSON, Incumbent of Parson Drove, Isle of Ely. 2 vols. fcap. cloth, each 5s.

"Discourses addressed to a village congregation. The chief aim of the preacher has been to enforce practical conclusions for the guidance of the humblest, from some of the most striking events or sentiments of Scripture. The style is plain and forcible."—*Spectator*.

JEWSBURY, Miss M. J.—Letters to the Young.

By MARIA JANE JEWSBURY. Fifth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

The Interrogator; or, Universal Ancient History,
in Questions and Answers. By a LADY. 12mo. roan, 5s.

Light in the Dwelling; or, a Harmony of the Four
Gospels, with very Short and Simple Remarks adapted to Reading at
Family Prayers, and arranged in 365 sections, for every day of the year.
By the Author of "The Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," &c. Revised
and Corrected by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Fifteenth
Thousand. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.; or in 8vo. large type, 10s.

Line upon Line; or, a Second Series of the Earliest
Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is capable of receiving; with
Verses illustrative of the Subjects. By the Author of "The Peep of
Day," &c. Part I. Seventy-sixth Thousand. Part II. Sixty-fifth
Thousand. 18mo. cloth, each 2s. 6d.

LITTON, Rev. E. A. — The Mosaic Dispensation
considered as Introductory to Christianity. Eight Sermons preached
before the University of Oxford, at the Bampton Lecture for 1856. By
the Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR LITTON, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College.
8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

"We most earnestly direct the deep and serious attention of undergraduates at our
universities, and theological students generally, to these weighty and important
lectures."—*Record*.

M'NEILE, Rev. Dr. — Lectures on the Church of
England, delivered in London, March 1840. By HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.
Hon. Canon of Chester, and Incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Prince's
Park, Liverpool. Eighth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

— **Lectures on the Sympathies, Sufferings, and**
Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, delivered in Liverpool during
Passion Week and Easter Day. Third Edition. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

MARRIOTT, Rev. H. — Sermons on the Character
and Duties of Women. By the Rev. HARVEY MARRIOTT, Vicar of
Loddiswell, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Kenyon. 12mo.
cloth, 3s. 6d.

— **Four Courses of Practical Sermons.** 8vo.
each 10s. 6d.

MARSDEN, Rev. J. B.—The History of the Early Puritans; from the Reformation to the Opening of the Civil War in 1642. By J. B. MARSDEN, M.A. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— The History of the later Puritans; from the Opening of the Civil War in 1642, to the Ejection of the Non-conforming Clergy in 1662. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

MARSHALL, Miss.—Extracts from the Religious Works of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray. Translated from the Original French by Miss MARSHALL. Eleventh Edition, with a Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

MEEK, Rev. R.—The Mutual Recognition and Exalted Felicity of Glorified Saints. By the Rev. ROBERT MEER, M.A. Rector of St. Michael, Sutton Bonnington, Notts. Sixth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

— Practical and Devotional Meditations on the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— Passion Week; a Practical and Devotional Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles appointed for that Season, composed for the Closet and the Family. 12mo. boards, 4s.

Mid-Day Thoughts for the Weary. 32mo. cloth, 2s.

More about Jesus; a Sequel to "Peep of Day." By the same Author. Eleventh Thousand. 18mo. cloth, with Illustrations by Harvey, 2s. 6d.

Near Home; or, the Countries of Europe described to Children, with Anecdotes. By the Author of "Peep of Day," "Light in the Dwelling," &c. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings. Twenty-sixth Thousand. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

"It must be very interesting to children. Those to whom we have read passages, taken at random, clap their little hands with delight."—*English Journal of Education*.

"A well-arranged and well-written book for children; compiled from the best writers on the various countries, and full of sound and useful information, pleasantly conveyed for the most part in the homely monosyllabic Saxon which children learn from their mothers and nurses."—*Athenæum*.

New Manual of Devotions; containing Family and Private Prayers, the Office for the Holy Communion, &c. 12mo. bd. 4s.

NEWNHAM, W.—A Tribute of Sympathy Addressed to Mourners. By W. NEWNHAM, Esq. Eleventh Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

Contents:—1. Indulgence of Grief.—2. Moderation of Grief.—3. Excessive Sorrow.—4. Advantages of Sorrow.—5. Self-examination.—6. Resignation.—7. Sources of Consolation.

Night of Toil; or, a Familiar Account of the Labours of the First Missionaries in the South Sea Islands. By the Author of "The Peep of Day," "Near Home," &c. Fourth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

NIND, Rev. W.—Lecture-Sermons, preached in a Country Parish Church. By WILLIAM NIND, M.A. late Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Cherry Hinton. Second Series. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

"Sermons distinguished by brevity, good sense, and a plainness of manner and exposition which well adapt them for family perusal, especially as their style is neat and simple, not bare."—*Spectator*.

"The many who have read the first volume of these sermons will welcome, no doubt with joy, the appearance of the second. They are readable and preachable; and those of the second volume are even plainer and simpler than their predecessors. We recommend both volumes most heartily."—*English Review*.

NORTHESK, Countess of.—The Sheltering Vine. Selections by the COUNTESS OF NORTHESK. With an Introduction by the Very Rev. R. C. TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Sixth Thousand. 2 vols. small 8vo. cloth, 10s.

The object of this Work is to afford consolation under the various trials of mind and body to which all are exposed, by a Selection of Texts and Passages from Holy Scripture, and Extracts from Old and Modern Authors, in Prose and Poetry, with a Selection of Prayers adapted to the same.

— **A Selection of Prayers and Hymns, for the Use of her Children.** In Two Parts, 12mo. sewed, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

NUGENT'S Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages. The Twenty-sixth Edition, revised by J. C. TARVER, French Master, Eton, &c. Square 18mo. bound, 4s. 6d.

OAKLEY, Rev. C. E.—*The English Bible, and its History.* A Lecture delivered in the School-room at Tortworth Court, Gloucestershire, January 23, 1854. By the Rev. C. E. OAKLEY, B.A. Rector of Wickwar, Gloucestershire, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Ducie. Fcap. cloth, 1s. 6d.

OXENDEN, Rev. A.—*The Cottage Library. Vol. I. The Sacrament of Baptism.* By the Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, Rector of Pluckley, Kent. 18mo. sewed, 1s.; or cloth, 1s. 6d.

"A little book of probably large usefulness. It avoids disputed points, but conveys a clear and simple view of the holy rite of baptism. It is admirably suited to the cottage, as well as to all places in which ignorance reigns upon the subject."—*Church and State Gazette.*

— *The Cottage Library. Vol. II. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.* Third Edition. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

— *The Cottage Library. Vol. III. A Plain History of the Christian Church.* Second Edition. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

— *The Cottage Library. Vol. IV. Fervent Prayer.* 18mo.

— *The Cottage Library. Vol. V. God's Message to the Poor: being Eleven Plain Sermons preached in Pluckley Church.* Second Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

— *The Cottage Library. Vol. VI. The Story of Ruth.* 18mo. cloth, 2s.

OXFORD, Bishop of.—*Four Sermons, preached before Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in 1841 and 1842.* By SAMUEL, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Lord High Almoner to the Queen. Published by Command. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s.

PARKER, Miss F. S.—*Truth without Novelty; or, a Course of Scriptural Instruction for every Sunday in the Year principally designed for Private Family Instruction and Sunday Schools.* By FRANCES S. PARKER. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

PARRY, Sir W. E.—Thoughts on the Parental Character of God. By Rear-Admiral Sir WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, R.N. late Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Fifth Edition. 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.

Paterfamilias's Diary of Everybody's Tour. Belgium and the Rhine, Munich, Switzerland, Milan, Geneva, and Paris. (By MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq.) 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

"Thoroughly lively, sparkling, and witty, without reserve, from one end of the little volume to the other."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Strikingly illustrates the power of a clever writer to throw fresh attractions around the oldest topics."—*Morning Post*.

"The comments on Sunday-trading abroad, idolatry, and the religion of mere rites and ceremonies, do infinite credit to the genuine Protestantism of the Author. We thoroughly approve of the spirit of the comments, and have no hesitation in pronouncing 'Paterfamilias's Diary' the most amusing work of the kind we have ever perused."—*Britannia*.

PEARS, Rev. S. A.—Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. Edited by the Rev. S. A. PEARS, D.D. Head-Master of Repton School. Fcap. cloth, with Illustrations. 4s. 6d.

"These letters from 'Over the Sea' contain just the kind of information that one wishes to have about the country and the people of India, and the mode of life of the English in the East. The description of scenery and sketches of native character and customs are graphic and entertaining, and the pictures are all the more vivid from the style being such as was deemed most adapted for youthful readers."—*Literary Gazette*.

"... their tone is so manly, sensible, and affectionate, with a pervading element of unobtrusive religious principle, that it is impossible to read them without a feeling of regard for the anonymous writer, and interest in his youthful correspondents."—*Guardian*.

"These letters possess two valuable qualities—reality and simplicity."—*Record*.

— Three Lectures on Education. 18mo. cloth.

PEARSON, Rev. J. N.—Sunday Readings for the Family and the Closet. By the Rev. J. NORMAN PEARSON, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 7s.

"Sound and practical."—*British Magazine*.

"A most valuable work."—*Church of England Magazine*.

— The Days in Paradise, in Six Lectures. 12mo. cloth, 3s.

Peep of Day; or, a Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is capable of receiving. With Verses illustrative of the Subjects. Hundred and Twenty-third Thousand, revised and corrected. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

— Part II.; or, More about Jesus. By the same Author. Eleventh Thousand. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Practical Suggestions towards Alleviating the Sufferings of the Sick. Part II. Fourth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

PRAYERS, Family and Private.

A Form of Prayers, Selected and-Composed for the Use of a Family principally consisting of Young Persons. Thirteenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

A Manual of Family and Occasional Prayers. By the Rev. WILLIAM SINCLAIR, M.A. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

A Selection of Prayers and Hymns. For the Use of her Children. By the COUNTESS OF NORTHESK. In Two Parts, 12mo. 2s. cloth; or sewed, 1s.

Family Prayers. By the late HENRY THORNTON, Esq. M.P. Thirty-sixth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 3s.

Family Prayers for One Month. By various Clergymen. Arranged and Edited by the Rev. CHARLES HODGSON, M.A. Rector of Barton-le-Street, Yorkshire. Abridged Edition. To which have been added, Prayers for Particular Seasons. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Seventy Prayers on Scriptural Subjects: being a Selection of Scripture Daily Readings for a Year; with Family Prayers for a Month. By Clergymen of the Church of England. Fifth Ten Thousand. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

Family Prayers. By the late W. WILBERFORCE, Esq. Edited by his Son. Eleventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.

Family Prayers for Every Day of the Week. Selected from various portions of the Holy Bible, with References. Third Edition. 12mo. boards, 2s. 6d.

Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week. By CLERICUS. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

PRAYERS, Family and Private.

Prayers and Offices of Devotion for Families
and for Particular Persons, upon most occasions. By BENJAMIN
JENKS. Altered and Improved by the Rev. CHARLES SIMMON. 12mo.
roan, 4s. 6d.; or 18mo. 3s.

Short Family Prayers for Every Morning and
Evening of the Month. Selected and Arranged from the Liturgy,
Psalms, and various eminent Writers. By WILLIAM SOLTAN,
Esq. Member of the Church of England. Second Edition. 12mo.
cloth, 3s.

A Course of Morning and Evening Prayers, for
the Use of the Families of the Poor. 12mo. sewed, 6d.; or 5s. per
dozen.

Private Prayers for Young Persons. By M. A.
Fcap. cloth, 2s.

A Few Plain Short Prayers, intended to be
sent with each set of Baby Linen lent to Poor Women. 24mo.
sewed, 3d.; or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

A Companion to the Altar, with Occasional
Prayers. By GEORGE A. E. MARSH, A.M. Rector of Bangor,
Flintshire. Third Edition. Boards, 1s. 6d.; sheep, 2s.; calf, 3s.

Newly-Arranged Manual for Communicants at
the Lord's Supper, including the Service for the Holy Communion.
24mo. bound, 3s.

PRINCE, Mrs. L. C.—A Glimpse of the Wonders of
Creation. By LEONORA C. PRINCE. 12mo. cloth, 4s.

Prussian Oculist. 'A Manual of Information re-
specting the Ober Medicinal Rath de Leuw of Gräfrath. By AN ENGL-
ISH CLERGYMAN. Second Edition, 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Questions and Practical Remarks on the Portions
of Scripture selected as the Epistles for each Sunday in the Year. By
the Author of "Questions on the Gospels," &c. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

RAIKES, Rev. H.—Sermons and Essays. By the
 Rev. HENRY RAIKES, late Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester. 8vo.
 cloth, 9s.

"It is needless to say that everything in the volume bears the impress of the author's mind and character. Sound evangelical doctrine is exhibited in elegant language, and illustrated from the resources of a cultivated understanding and a refined taste; while the whole is pervaded with Christian toleration and sound good sense."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

RAWNSLEY, Rev. R. D. B.—Sermons Preached in
 Country Churches. By R. DRUMMOND B. RAWNSLEY, M.A. Vicar of
 Shiplate, Oxon; late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

"A series of short, plain, and pithy sermons, adapted to the character and comprehension of a rural congregation."—*Spectator*.

"A good volume; we can safely recommend it."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

— **Village Sermons. Second Series. 12mo.**
 5s. 6d.

"Enforces the practical duties of religion and the beauty of holiness."—*John Bull*.

"This is a volume of plain sermons in a simple unpretending style, adapted to the comprehension of the villagers to whom they are addressed, and inculcating many useful practical lessons."—*Church of England Magazine*.

— **Sermons, chiefly Catechetical. 12mo. cloth,**
 5s. 6d.

"Their plainness brings them within the comprehension of the most illiterate, whilst their exposition and illustration of Gospel truth render them a medium of usefulness, which cannot be without the very best results."—*Bell's Messenger*.

Reading without Tears; or, a Pleasant Mode of
Learning to Read. By the Author of "Peep of Day," &c. With
 numerous Woodcuts. Third Thousand. Square, cloth, 3s.

"* In this little work the attempt is made, by the *classification* of words, removing all perplexity, to prevent TEARS, and by a succession of *pictures*, furnishing constant entertainment, to preserve the SMILES of happy childhood while learning to read.

"That this elementary volume is the work of the authoress of the 'Peep of Day' will be a sure passport to the hearts of thousands, both parents and children. But apart from its authorship, the book itself is admirable: the arrangement, pictures, typography, and reading exercises being alike adapted to realise the idea of the title, learning to read 'without tears.' Teachers are addressed in some valuable prefatory remarks. The authoress lays great stress on the exclusion of the element of fiction from the narratives which she has introduced as lessons."—*Record*.

The Rector in Search of a Curate. Post 8vo.
 cloth, 9s.

Contents.—1. The Parish—2. The Curate—3. The Temporary Curate—4. 5. The Evangelicist—6. The Evangelicals—7. The Unfortunate Man—8. The Scholar—9. The Millenarian—10. The Anglo-Catholic—11. The Approved—12. The Ordination.

"A lively and entertaining book."—*Christian Observer*.

"Interesting and attractive."—*Spectator*.

RIPON, Bishop of.—Means of Grace. Lectures delivered during Lent, 1851, in St. John's Church, Clapham Rise. By the Right Rev. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, D.D. Lord Bishop of Ripon. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Bickersteth's Lectures are very sterling in point of doctrinal teaching and practical enforcement."—*Christian Times*.

"These are plain, unaffected, and sensible discourses, setting forth the great outlines of Christianity and urging the necessity of holiness and obedience."—*English Review*.

RUPERT'S LAND, Bishop of.—The Net in the Bay; or, Journal of a Visit to Moose and Albany. By DAVID ANDERSON, D.D. Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land. Second Edition, with a Map of the Diocese. Fcap.

— Notes of the Flood at the Red River, 1852. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

RUSSELL, Dr.—The History of Modern Europe. With an Account of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and a View of the Progress of Society, from the Rise of the Modern Kingdoms to the Peace of Paris in 1763. In a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. New Edition, continued to the present time. 4 vols. 8vo. cloth, 2l. 12s.

Scenes in our Parish. By a Country Parson's Daughter. 2 vols. 12mo. boards, each 5s.

SCOTT, Rev. T.—Essays on the most Important Subjects in Religion. By the Rev. THOMAS SCOTT, late Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks. With a Memoir of the Author. Fifteenth Edition. 12mo. 5s.; 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Scripture Catechism; extracted chiefly from the Rev. Edward Bickersteth's "Scripture Help." Designed to assist the Young in acquiring a Knowledge of the Holy Bible, and to commend it to their love. By E. W. 18mo. 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d. cloth.

Sermons and Extracts Consolatory on the Loss of Friends. Selected from the Works of the most eminent Divines. Third Edition. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

SHAKSPEARE.—The Plays of William Shakspeare, accurately printed from the Text of the Corrected Copies, a History of the Stage, and a Life of Shakspeare. By ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A. 8 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s.; or 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SHERWOOD, Mrs.—The Golden Garland of Inestimable Delights. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

"It possesses greater reality, and even interest, than some more ambitious-looking tales; everything in 'the Golden Garland' bears the stamp of truth."—*Spectator*.

"It serves as a vehicle to inculcate the soundest moral precepts," &c.—*Herald*.

— The Mirror of Maidens in the Days of Good Queen Bess. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

— The History of John Marten. A Sequel to "The Life of Henry Milner." 12mo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

— The History of Henry Milner. 3 vols. 12mo. cloth, each 6s.

— The History of the Fairchild Family; or, The Child's Manual. Nineteenth Edition. 3 vols. 12mo. cloth, each 5s.

— Julietta di Lavenza. A Tale. 18mo. cl. 2s.

— Victoria. 12mo. boards, 4s.

— The Orphans of Normandy. Third Edition. 12mo. boards, 2s.

— The Little Momiere. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

SHERWOOD, Rev. H. M.—Outward Baptism not a Condition of the Christian Covenant, and Paul altogether Supreme over the Gentile Churches, proved by Holy Scripture. By the Rev. H. M. SHERWOOD, Rector of Broughton Hocket, and Vicar of White Ladies' Aston, Worcestershire. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SHIRLEY, Bishop.—Letters and Memoir of the late WALTER AUGUSTUS SHIRLEY, D.D. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. Edited by THOMAS HILL, B.D. Archdeacon of Derby. Second Edition, revised. With a Portrait, 8vo. cloth, 14s.

— Sermons preached on Various Occasions. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

"A direct plainness of style and purpose, which had the effect of force, and a sound Protestant feeling."—*Spectator*.

SHIRLEY, Bishop.

— Letters to Young People. By the late Right

Rev. **WALTER AUGUSTUS**, Bishop of Sodor and Man. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The volume consists of letters chiefly addressed to his son and daughter; and exhibits the writer in a very amiable, affectionate, pious, and sensible light. Some of the epistles to his son contain judicious advice on study and critical remarks on books."
—*Spectator*.

"We like the general tone of these letters much. They are cheerful, unaffected, kindly, without overweening conceit or laborious condescension. They refer, too, to real incidents and events."—*Athenæum*.

SIMEON, Rev. C.—Memoirs of the Rev. **CHARLES**

SIMEON, M.A. late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge; containing his Autobiography, together with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. **WILLIAM CAEUS**, M.A. Canon of Winchester. Third Edition. 12mo. cloth, with Portrait and Facsimile, 5s.

SMITH, Rev. T. D. S.—Life: an Enquiry into the

Source, Actings, and Results of the Divine or Spiritual Life. By the Rev. **THOS. D. S. SMITH**, B.A. Curate of Bishopstoke. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

SMITH, Rev. W. M.—Help to District Visitors.

Being Plain and Practical Remarks on some Portions of the Gospels; particularly the Narratives and Parables. With an Appendix of Prayers selected from the Liturgy. By the Rev. **W. MAXWELL SMITH**, Rector of Lufton, and Perpetual Curate of Tintinhull, Somersetshire. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Solace of a Mourner. Fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

STEPHEN, Sir G.—Anti-Slavery Recollections: in

a Series of Letters addressed to Mrs. **BEECHER STOWE**. Written by Sir **GEORGE STEPHEN**, at her Request. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

STEWART, Rev. J. H.—Memoir of the Life of the

Rev. **JAMES HALDANE STEWART**, M.A. late Rector of Limpsfield, Surrey. By his Son, the Rev. **DAVID DALE STEWART**, M.A. Incumbent of All Saints', Maldstone. With a Portrait. Second Edition. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

— The Family which Jesus Loved; or the

History of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. In Seventeen Lectures. By the late Rev. **J. H. STEWART**. Third Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

STOKES, Rev. E.—Sermons by Edward Stokes, M.A. Student of Christ Church, Rector of Staines, late Whitehall Preacher, and Select Preacher in the University of Oxford. Fcap. cloth, 5s. 6d.

"One great advantage of English sermons over those of most foreign preachers—we speak of good specimens of either class—is, that the former will bear reading as well as hearing. Those now before us, by Mr. Stokes, illustrate this good quality; they do not deal with any controverted subject, and very little with doctrine at all; but there is a tone of real piety and of love towards Christ pervading them, which stamp them as essentially Christian sermons."—*Literary Churchman*.

STOWELL, Rev. H.—Tractarianism Tested by Holy Scripture and the Church of England, in a Series of Sermons. By HUGH STOWELL, M.A. Incumbent of Christ Church, Salford, Honorary Canon of Chester, and Rural Dean. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth, each 6s.

N.B. The object of this work is not merely nor mainly to confute Tractarianism, but rather to inform and establish the minds of Churchmen on certain perplexing questions, respecting which definite views are much needed.

THOMPSON, Rev. F. E.—Twelve Lectures preached in St. George's Chapel, Old Brentford, in the Season of Lent, 1844 and 1845. By the Rev. F. E. THOMPSON, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Incumbent of Old Brentford. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

"In a theological point of view his object is very successfully accomplished by Mr. Thompson. In a literary sense the plan of the writer gives purpose, variety, and interest to his discourses. Biography and applied morality are superadded to the general matter of a sermon. The style is agreeable—the manner rapid and impressive."—*Spectator*.

THORNTON, H.—Female Characters. By the late HENRY THORNTON, Esq. M.P. With Prayers adapted to the Lectures. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

— Family Commentary on Portions of the Pentateuch; in Lectures, with Prayers adapted to the Subjects. Second Edition. Thick 8vo. cloth, 12s.

— On the Ten Commandments, with Prayers. Second Edition. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— Family Prayers, in a Series for a Month. Thirty-sixth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 3s.

— Family Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

TRACTS for Distribution.

The Angel's Message; or, the Saviour made known to the Cottager. By the Author of "*Peep of Day*." Third Thousand. Square 16mo. price 6d.

Also, by the same Author,

Teaching Myself; or, an Abridgment of "Reading without Tears." For the Cottager in his own Home. Third Thousand. Square 16mo. price 6d.

By the same Author,

Tracts for Children; or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year. Thirteenth Thousand. In a packet of Fifty-two Tracts; or, bound together in a volume, cloth gilt, price 2s.

The German Tree. A Moral for the Young. By the Rev. T. GOODWIN HATCHARD, M.A. Rector of Havant, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis Conyngham. 1s.

By the same Author,

Feed My Lambs. A Lecture for Children in Words of One Syllable; to which is added a Hymn. Seventh Thousand. 32mo. 3d.; or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

My Duty. The Christian Duties, taken from the Church Catechism, printed in red and black within an ornamental Gothic Tablet; intended for Parochial Distribution. 4d. each; or 3s. 6d. per dozen.

The Fourth Commandment Explained. By a Sunday-School Teacher. 3d.; or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

The Teacher's Assistant in Needle-work. 6d. each, or 5s. per dozen.

The Knitting-Teacher's Assistant. 6d.; or 5s. per dozen.

A Misfortune Changed into a Blessing. 12mo. 6d.; or 1s. cloth.

Eliezer; or, The Faithful Servant. 12mo. 3d.; or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

TRACTS for Distribution.

How can I go to Church? or, a Dialogue
between a Lady and a Poor Woman. 3d. each.

Why should I not go to the Meeting-House?
3d. each.

Seed-Time and Harvest. Some Account of
"Schools for the Destitute." By the Author of "The Gospel of
Other Days." Third Edition. 6d.

A Friend to the Sick and Afflicted. 3d.; or
2s. 6d. per dozen.

Thoughts on the Sabbath. 12mo. 3d.

Reflections on the Sabbath. By Sir HENRY
DYMCKE. 12mo. 3d.

Repairing the Church. 3d.; or 2s. 6d. per doz.

Village Conversations on the Liturgy of the
Church of England. By the Right Rev. GEORGE DAVIS, Bishop of
Peterborough. 18mo. 6d.

By the same Author,

Village Conversations on the Principal Offices
of the Church. Forming a Sequel to the above. 18mo. 6d.

Narrative of Poll Peg, of Leicestershire. 3d.;
or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

The Curate Catechising; or, an Exposition of
the Church Catechism. By the Rev. W. THISTLETHWAITE, A.M.
Sixth Edition. 18mo. 1s.

By the same Author,

The Church Communicating; or, an Exposition
of the Communion Service of the Church of England. 18mo. 6d.

TRACTS for Distribution.

A Short Catechism; or, Plain Instruction, containing the Sum of Christian Learning, set forth by the authority of his Majesty, King Edward the Sixth, for all Schoolmasters to Teach, A.D. 1553. 18mo. 6d.; or 5s. per dozen.

The Parochial Minister's Letter to the Young People of his Charge on Confirmation. By the Rev. JOHN LANGLEY, Rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford. 12mo. 2s. per dozen.

Confirmation: its Nature, Importance, and Benefits. By the Rev. T. GRIFFITH, A.M. 4d.; or 3s. 6d. per dozen.

A Plain and Affectionate Address to Young Persons about to be Confirmed. By the Right Rev. D. WILSON, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 12mo. 4d.

By the same Author,

A Plain and Affectionate Address to Young Persons, previously to Receiving the Lord's Supper. 12mo. 4s.

TUPPER, M. F.—Proverbial Philosophy. By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L. &c. Post 8vo. cloth, with Portrait, 8s.

— **An Illustrated Edition of Proverbial Philosophy.**

THE DESIGNS BY

C. W. Cope, R.A.
Fred. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.
John Tenniel.
Edward H. Corbould.
George Dodgson.
Edward Duncan.
Birket Foster.

John Gilbert.
James Godwin.
William Harvey.
J. C. Horsley.
William L. Leitch.
Joseph Severn.
Walter Severn.

The Ornamental Initials and Vignettes by Henry Noel Humphreys.

In 4to. bound in cloth, gilt edges, 11. 11s. 6d.; morocco, 2l. 8s.; morocco by Hayday, 2l. 12s. 6d.

— **The Pocket Edition.** 16mo. cloth, gilt leaves, 5s.

TUPPER, M. F.

- Probabilities: an Aid to Faith. Third Edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

"It is difficult to convey, by extracts, the charm which is diffused over this little book. There is, in the infinite variety of subject, a continuous line of thought, which fixes the attention to its progress, and leaves the mind amused and edified with the personal."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

- TYTLER, Miss A. F.**—Leila; or, the Island. Eighth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth.

- Leila in England. A Continuation of "Leila; or, the Island." Sixth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

- Leila at Home; a Continuation of "Leila in England." By ANN FRASER TYTLER. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth.

"'Leila at Home,' in continuation of 'Leila in England,' is written in the same pleasant style, and conveys similar lessons of an instructive and religious tendency."—*Literary Gazette*.

- Mary and Florence; or, Grave and Gay. Tenth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

- Mary and Florence at Sixteen. Fifth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

"These works are excellent. Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. She has taken a just position between the Rationalism of the last generation and the Puritanism of the present, while the perfect nature and true art with which she sketches from juvenile life, show powers which might be more ambitiously displayed, but cannot be better bestowed."—*Quarterly Review*.

- TYTLER, Miss M. F.**—The Wooden Walls of Old England: or, Lives of Celebrated Admirals. By MARGARET FRASER TYTLER. Containing Biographies of Lord Rodney, Earls Howe and St. Vincent, Lords de Saumarez and Collingwood, Sir Sydney Smith and Viscount Exmouth. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

- Tales of the Great and Brave. Containing Memoirs of Wallace, Bruce, the Black Prince, Joan of Arc, Richard Cœur de Lion, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Nelson, and Napoleon Bonaparte. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

VENN, Rev. H.—Memoir and Selection from the Correspondence of the Rev. H. VENN, M.A. Edited by the Rev. HENRY VENN, B.D. Prebendary of St. Paul's. Seventh Edition. Fcap. cloth, 7s.

Verschoyle. A Roman Catholic Tale of the Nineteenth Century. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

VICTORIA, Bishop of.—Lewchew, and the Lewchewans; being a Narrative of a Visit to Lewchew, or Loo-Choo, in October, 1850. By GEORGE SMITH, D.D. Bishop of Victoria. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— **Hints for the Times; or, the Religions of Sentiment, of Form, and of Feeling, contrasted with Vital Godliness.** Fcap. sewed, 1s. 6d.

"A sensible and seasonable little treatise."—*Christian Guardian*.

WEBB, Mrs. J. B.—The Beloved Disciple. Reflections on the History of St. John. By Mrs. J. B. WEBB, Author of "Naomi," "Reflections on the History of Noah," &c. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"Very sensible and well-written reflections on the History of St. John. We can safely recommend it."—*Christian Guardian*.

WHITE, Rev. G.—The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By the Rev. GILBERT WHITE, M.A. A New Edition, with Notes, by EDWARD TURNER BENNETT, Esq. F.L.S. &c. 8vo. cloth, 18s.

WILLYAMS, Miss J. L.—Chillon; or, Protestants of the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Tale. By JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth, 10s.

"We think highly of this pathetic story. A true spirit of cheerful piety pervades its pages; the characters are nicely discriminated, and many of the scenes are very vividly portrayed. All who read it may derive benefit from its perusal."—*Britannia*.

WOLFE, Rev. C.—Six Plain Sermons, preached to a Rural Congregation. By the Rev. CHARLES WOLFE, late Curate of Kemsing, Kent. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Words of Wisdom for my Child; being a Text for Every Day in the Year, for the use of very Young Children. Second Edition. 32mo. cloth, 2s.

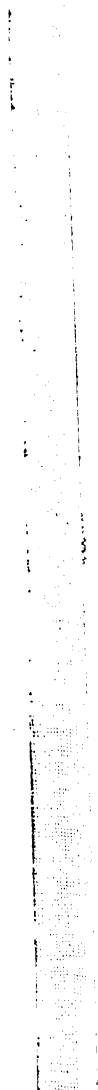
WOODWARD, Rev. H.—Thoughts on the Character and History of Nehemiah. By the Rev. HENRY WOODWARD, A.M., formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Rector of Fethard, in the Diocese of Cashel. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

— **Short Readings for Family Prayers, Essays, and Sermons.** 8vo. cloth, 12s.

YORKE, Rev. C. J.—Original Researches in the Word of God. By the Rev. C. J. YORKE, M.A. Rector of Shenfield. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

- I. Christ Known before His Advent.
- II. The Beauty of the Mosaic Law.
- III. Inspiration and Genius.
- IV. The Divine Recognition of the Spiritual Church.
- V. The Development of Pure Religion.
- VI. The Apostolic Motive.
- VII. God Apparent in His Miracles and Prophecies.
- VIII. Scriptural Imagery: its Uses, Marks, and Sources.
- IX. God Traced in the World, and Found in Christ.
- X. The Human Conscience.





DEC 5 - 1929

